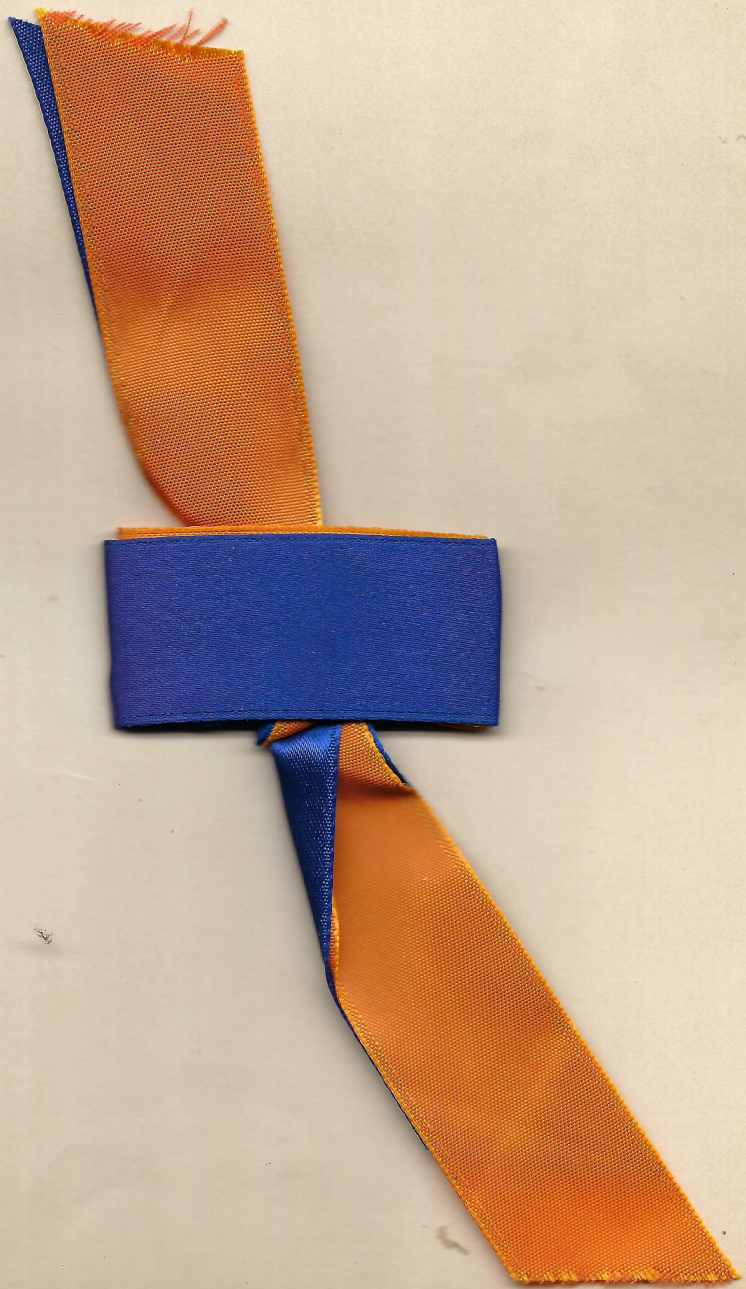
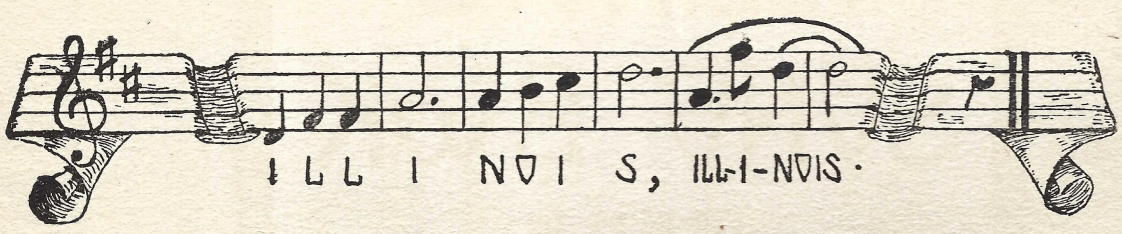
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SONG BOOK

Lloyd W. Chalcraft,
1306 W. Springfield Ave.,
Urbana,
Illinois.




I L L I N O I S, ILL-I-NOIS.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SONG BOOK

Compiled by
Willabelle Wilson,'08 and Louise Shipman,'08

1912

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE.
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE, NEW YORK

U. OF I. SUPPLY STORE, SOLE AGENTS, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

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FOREWORD

THE University of Illinois Song Book is published under the auspices of the Women's League of the University of Illinois, in response to an urgent demand from both the faculty and the student body. The need of rousing songs which belong solely to our own University has long been felt and new material in this line has been secured as the result of song contests which have been held from time to time during a period of two years. The collection now completed consists of old and new songs peculiarly Illinois' own, and the general college songs which have been favorites in this and other colleges for years. If this book succeeds in bringing about the more general singing of college songs, especially of Illinois songs, we shall feel that it has filled a want long felt in the University community, and that the efforts of the Women's League in this direction have not been in vain.

The committee wishes to acknowledge the assistance of Professor Frederick Locke Lawrence, Mrs. Constance Barlow-Smith, and Mr. Thatcher Howland Guild, who so ably judged the songs in the recent contest. We are further indebted to Mr. Guild for allowing us to include his song, "Illinois Loyalty" and to Miss Winifred Forbes and Dr. John Hancock McClellan for rearranging material, and to Mr. Victor George, Jr. for his cover design and frontis page. To all these, and to all others who have aided in the preparation of this book we wish to express the heartiest appreciation.

WILLABELLE WILSON, '08
LOUISE SHIPMAN, '08
Committee

FOREWORD TO REVISED EDITION

IN order to increase the wide popularity of the Illinois Song Book, the Women's League has deemed it advisable to slightly revise the First Edition. The committee wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to all those who aided in compiling the Edition of 1908. In particular are we indebted to Messrs. Colvin and Drury for their "Sunset Song," and to the management of The U. of I. Supply Store (The Co-op.) for their Songs: Oskee-Wow-Wow, Alma Mater, and Cheer Illini.

MARY C. BARRY, '12
AGNES N. PORTER, '13
Committee.

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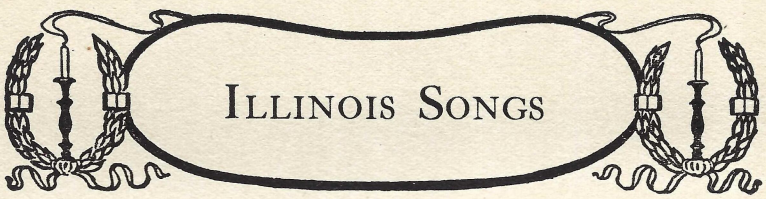
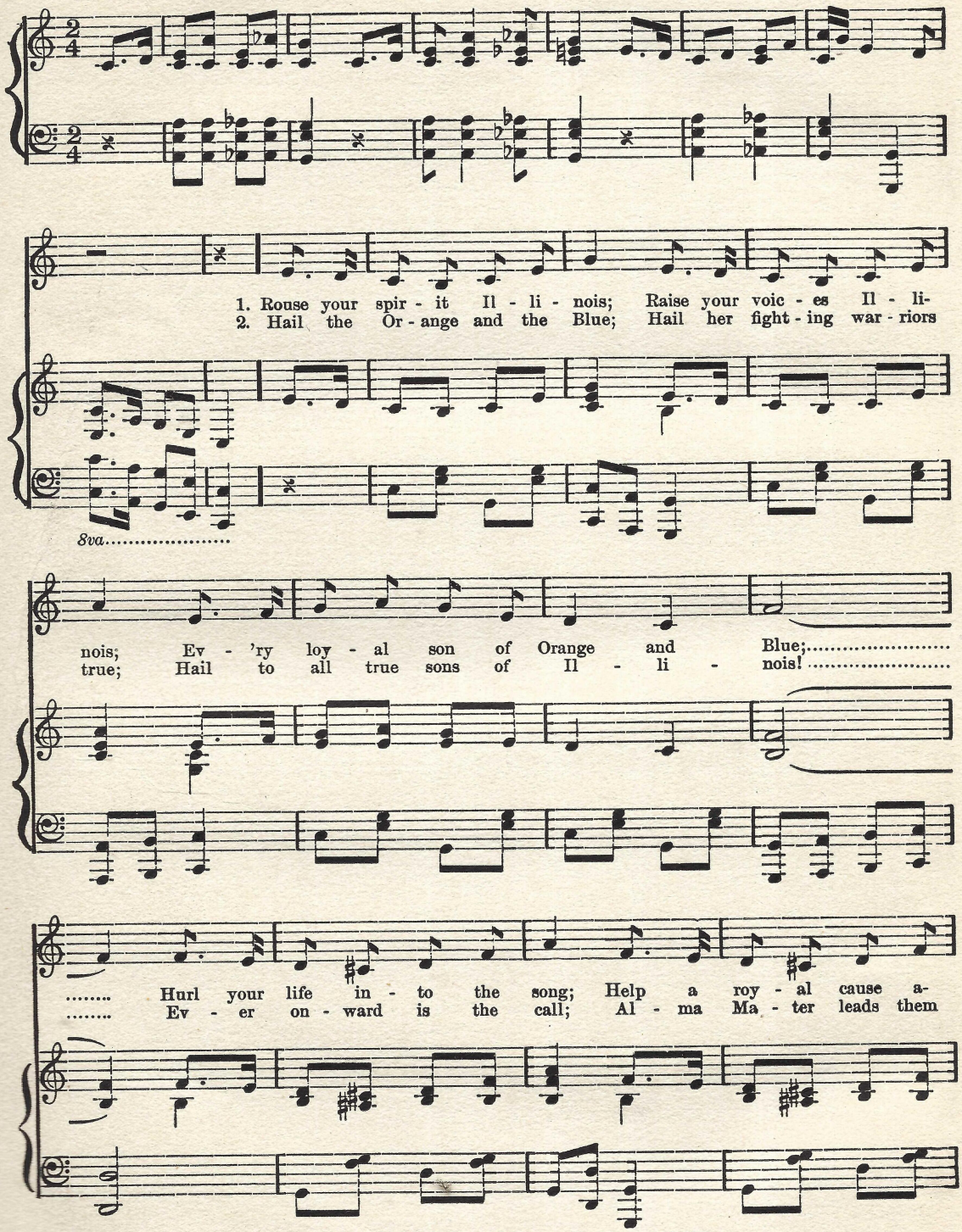

ILLINOIS SONGS

ALMA MATER.

R. E. Holch, '10. A. E. Holch, '13.



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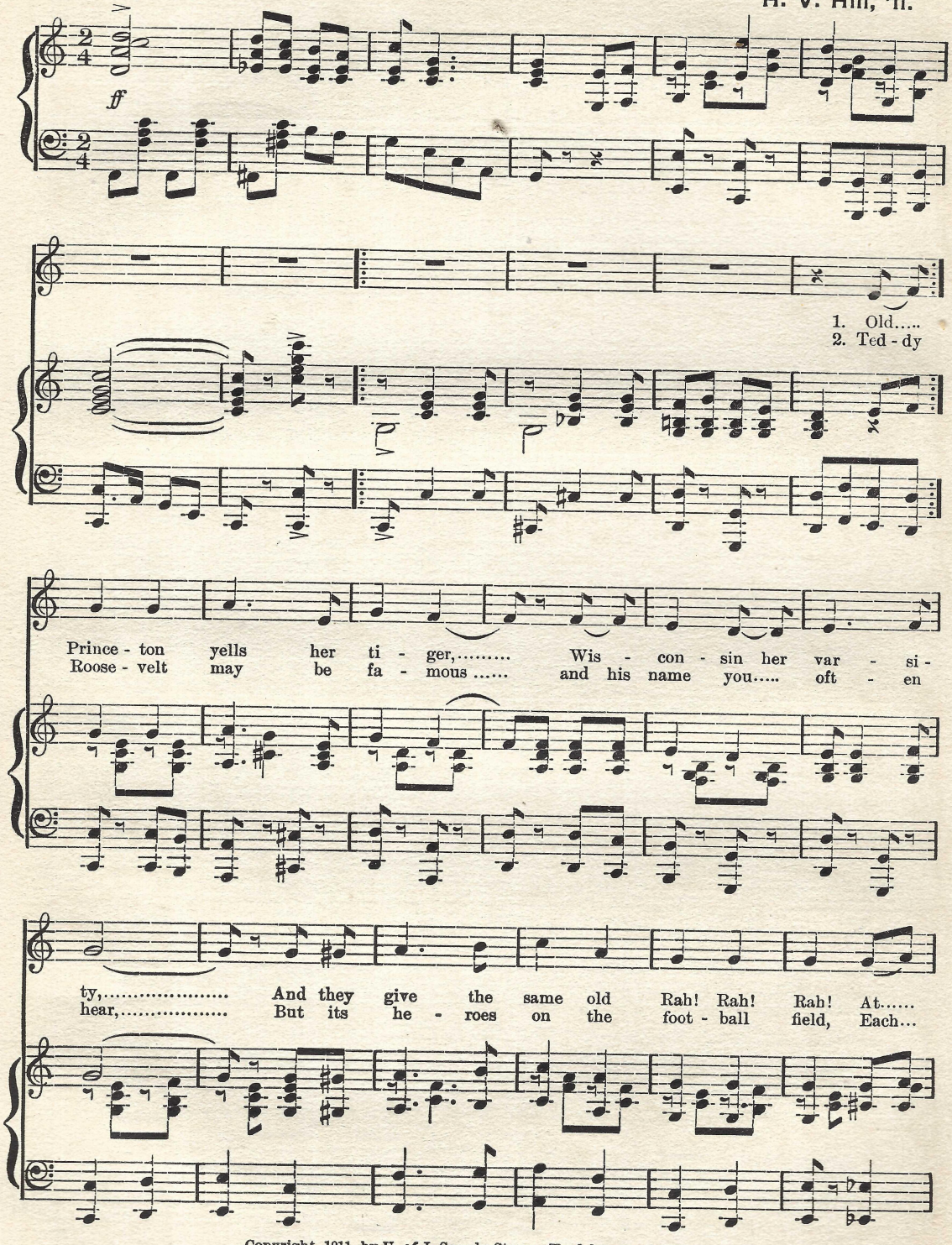
OSKEE-WOW-WOW.

H. R. Green, '11.

H. V. Hill, '11.



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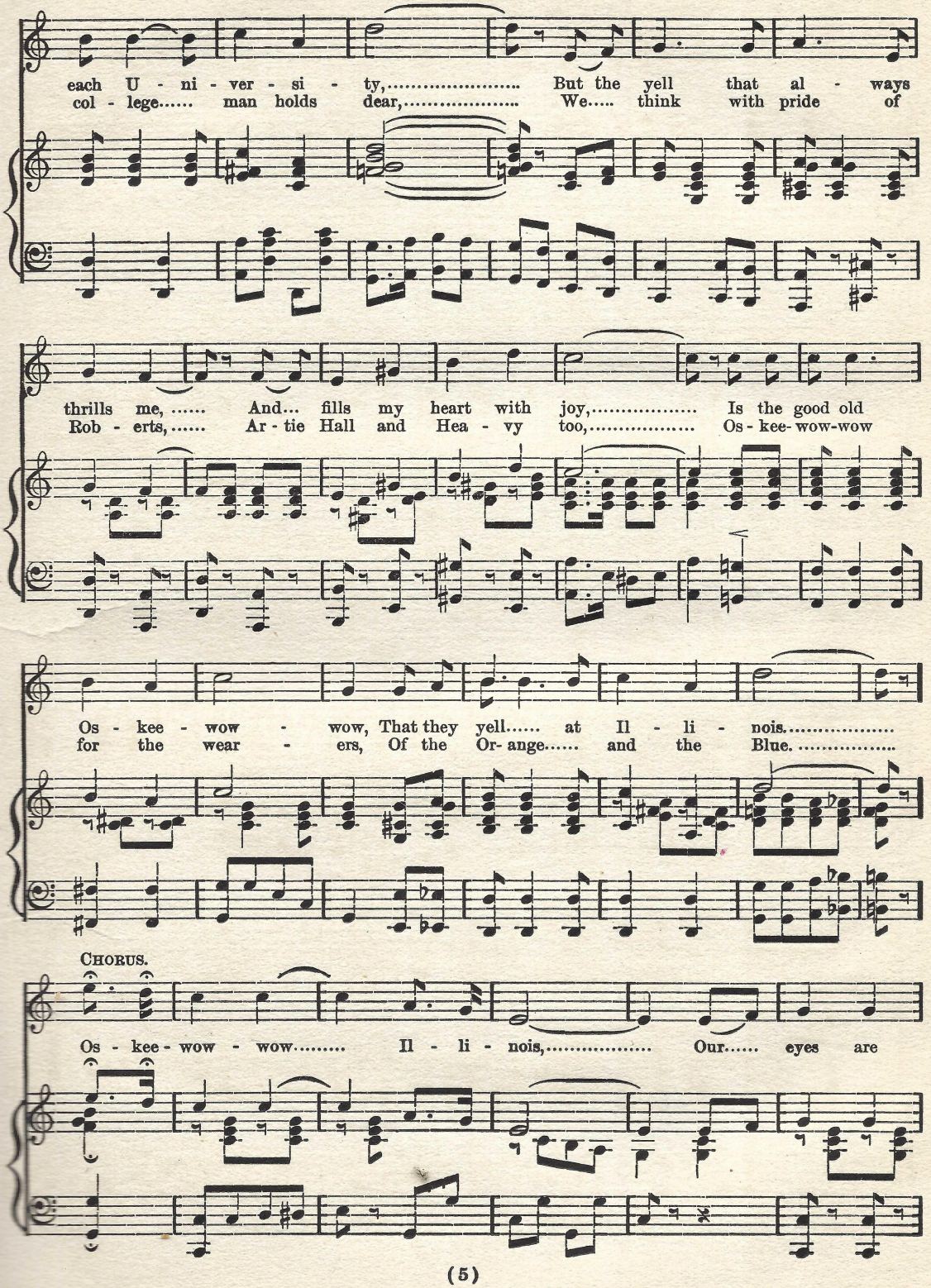
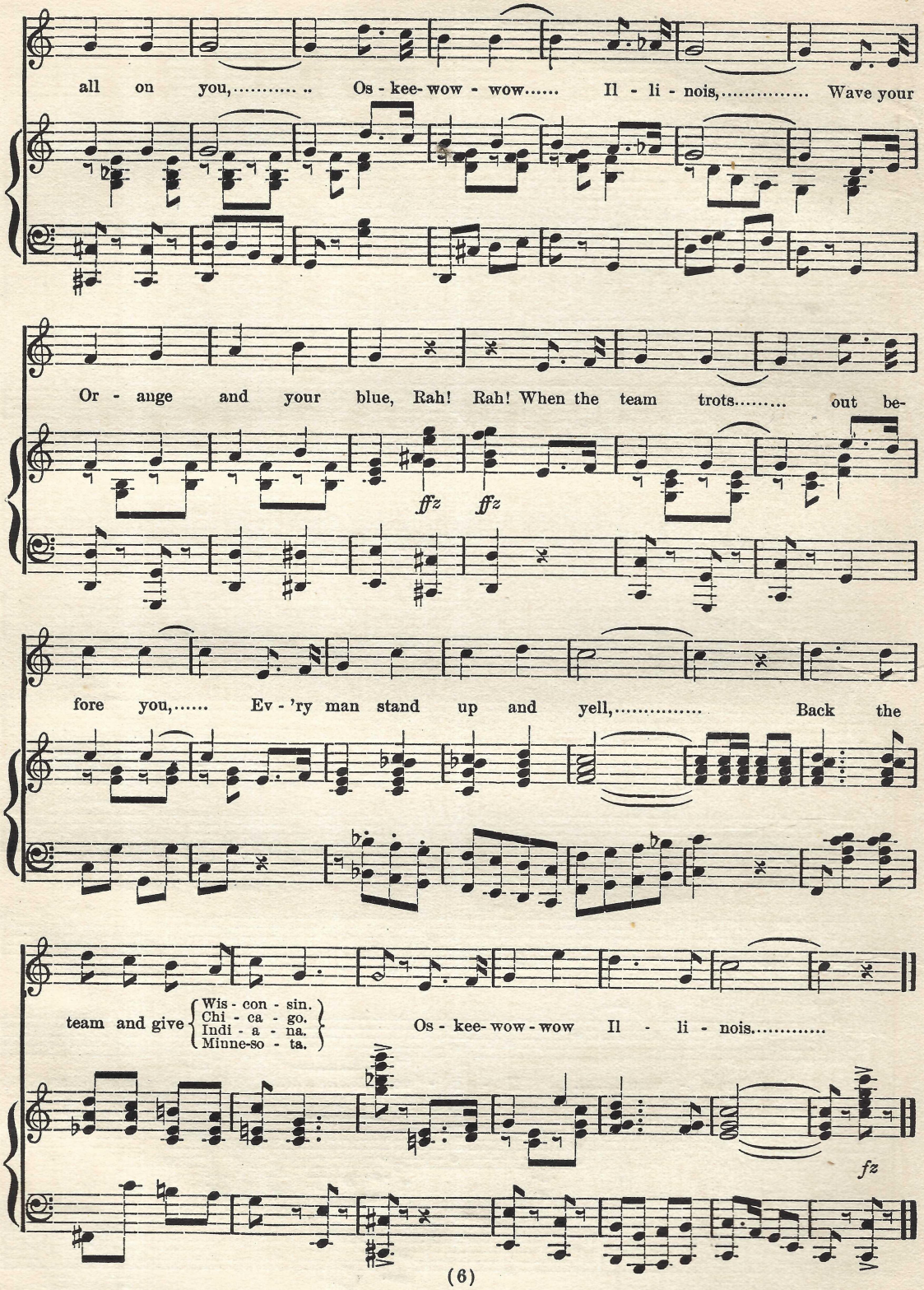
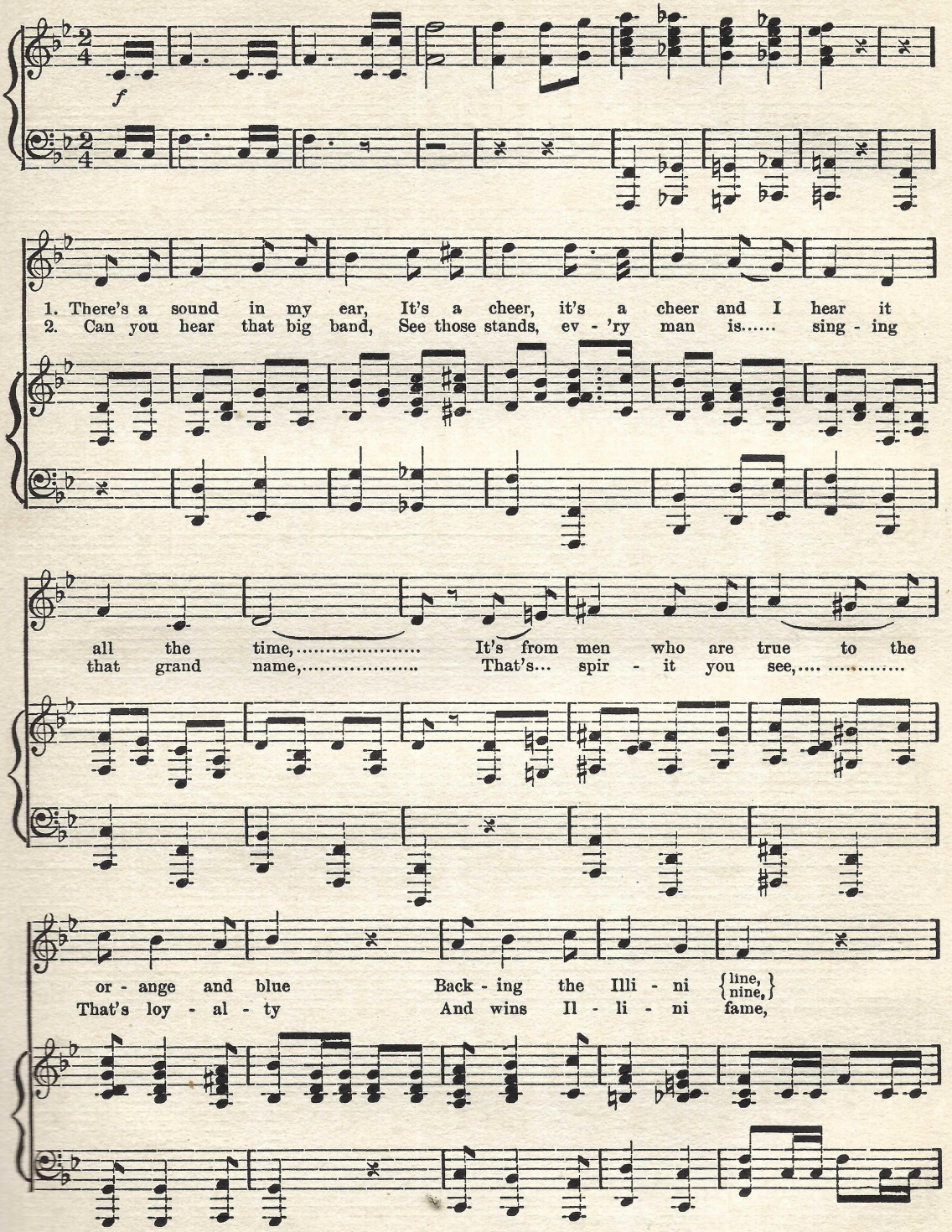


OSKEE-WOW-WOW.



CHEER ILLINI.

Howard R. Green, '12. Harold V. Hill, '11.



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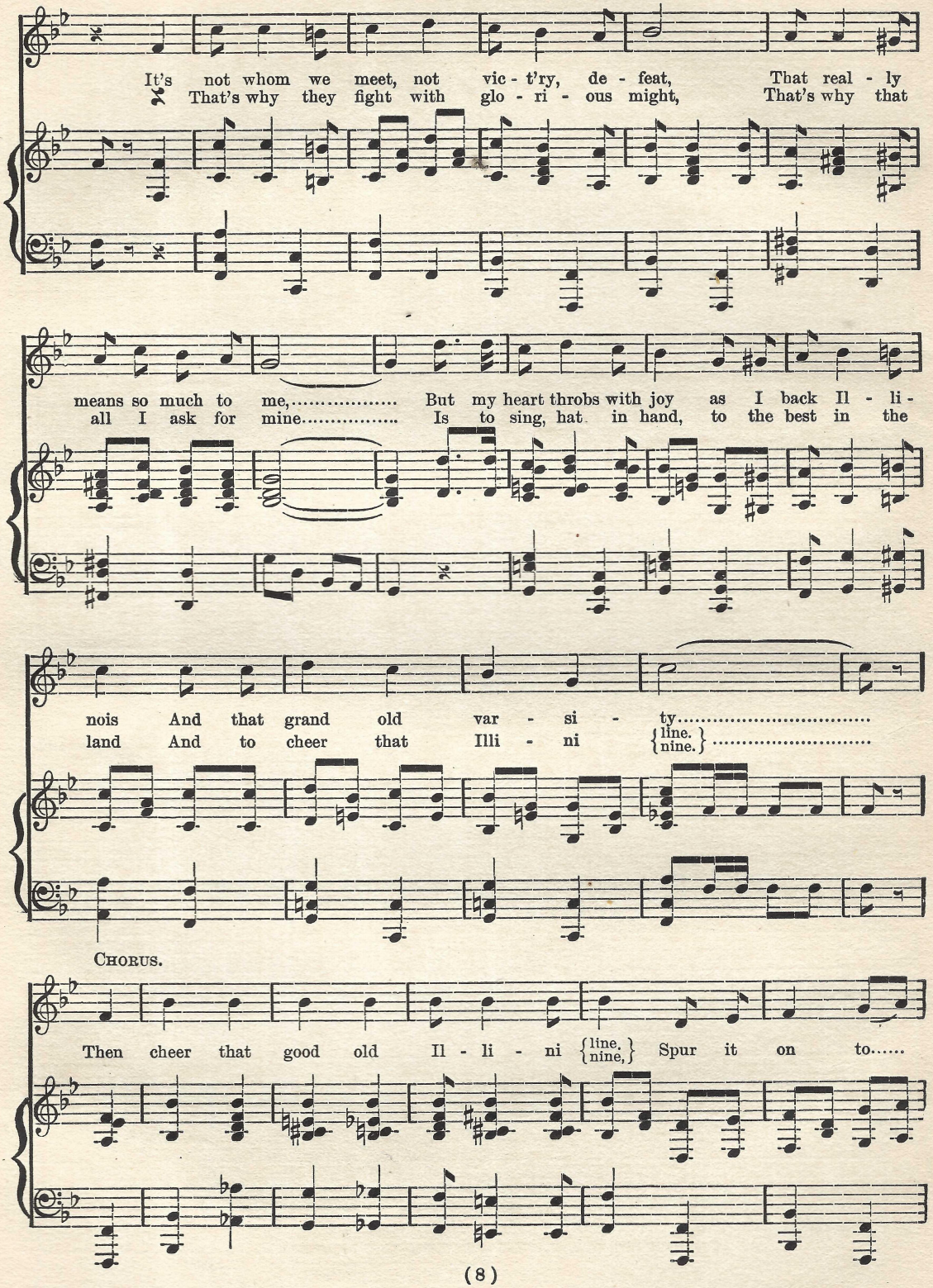
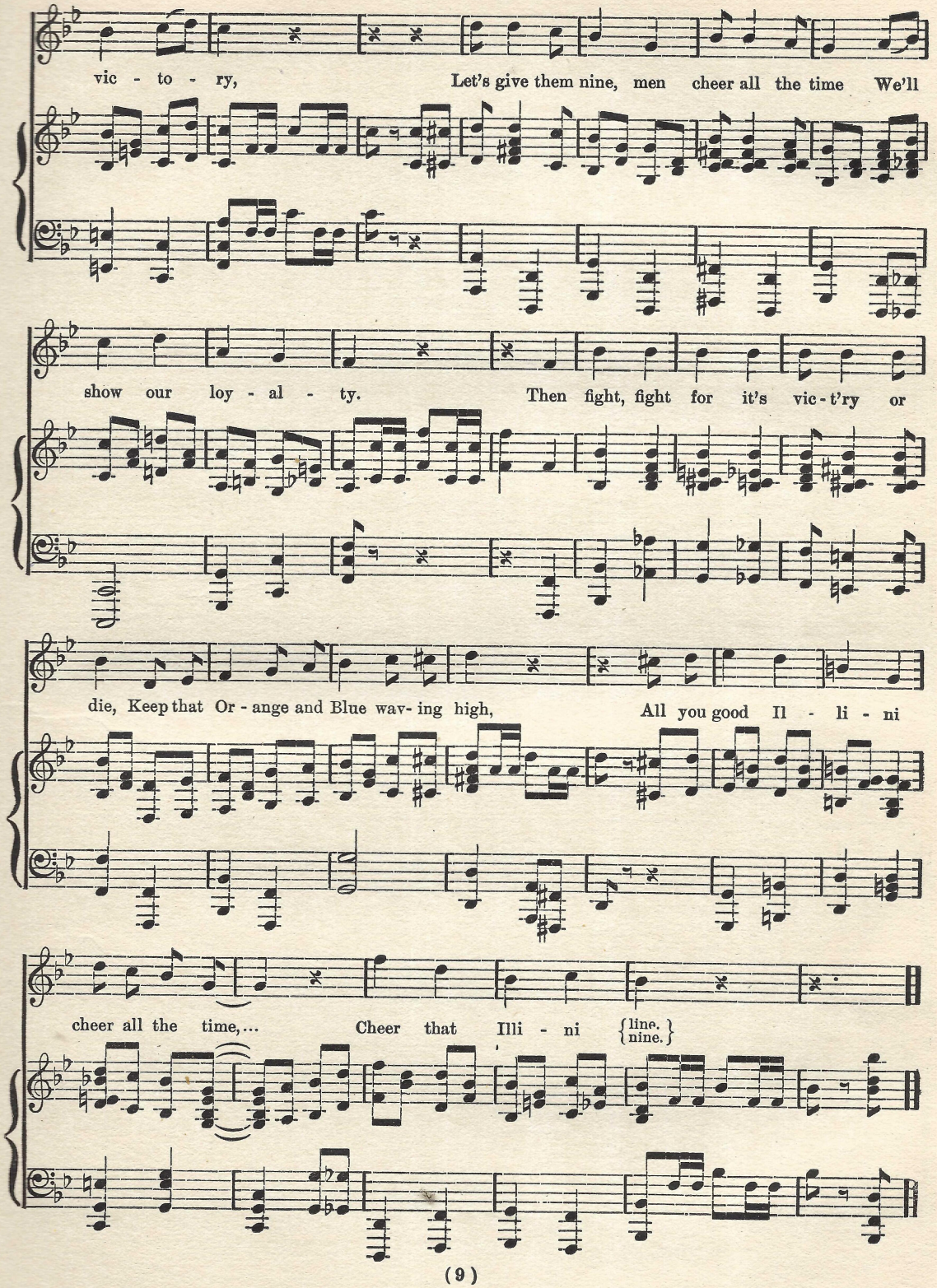

It's not whom we meet, not vic - t'ry, de - feat, That real - ly
That's why they fight with glo - ri - ous might, That's why that
means so much to me,..... But my heart throbs with joy as I back Il - li -
all I ask for mine..... Is to sing, hat in hand, to the best in the
nois And that grand old var - si - ty.....
land And to cheer that Illi - ni {line. nine.} .....
CHORUS.
Then cheer that good old Il - li - ni {line, nine,} Spur it on to.....

CHEER ILLINI.



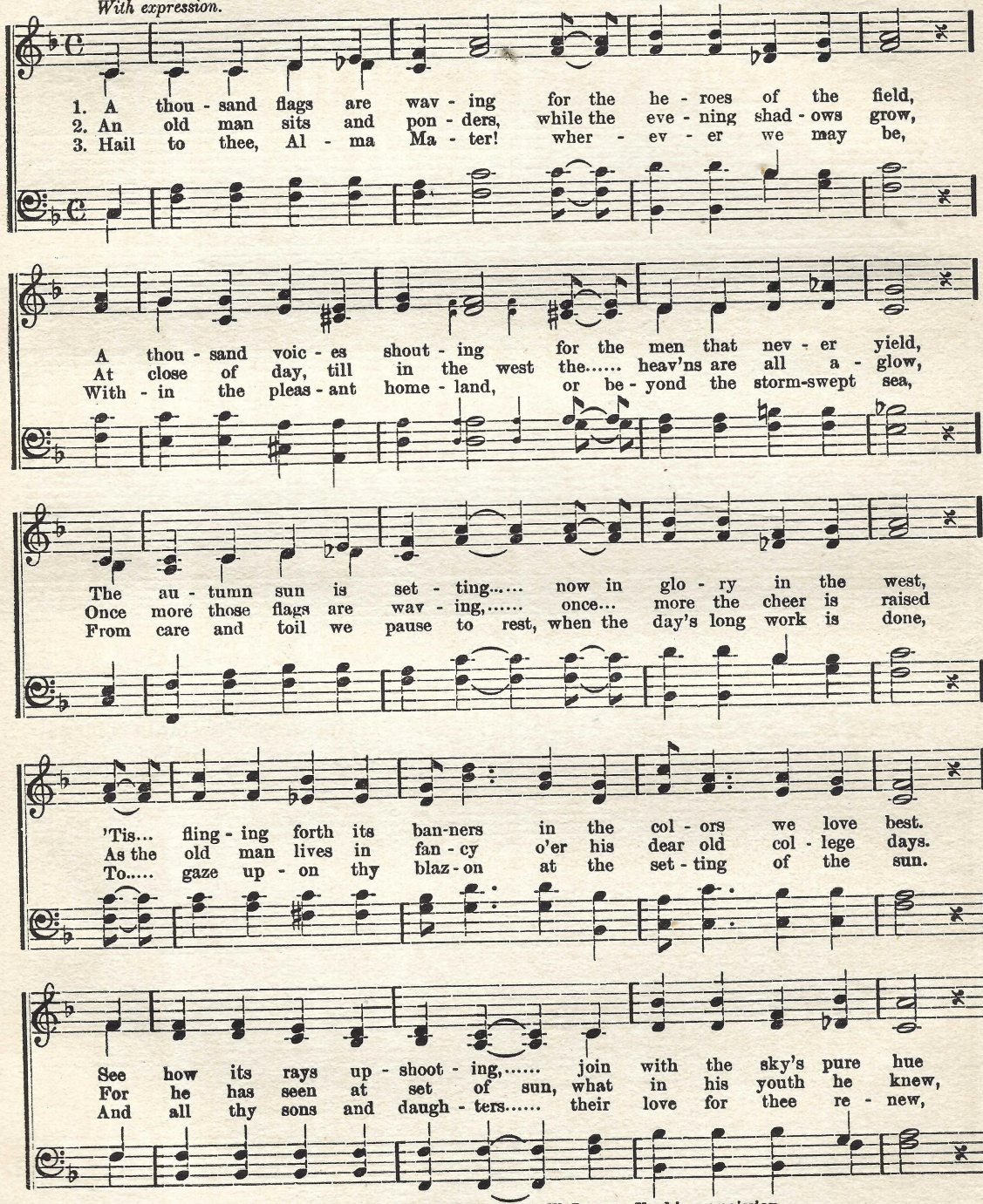
Dedicated to the First Fall Home-Coming, October, 1910.

THE ILLINOIS SUNSET SONG.

Words by
Professor S. S. Colvin.

Melody by F. K. W. Drury, '05.
Harmonized by O. W. Schreiber, '07.

With expression.



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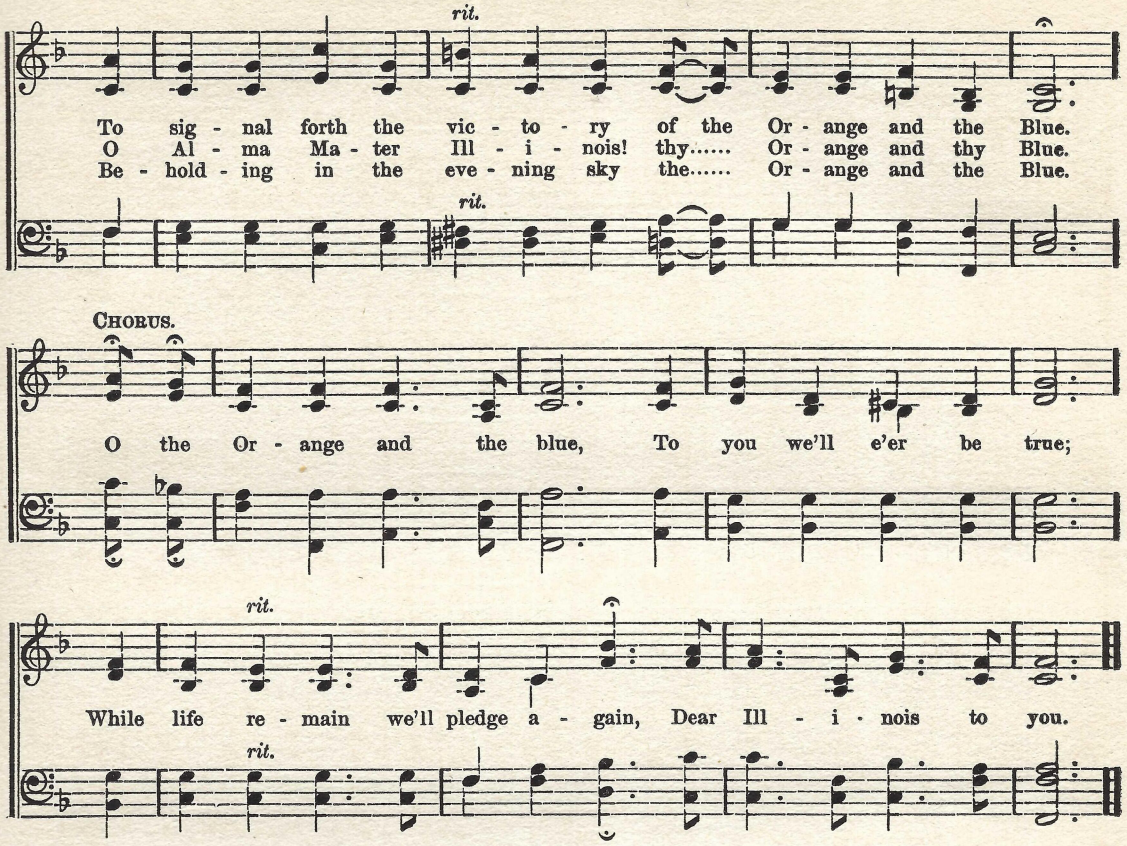
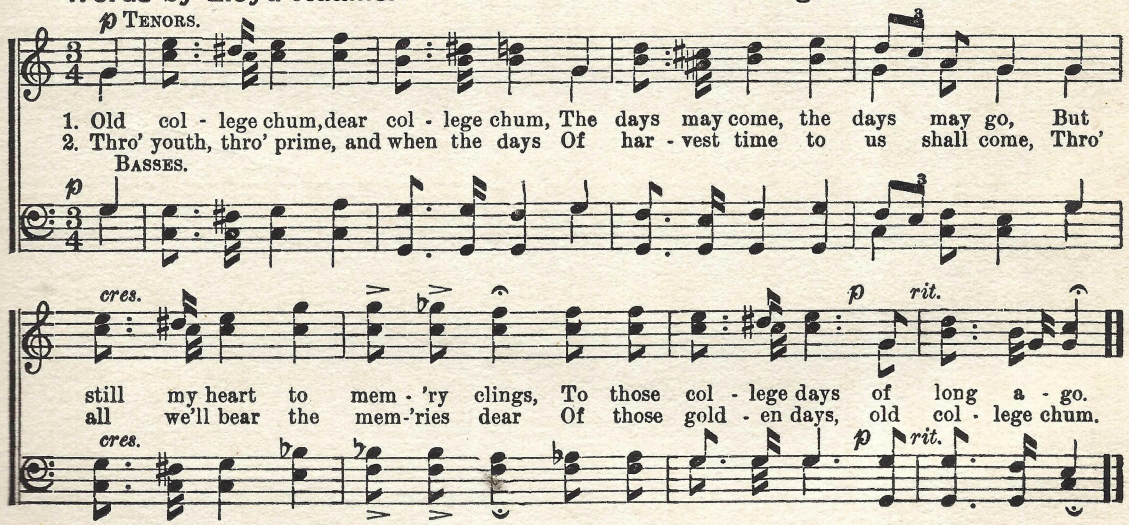
THE ILLINOIS SUNSET SONG.



OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams. **Arranged for Male Voices.**



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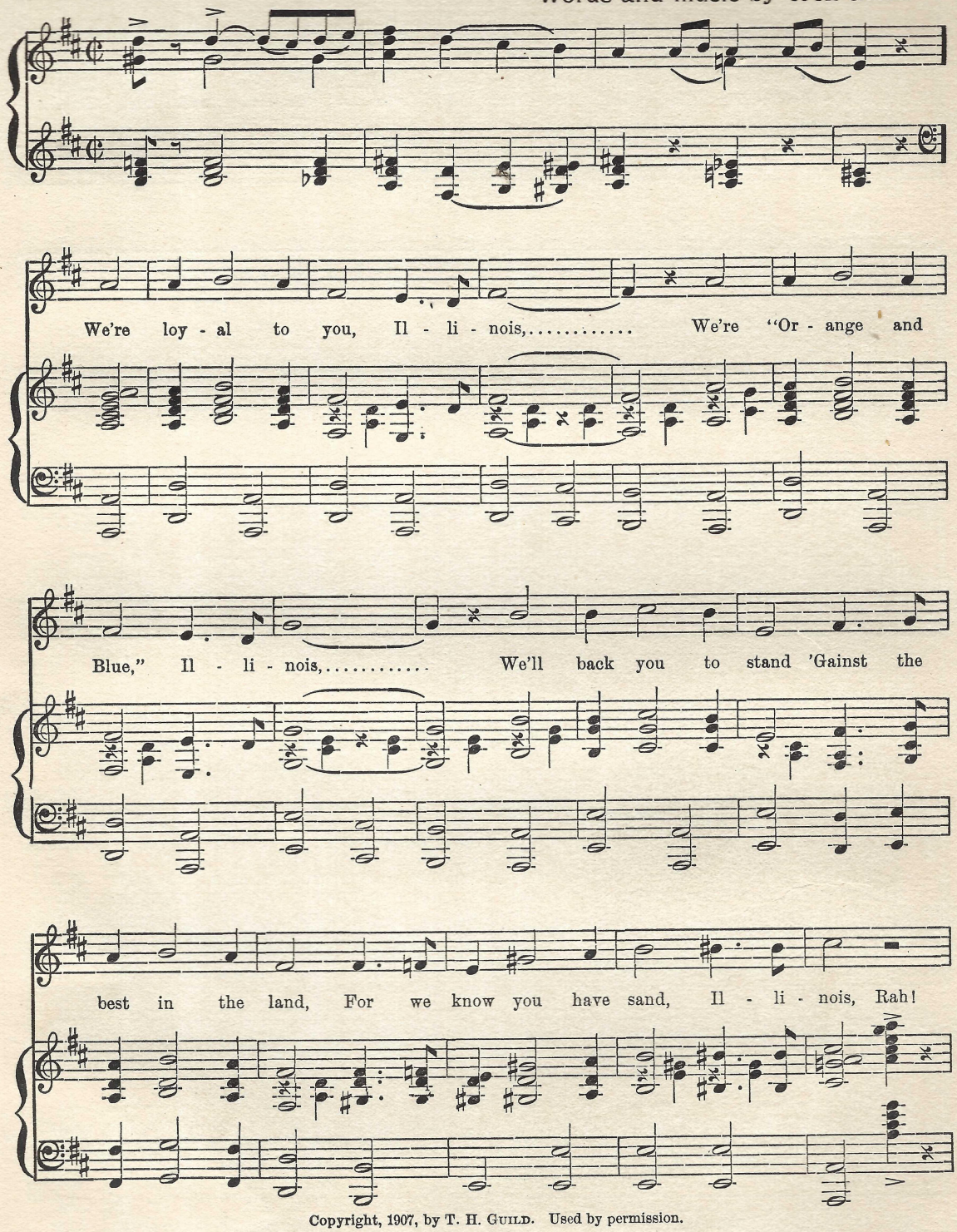
WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, ILLINOIS.

Words and music by T. H. Guild.



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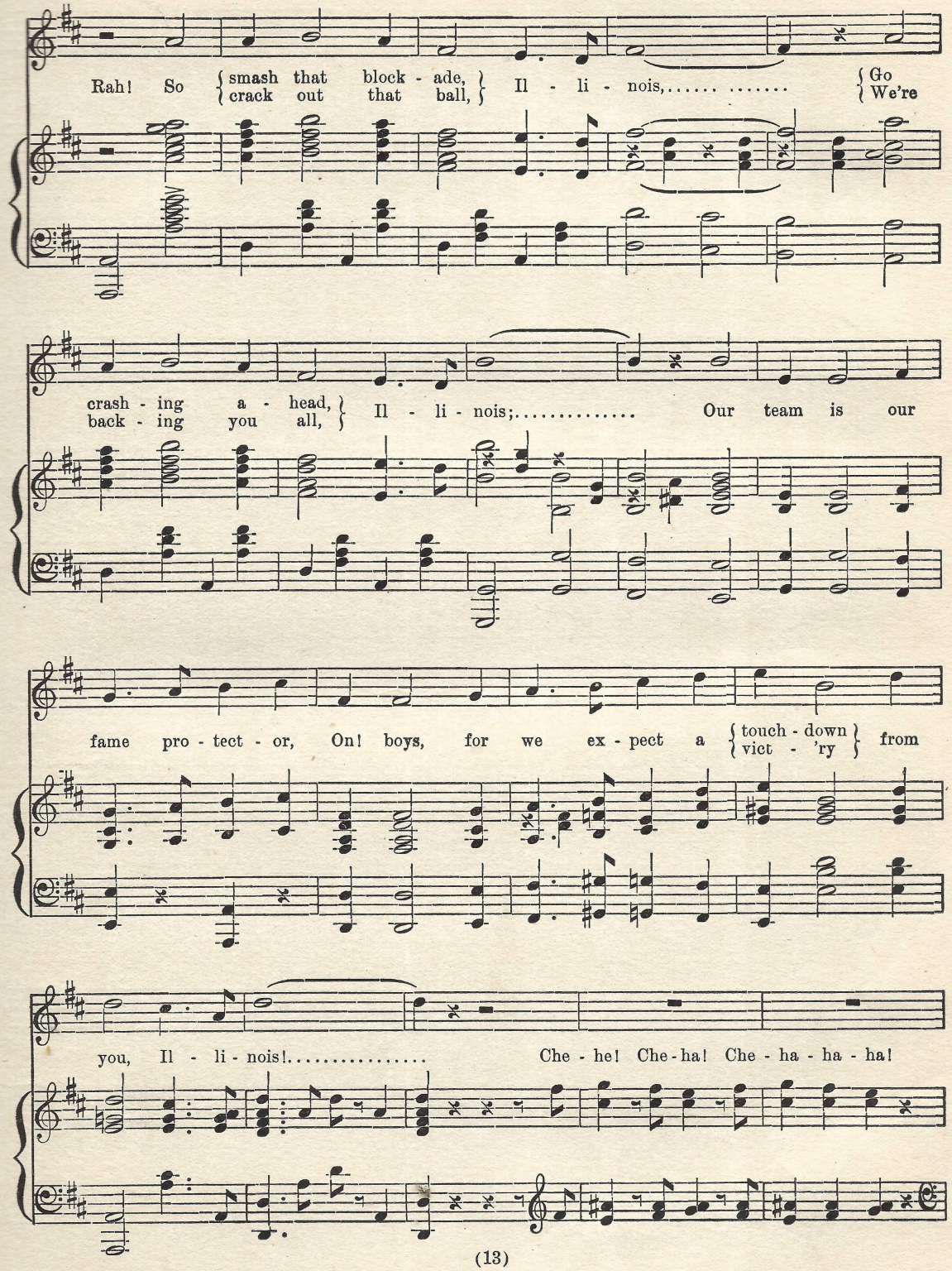
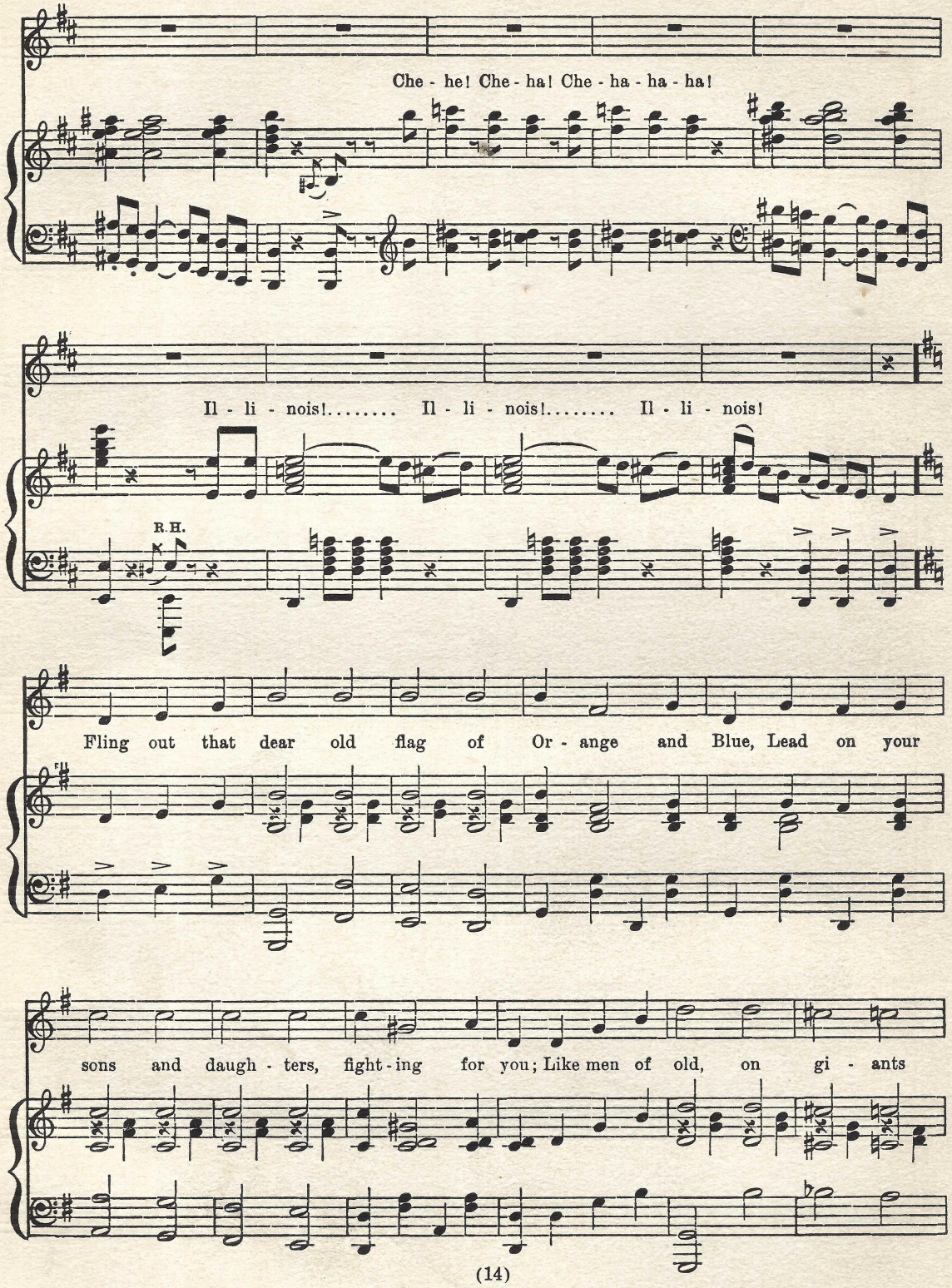
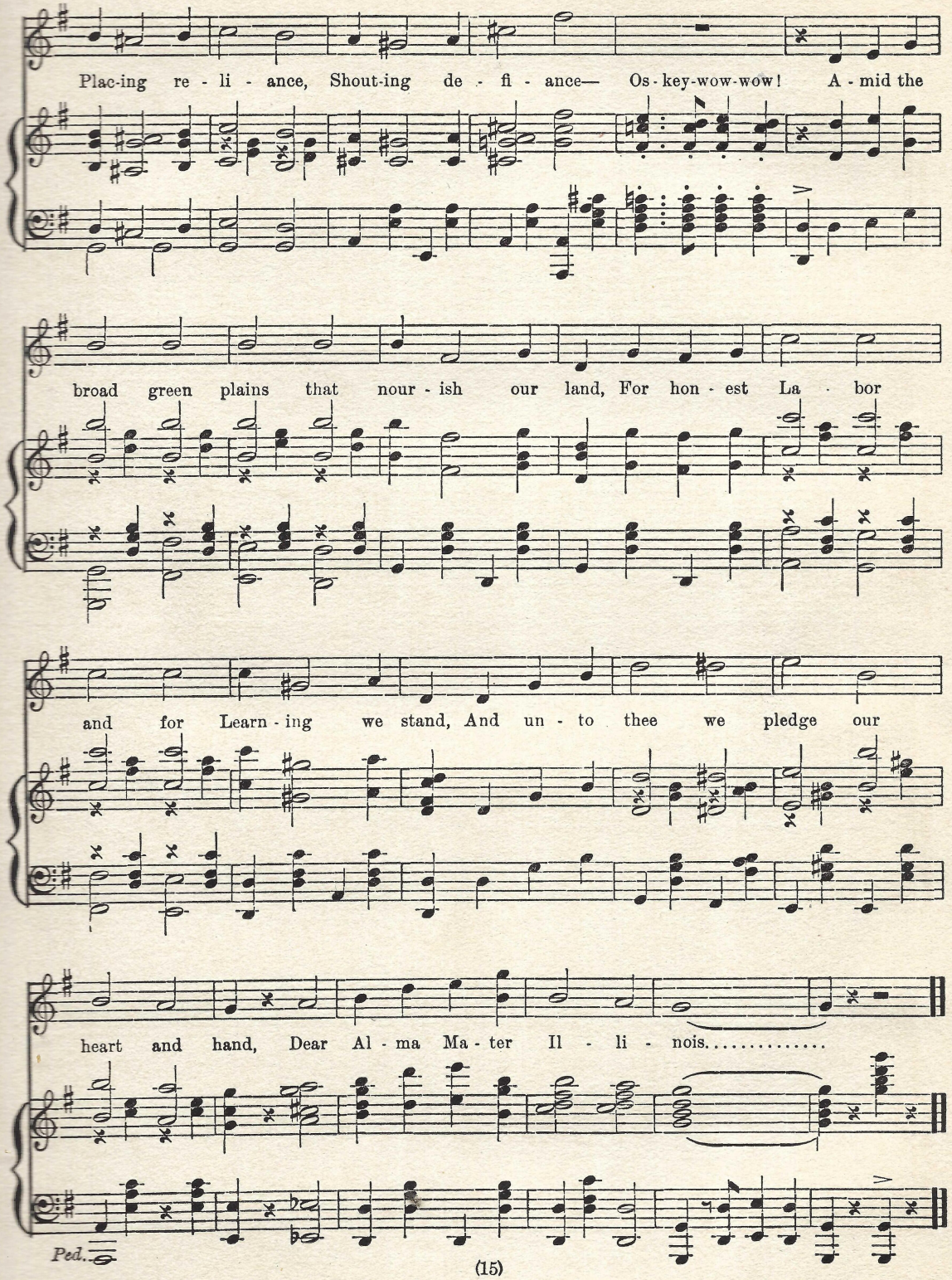
WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, ILLINOIS.



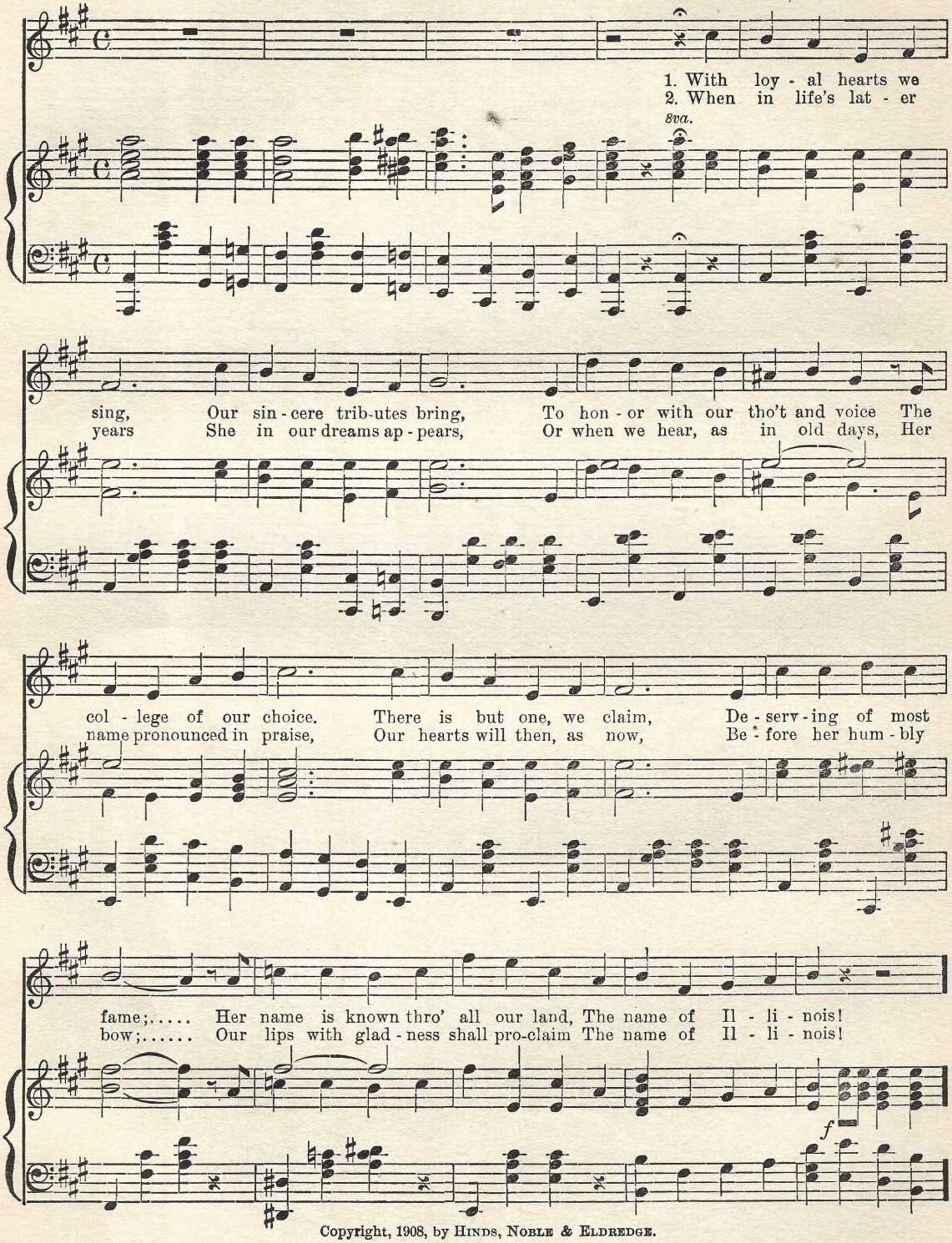

Che - he! Che - ha! Che - ha - ha - ha!
Il - li - nois!..... Il - li - nois!..... Il - li - nois!
R.H.
Fling out that dear old flag of Or - ange and Blue, Lead on your
sons and daugh - ters, fight - ing for you; Like men of old, on gi - ants

WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, ILLINOIS.



OUR UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by Mary E. Mann, '09.



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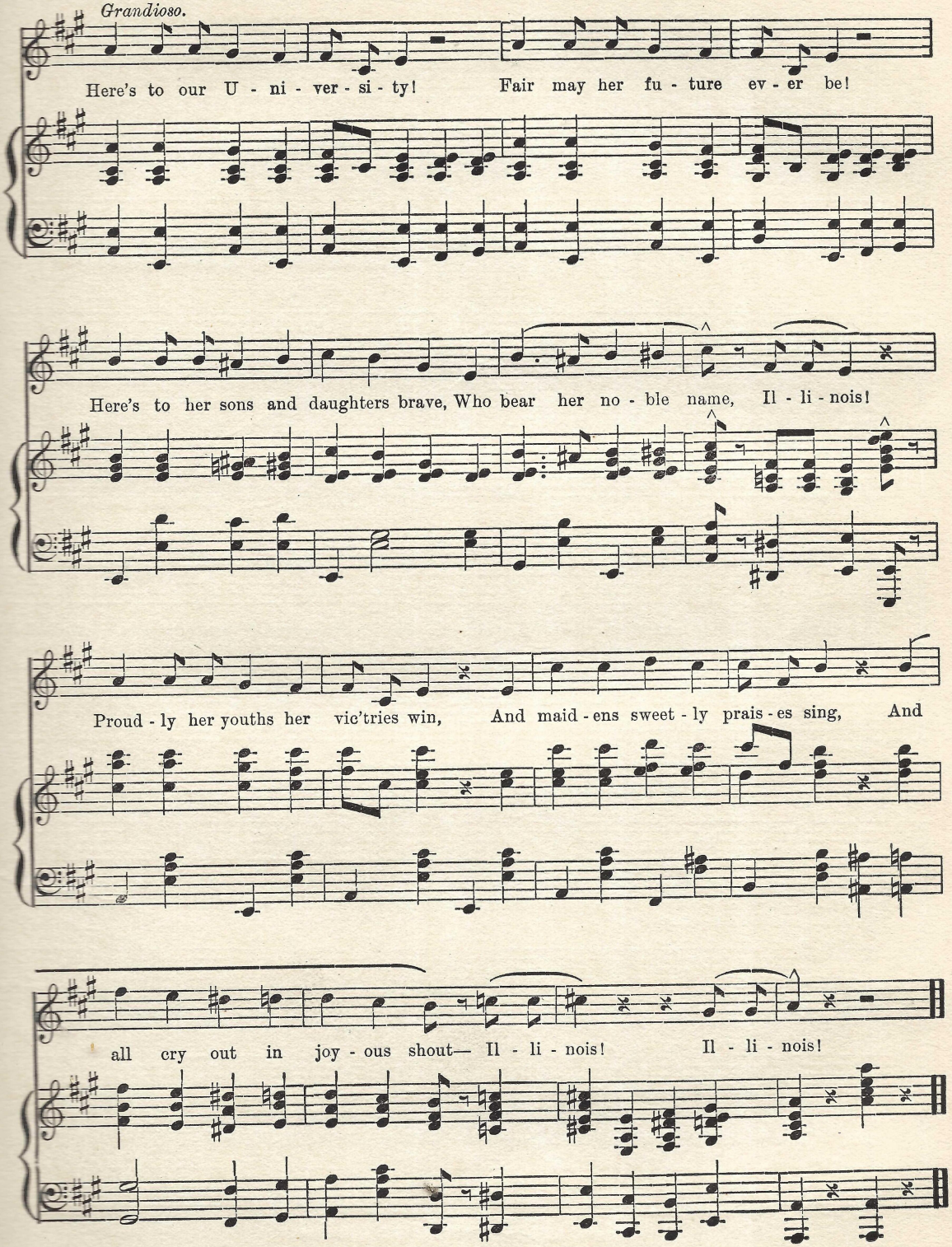
OUR UNIVERSITY.

CHORUS.

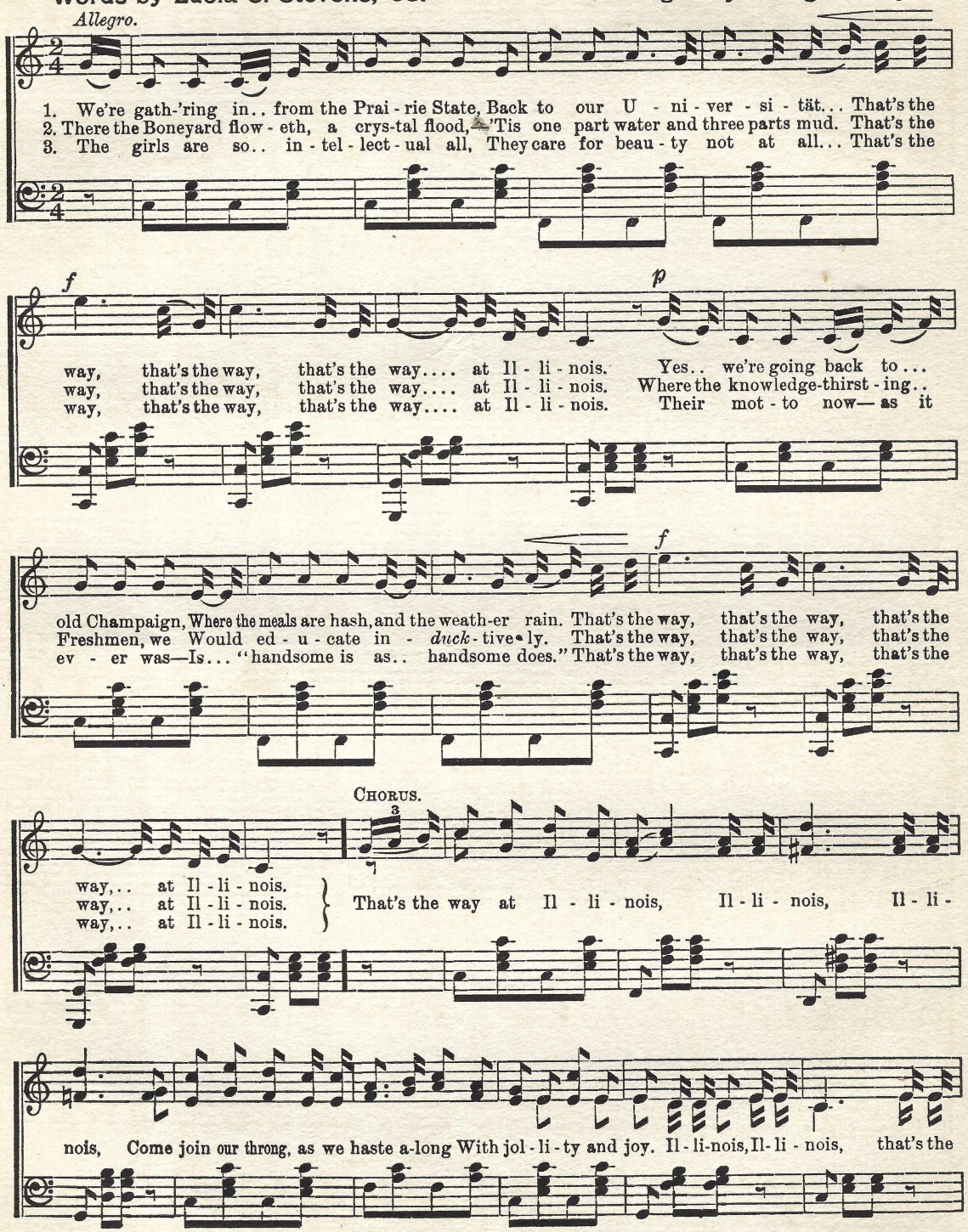
Grandioso.



THAT'S THE WAY AT ILLINOIS.

Tune:—"Dixie's Land."

Words by Lucia C. Stevens, '03. Arranged by George Rosey.



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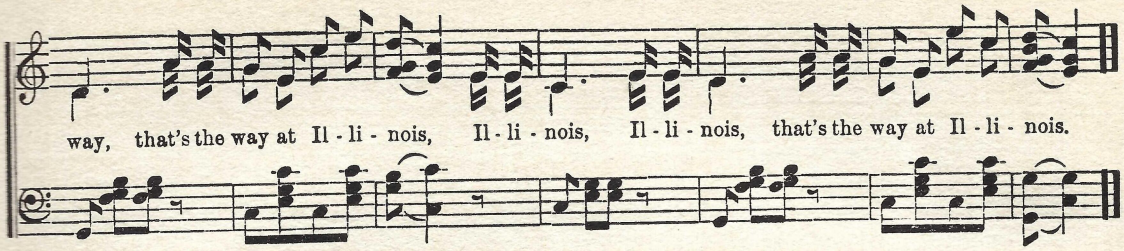
THAT'S THE WAY AT ILLINOIS.



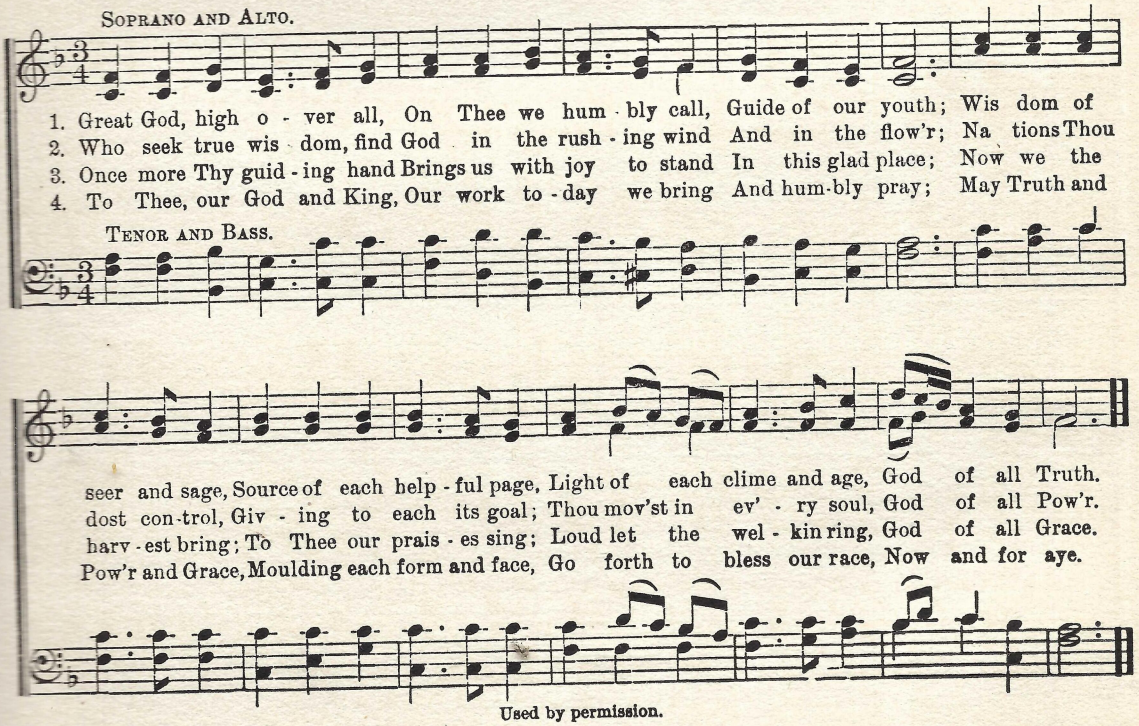
4 The men care little for their degrees,—
M. E's, B. S'es, or A. B's.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.
Nor do they mind about getting Y's (*wise*),
Nor can they but only win their I's.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.—CHO.

5 For the Faculty we've a right good will,
"With all their faults we love them still."
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.
May they prosper well from day to day,
And grow in wisdom, and in pay!
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.—CHO.

6 Though labor we're much inclined to shirk,
There is a time when we like to work.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.
And a task which appeals to every nature,
We love to work our Legislature.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.—CHO.

7 But to one and all, kind friends, adieu,
We always stop when we get through.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.
Here's to fellowship of heart and brain,
With hopes of meeting soon again.
That's the way, that's the way, that's the way at Illinois.—CHO.

A COMMENCEMENT HYMN.



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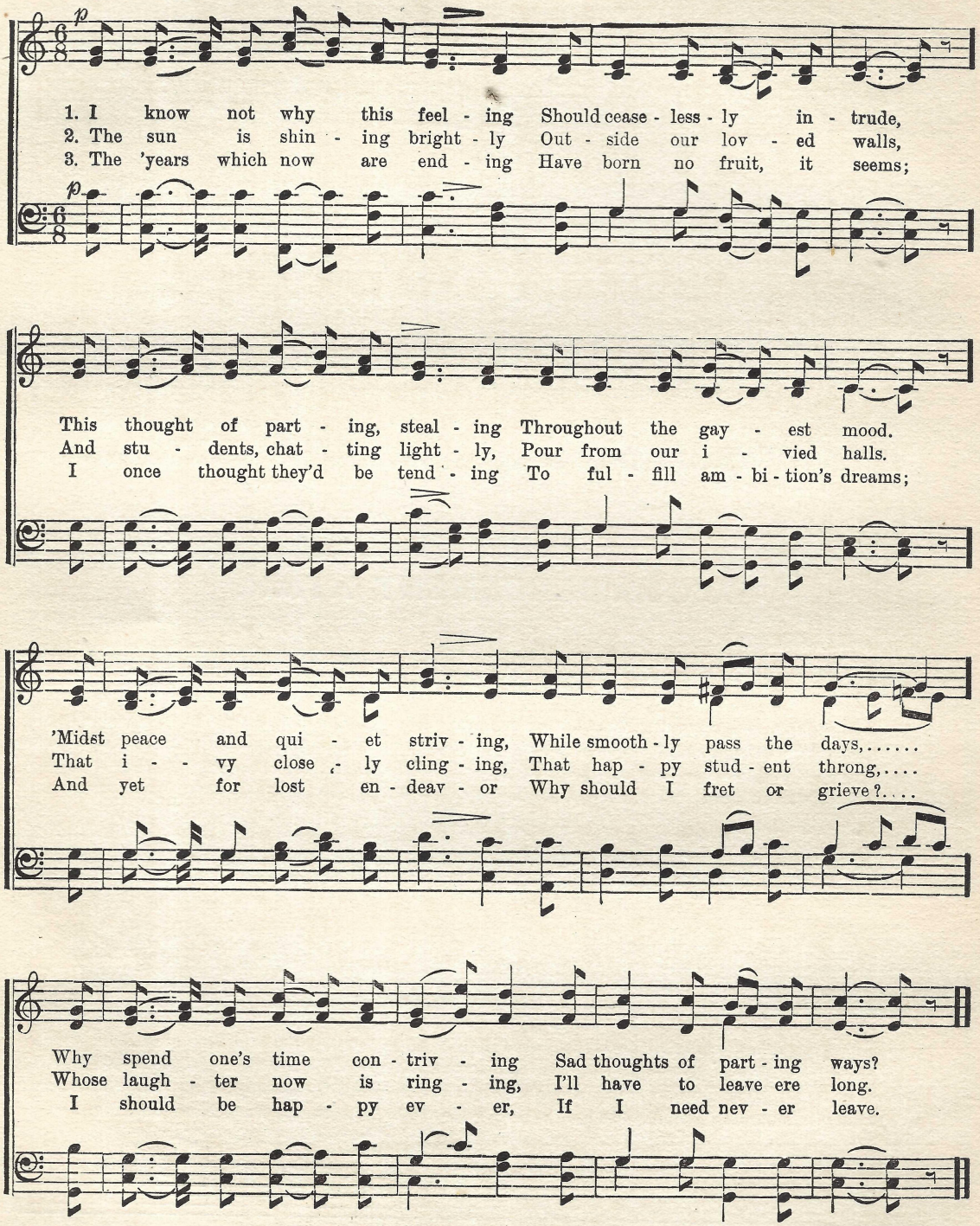
A SENIOR'S REVERIE.

Words by Winifred Perry. Tune:—"Die Lorelei."

MIXED VOICES.



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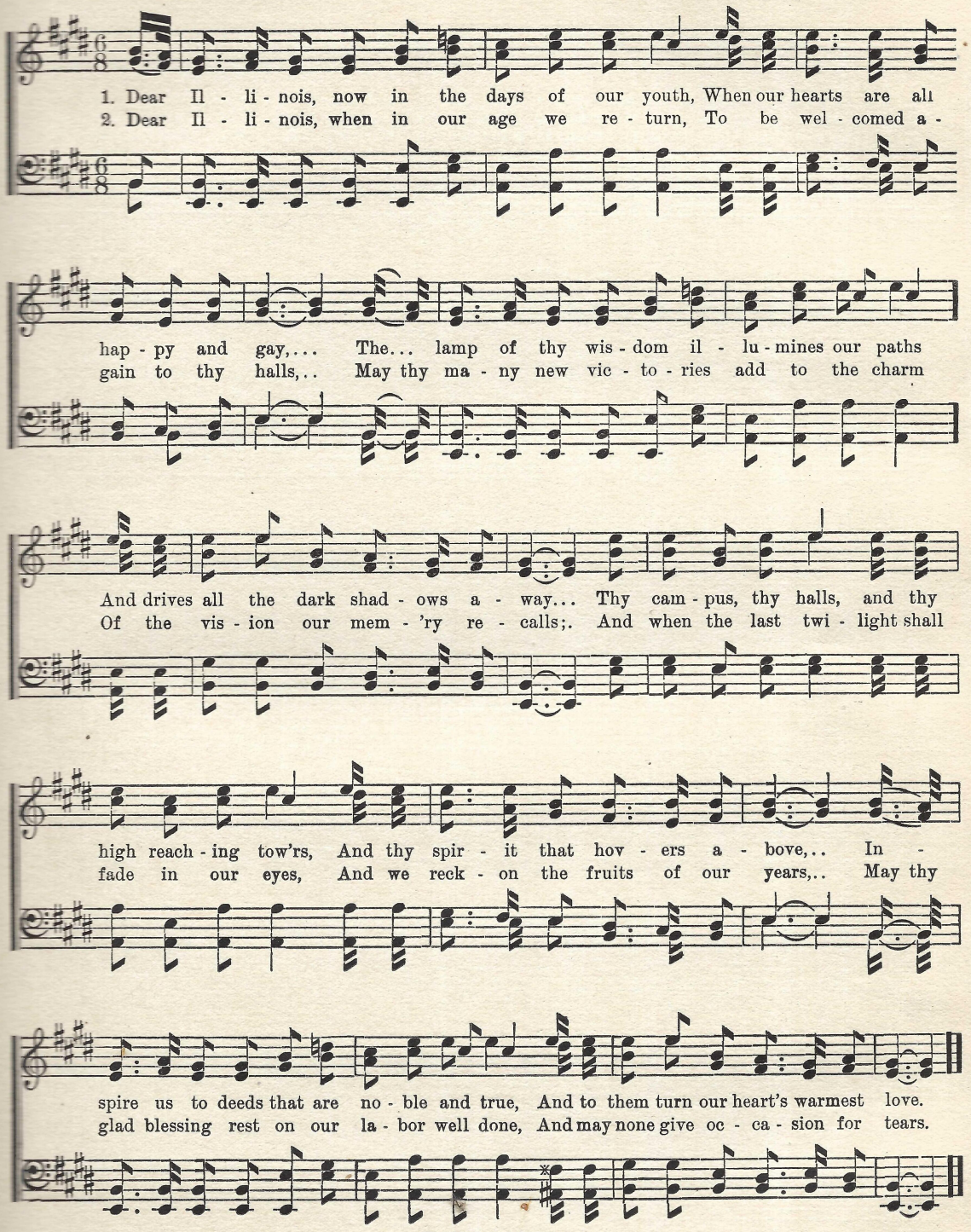
FAIR ILLINOIS.

Words by E. L. Poor, '02. Tune:—"Fair Harvard."



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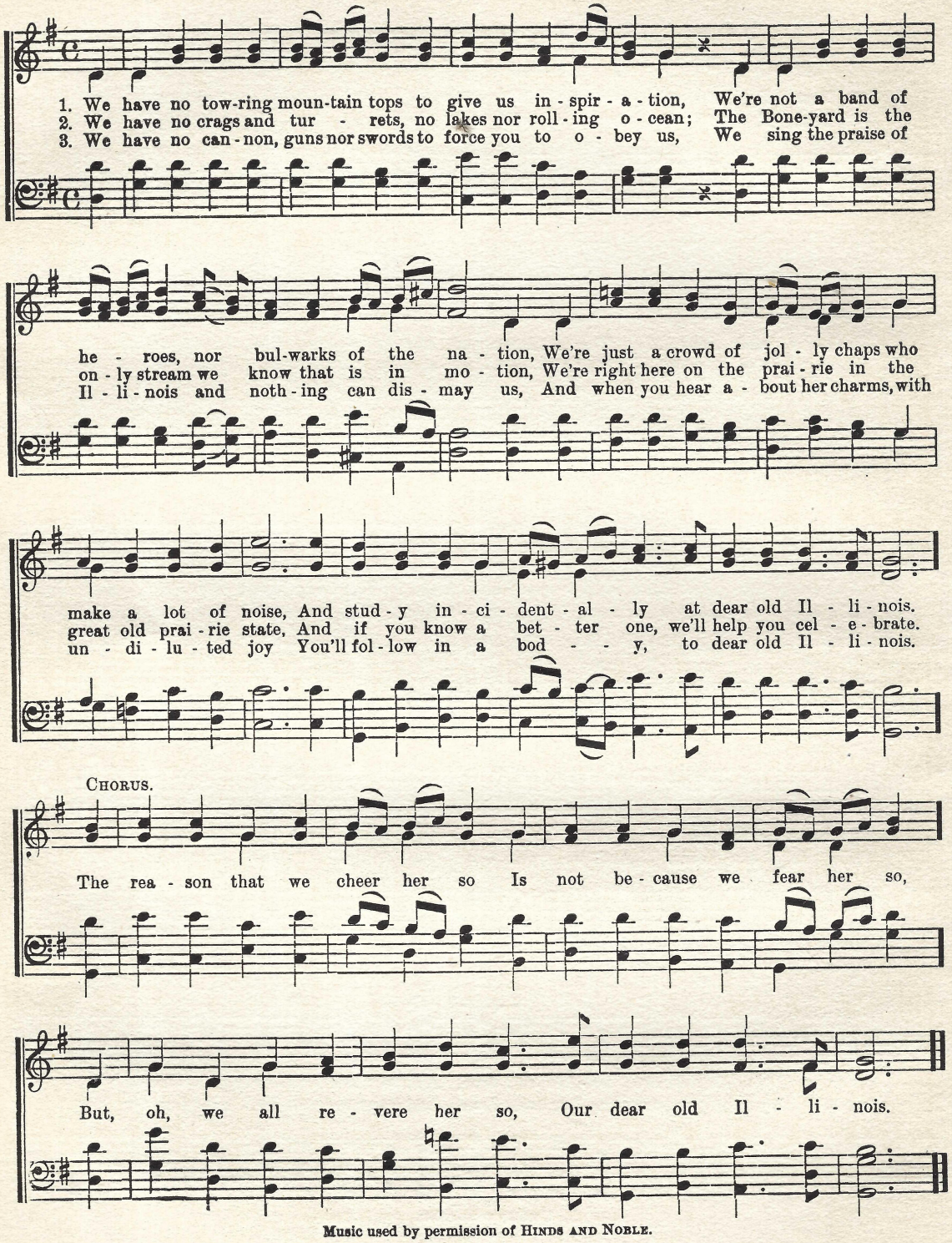
DEAR OLD ILLINOIS.

Words by W. L. Steele, '96. **Music by Walter Howe Jones.**



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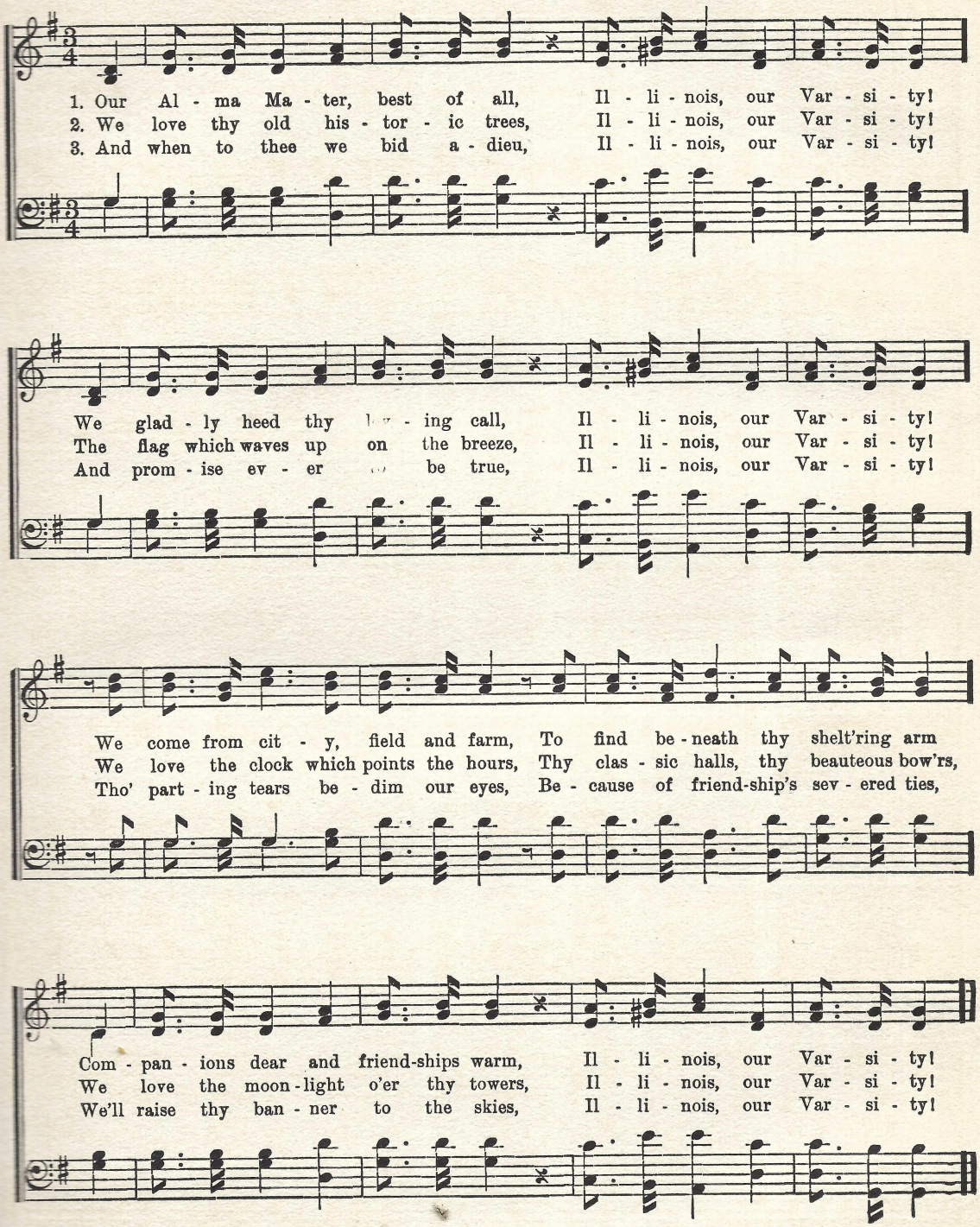
ILLINOIS, OUR VARSITY.

Words by A. P. Poorman, '07. **Tune:—"Maryland, My Maryland."**



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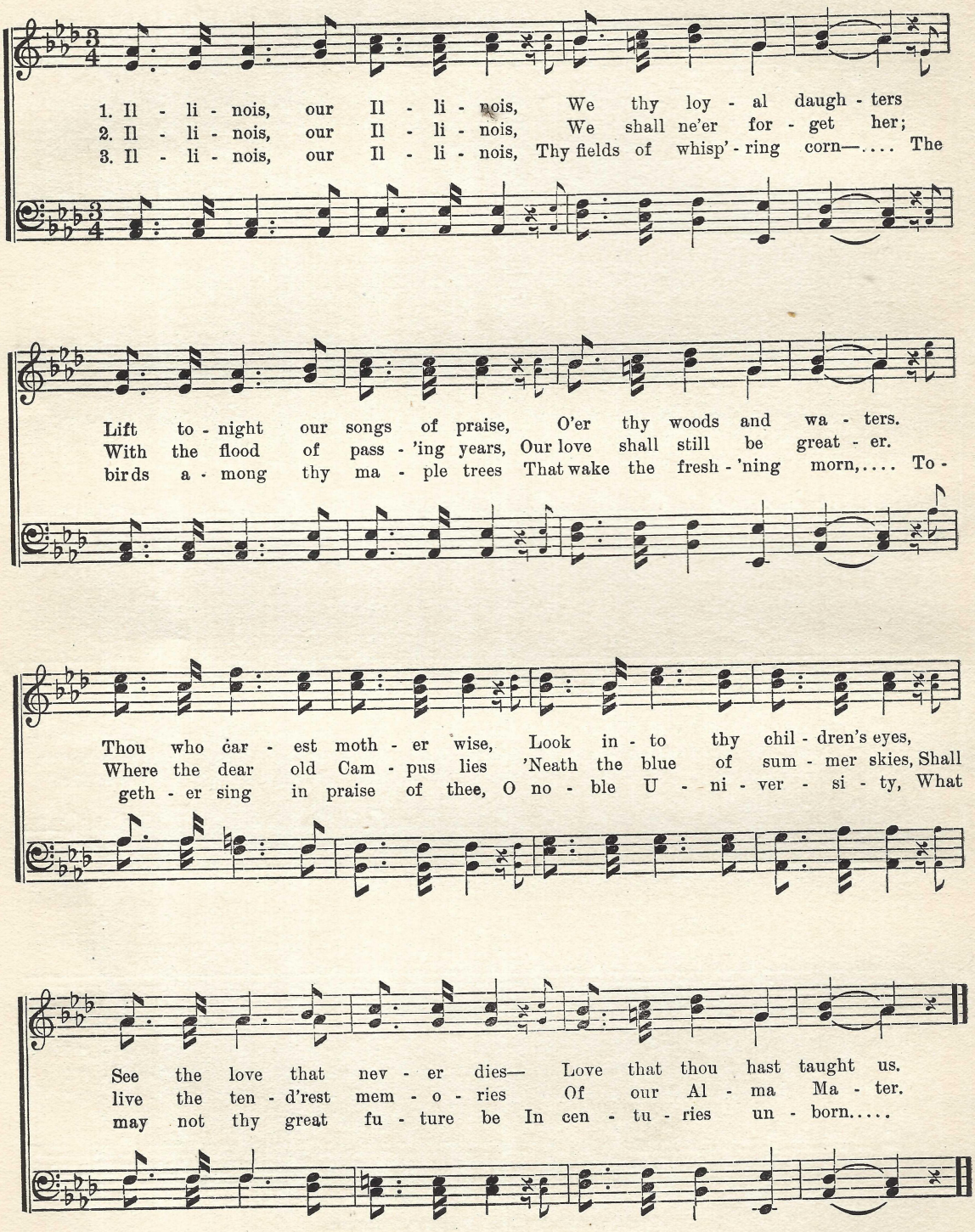
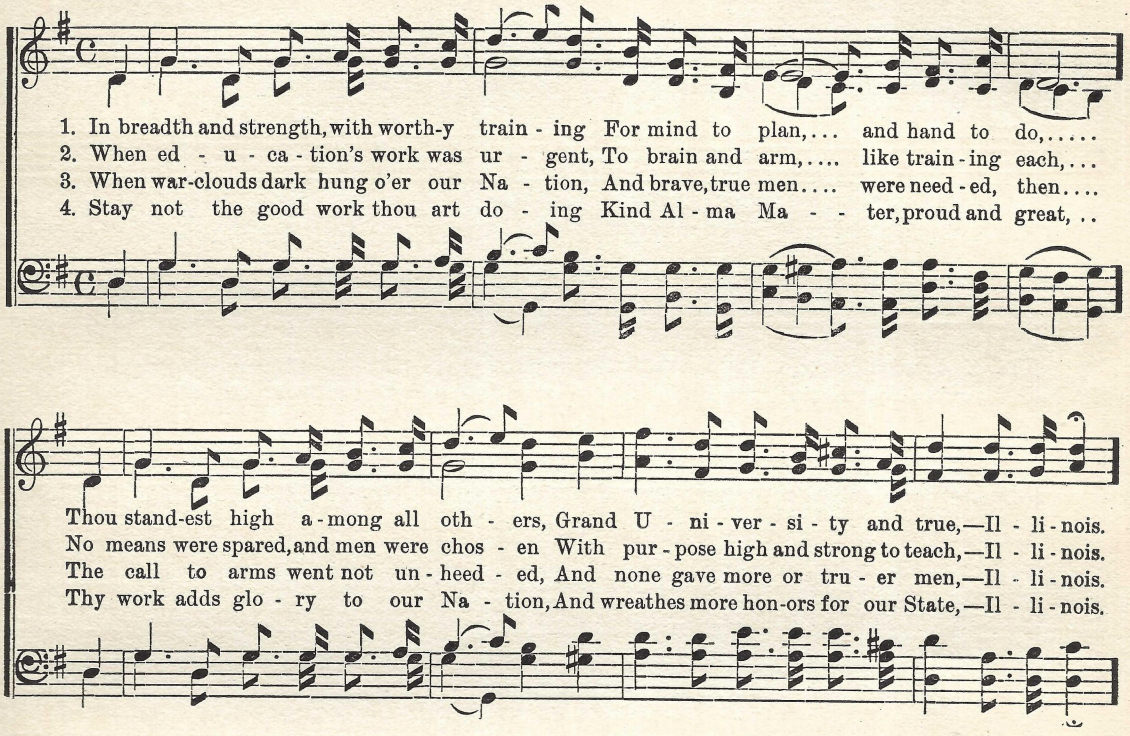
ILLINOIS, OUR ILLINOIS.

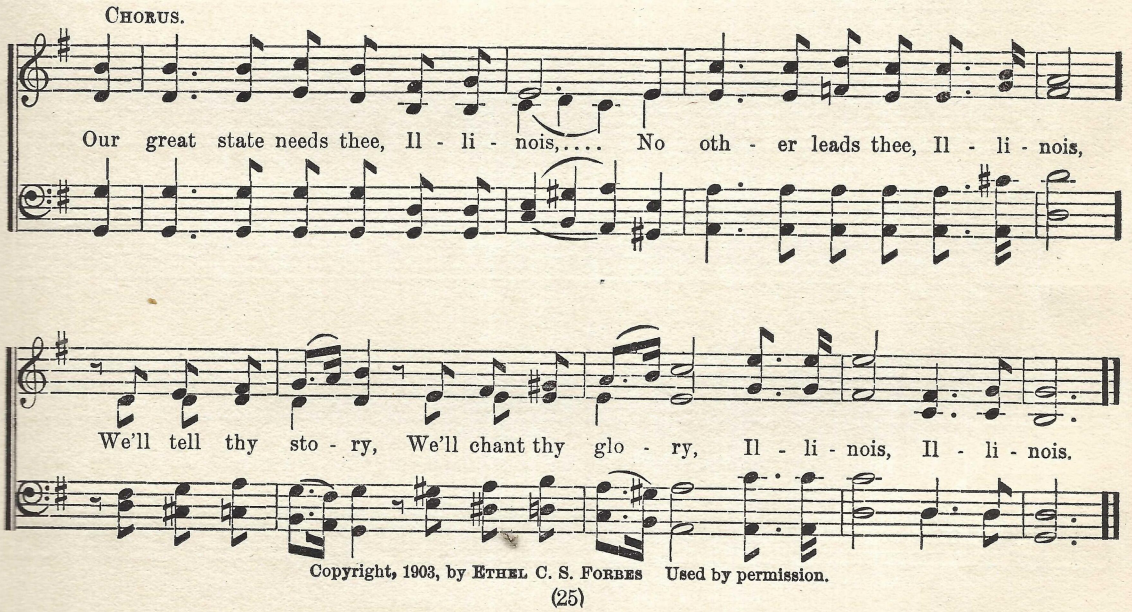
Tune:—"Lauriger Horatius."



GRAND ILLINOIS.

Words by S. A. Bullard, '78. **Music by F. L. Lawrence.**





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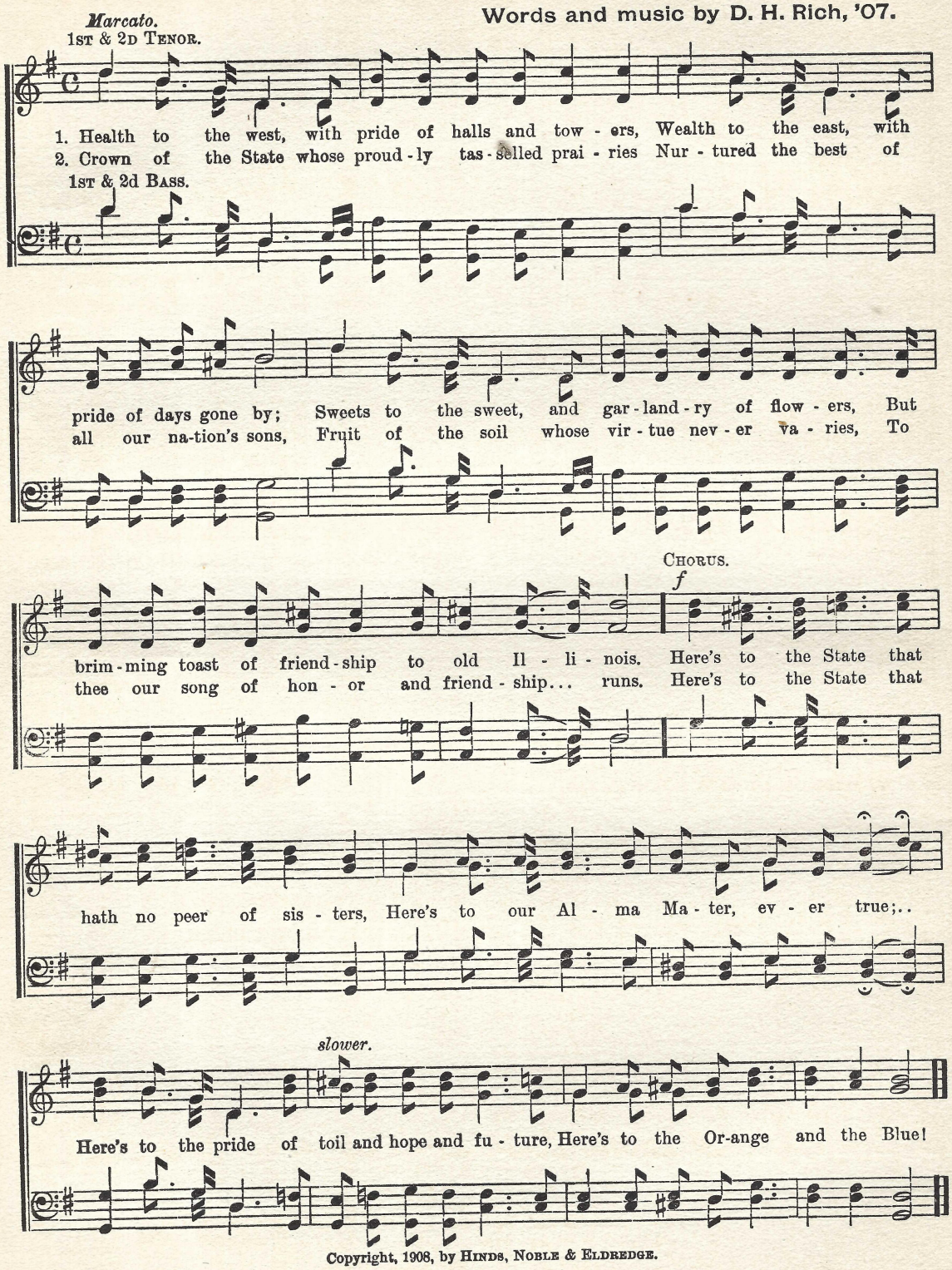
A TOAST TO THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

Words and music by D. H. Rich, '07.



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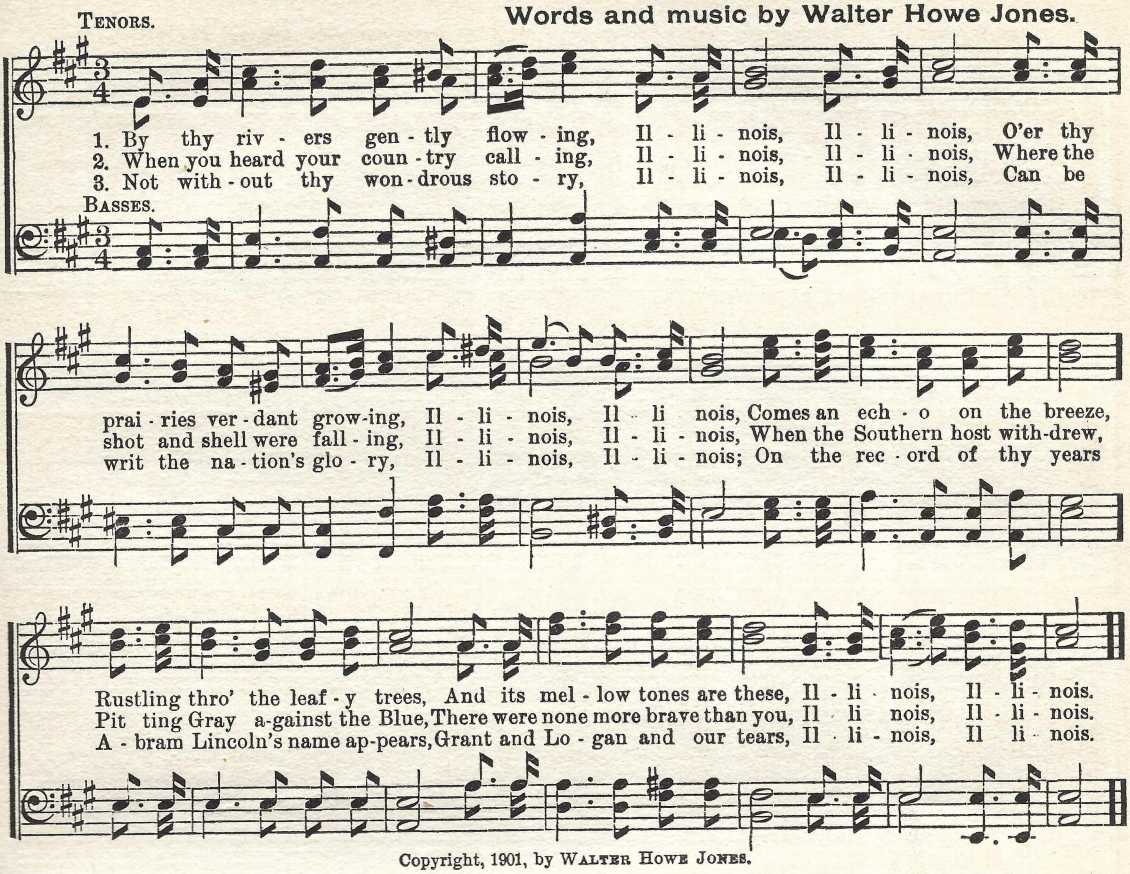
BY THY RIVERS GENTLY FLOWING.

Words and music by Walter Howe Jones.



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MY ILLINOIS.

Words by F. K. W. Drury, '05. **Tune:—"Baby Mine."**

1 On the prairies rolling free
Stands our University,
Alma Mater which we praise in song and story;
Other hearts may long to be
Near the great wide western sea,
Or Atlantic's rough and rock-bound shore,
But we Illini, ever true, will thy fair name enjoy,
And promote the good and welfare of our own dear Illinois.

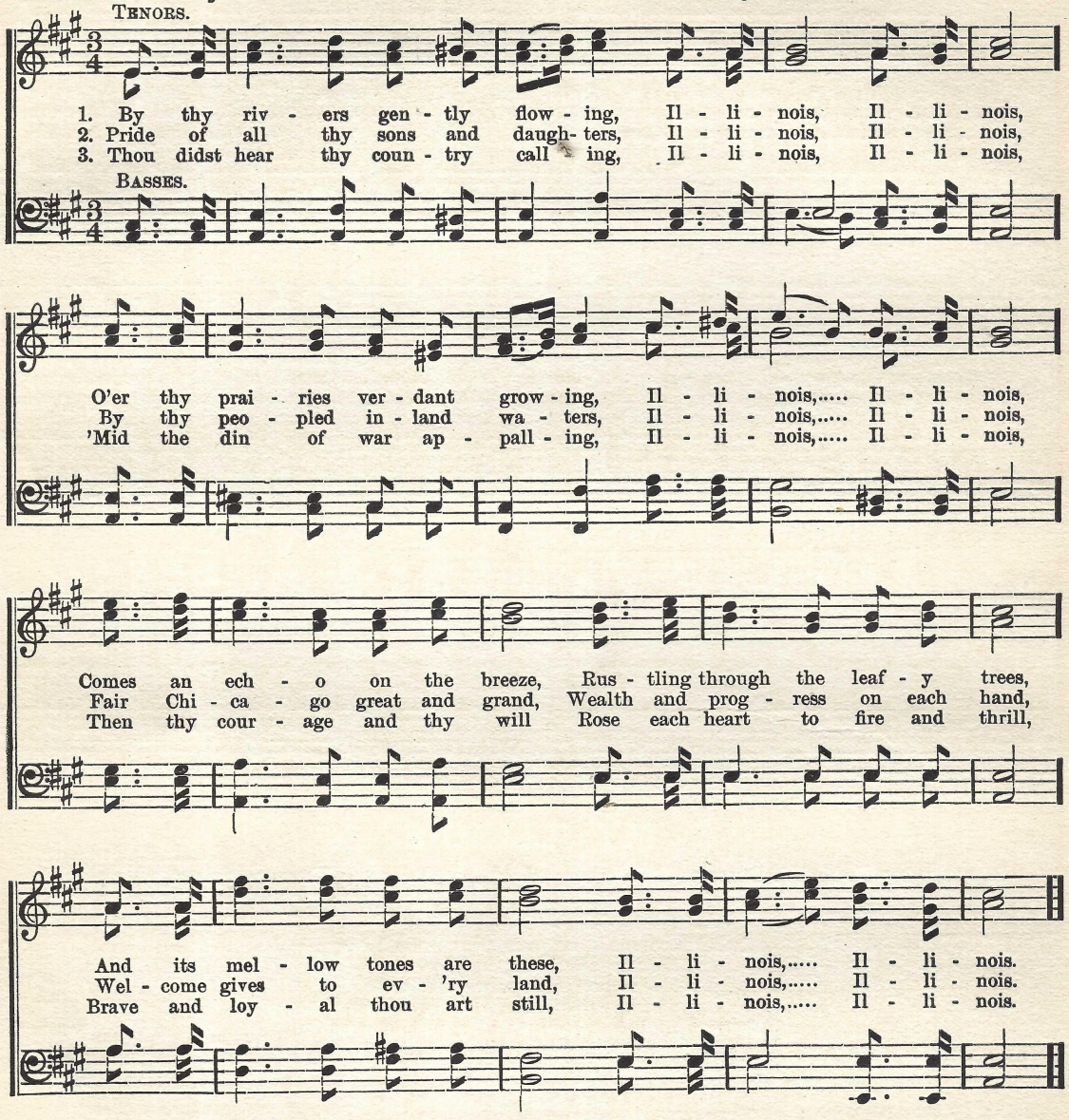
Chorus.—My Illinois, my Illinois,
The pride of all the golden West;
My Illinois, dear Illinois,
The university I love the best;
My Illinois, old Illinois,
What memories thy name recalls.
To the Orange and the Blue I will evermore be true,
To my own, my Illinois.

2 We are loyal to thy name,
We are jealous of thy fame,
And we cherish deep the spirit that makes heroes;
We rejoice in thy success,
We are anxious to express
The devotion that is wholly thine.
Hail, Alma Mater! naught can ever thy good name destroy,
East and West pay willing tribute to our own dear Illinois.—Cho.

ILLINOIS.

1st Stanza by C. M. Chamberlain,
2nd to 5th by Frederick M. Steele.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.



While thy Lincoln's fame is cherished, Illinois, Illinois,
Till thy Logan's name has perished, Illinois, Illinois,
While thy Grant shall honored be,
Through our nation grand and free,
We shall love and honor thee, Illinois, Illinois.

While thy glory we are singing, Illinois, Illinois,
Loyal homage to thee bringing, Illinois, Illinois,
Let us praise His holy name,
Through whose might all good we claim,
Who has wrought thy wondrous fame, Illinois. Illinois.

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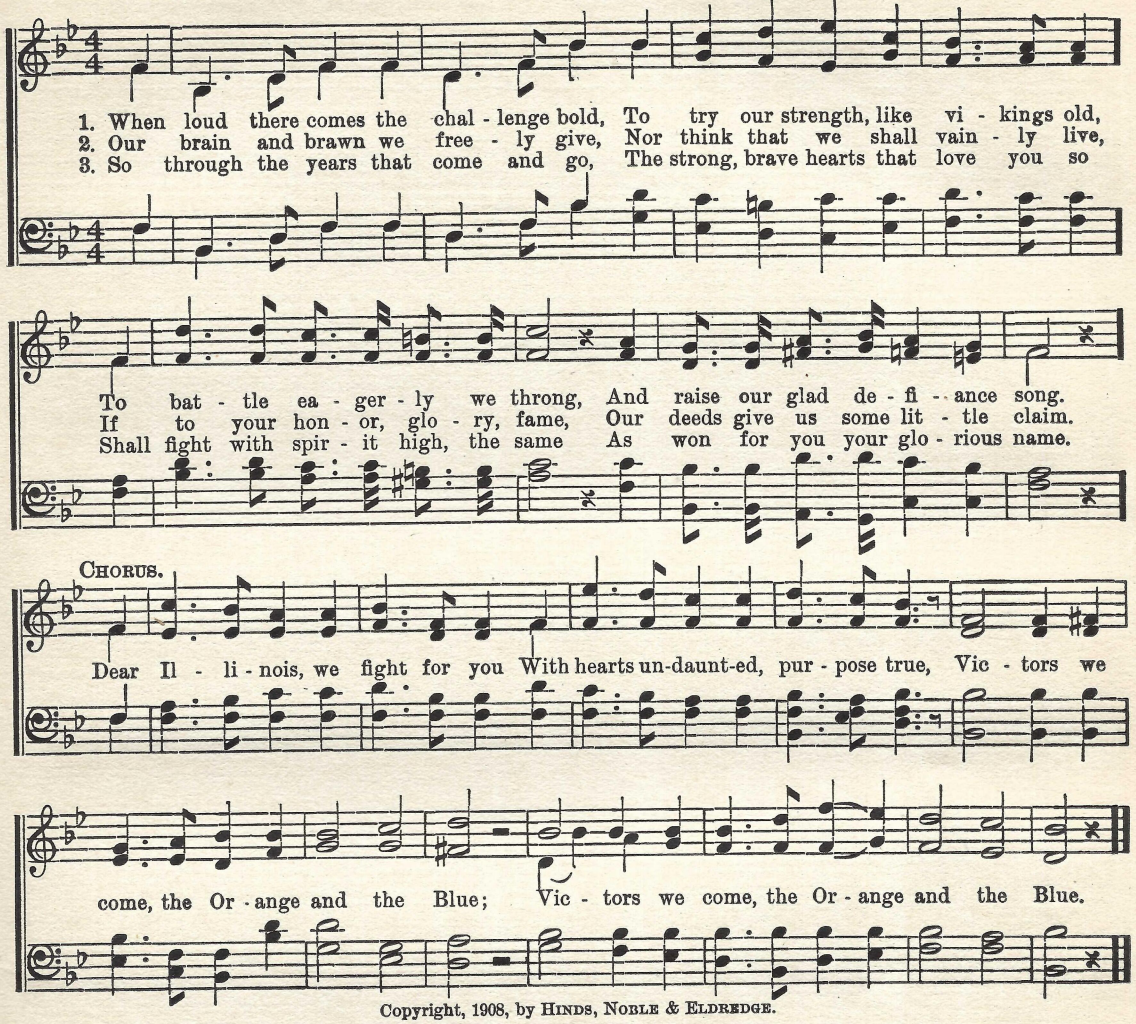
ILLINOIS BATTLE CALL.

Words by Ruth Kelso. Tune:—"The Watch on the Rhine," by Carl Wilhelm.



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UNIVERSITY HYMN.

Words by L. A. Rhoades.

Tune:—"The Watch on the Rhine."

1 Thy sons and daughters sing thy praise,
In loyal song their voices raise;
To thee, O noble Illinois,
We pledge our love with grateful joy.

Chorus.—Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
Through all the years to be,
Dear Illinois,
Through all the years to be,
Dear Illinois.

2 As thy fair tow'r we daily see,
May mind and heart uplifted be,
Our strength more nobly to employ,
And worthy grow of Illinois.

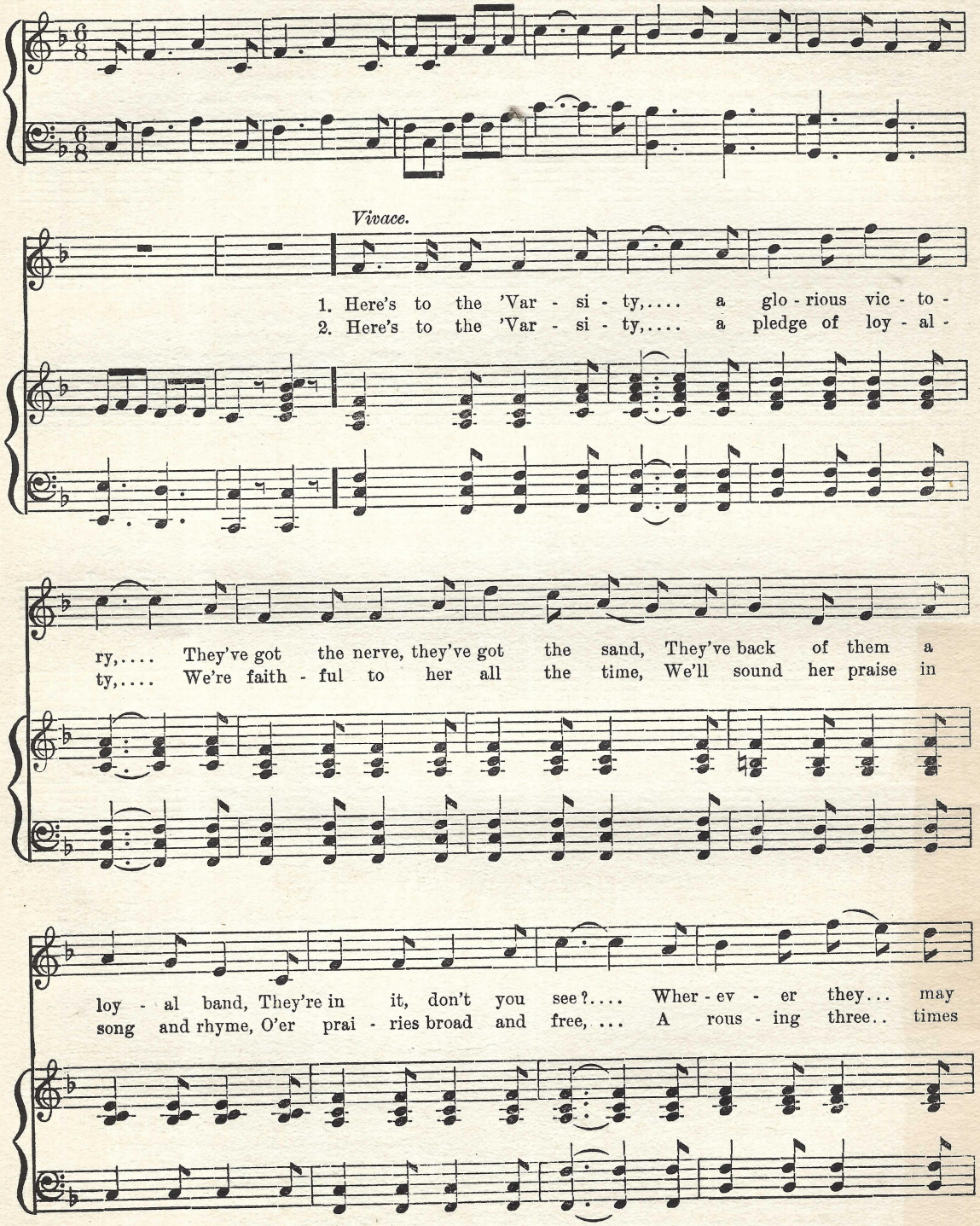
Chorus.—Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
In constant loyalty,
Dear Illinois,
In constant loyalty,
Dear Illinois.

3 The passing years shall bring thee fame,
More noble still shall be thy name;
As far and wide thy children go,
The world their loyalty shall know.

Chorus.—Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
In loving memory,
Dear Illinois,
In loving memory,
Dear Illinois.

HERE'S TO THE 'VARSITY.

Words and music by G. M. Palmer. Arranged by Mrs. G. M. Palmer.



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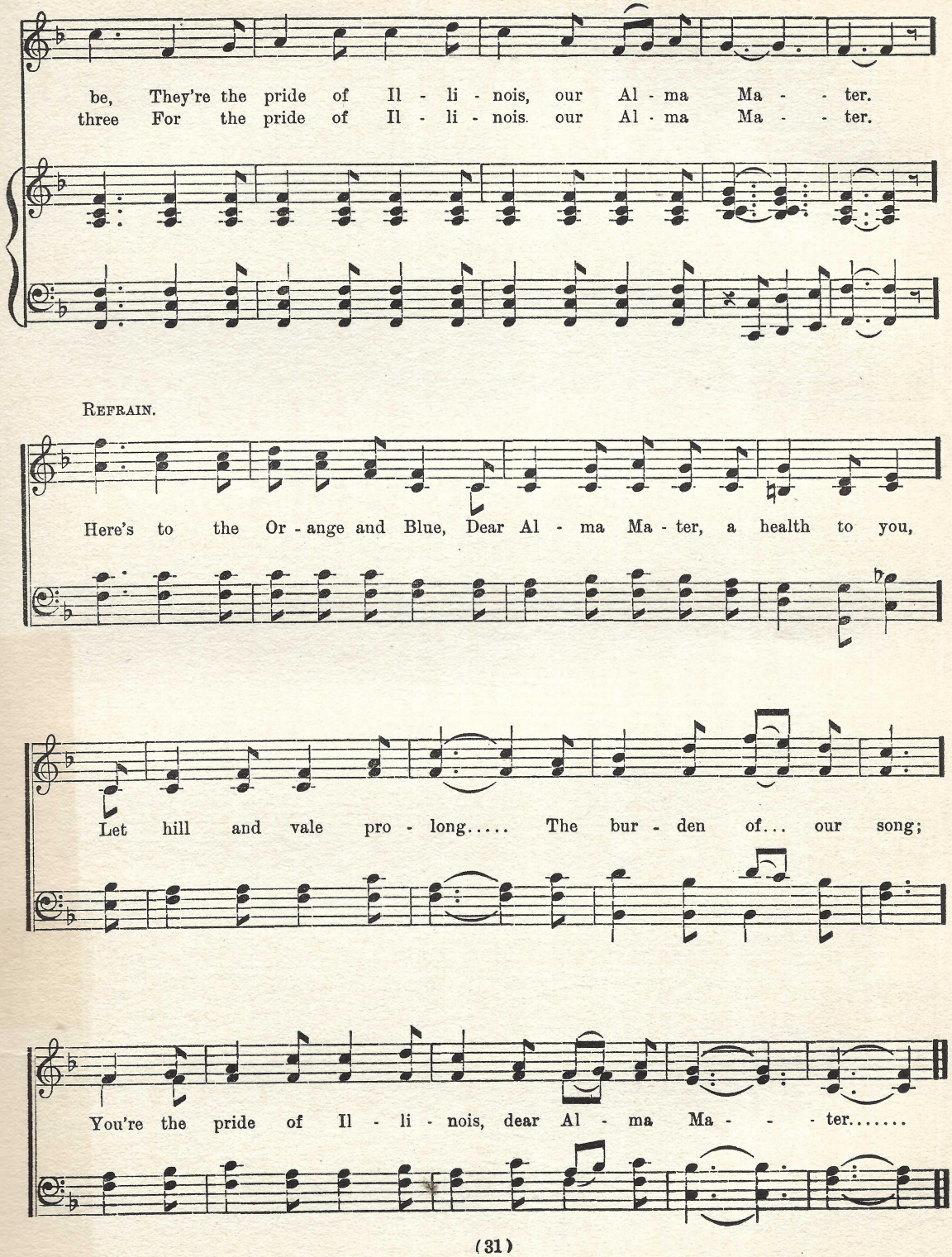
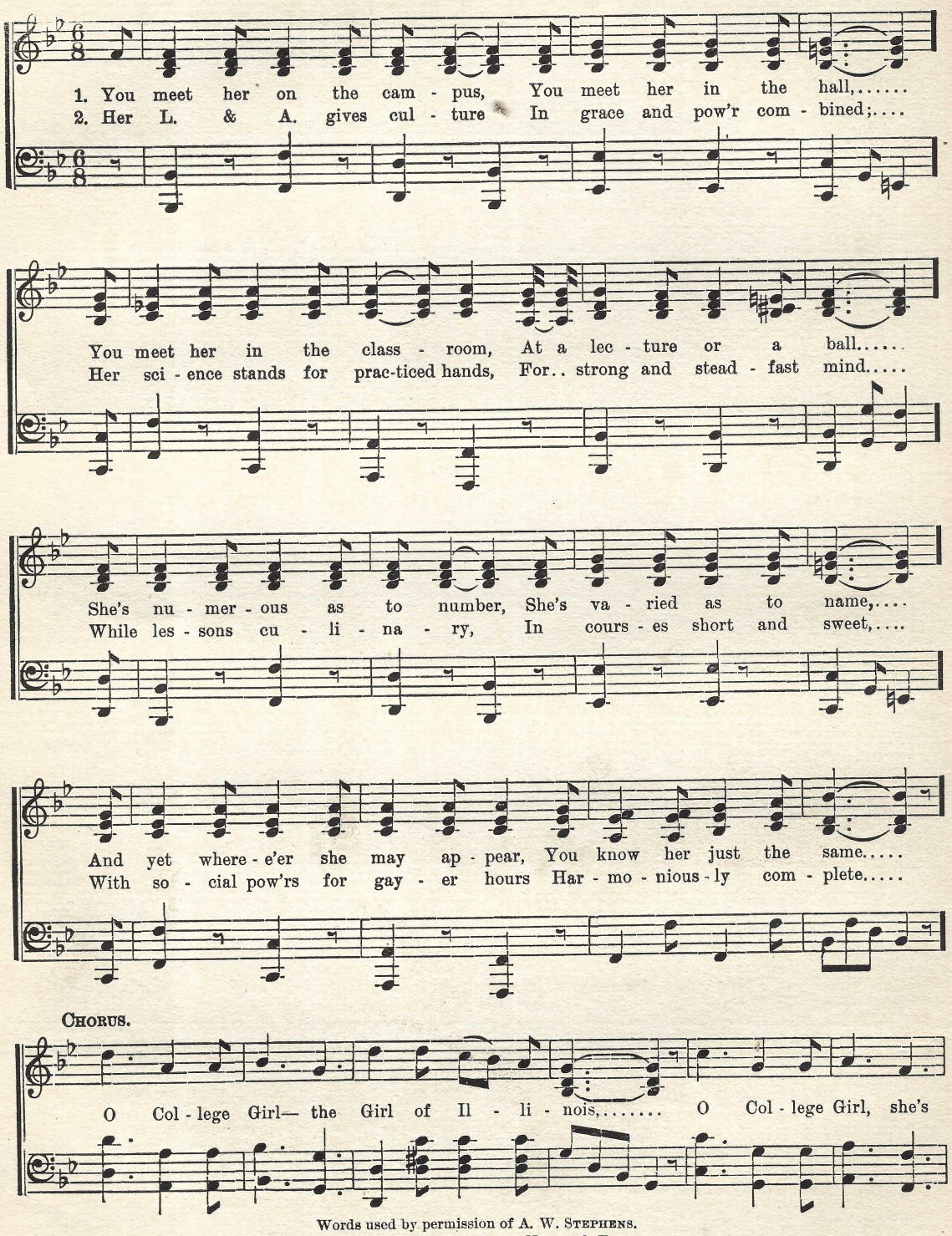
HERE'S TO THE 'VARSITY.



THE GIRL OF ILLINOIS.

Words by Lucia A. Stevens, '03. Tune:—"Solomon Levi."



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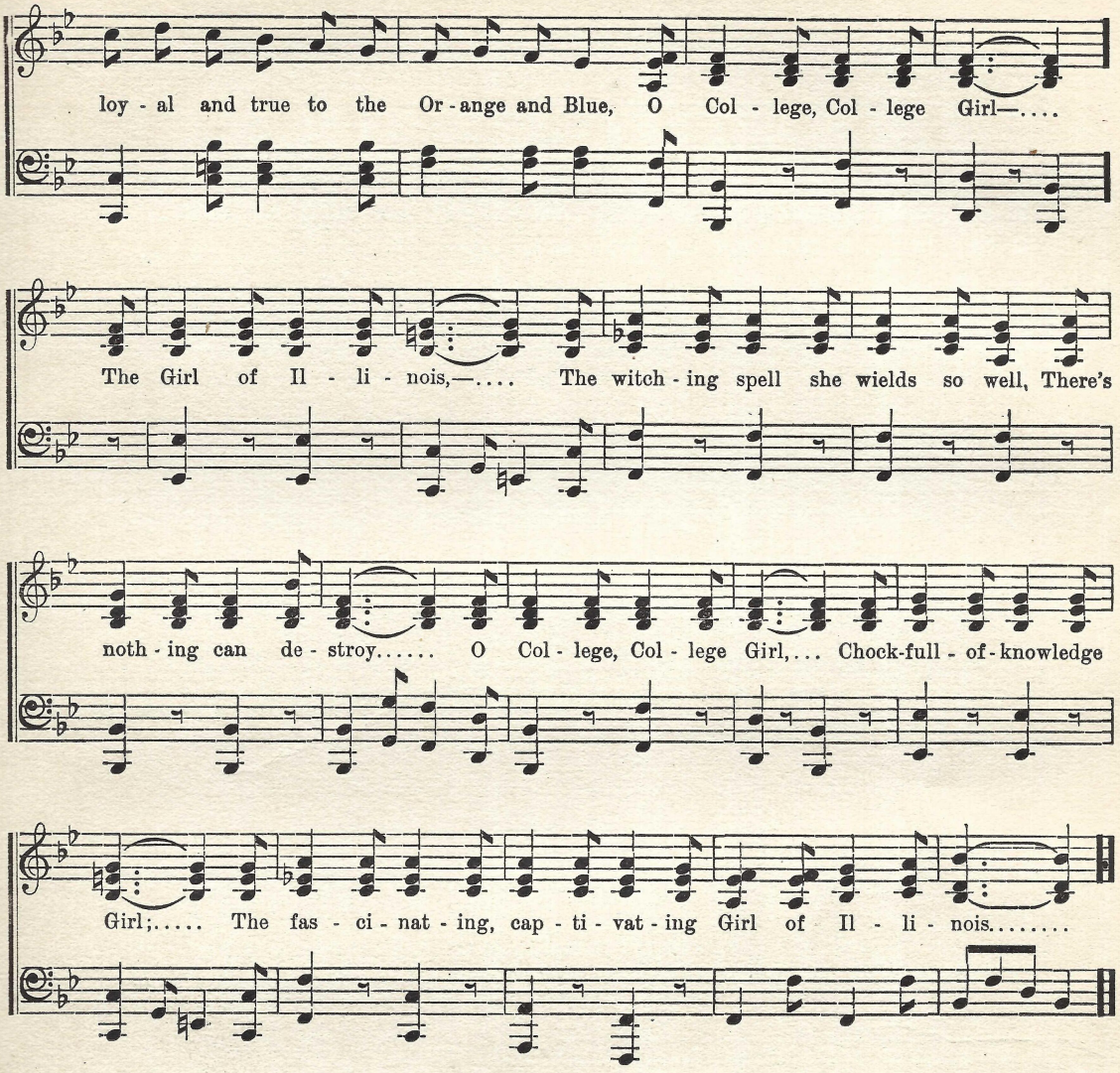
THE GIRL OF ILLINOIS.



SOLOMON LEVI.

1 My name is Solomon Levi, at my store in Chatham street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev'rything else that's neat;
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And ev'rything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me
At one hundred and forty-nine.

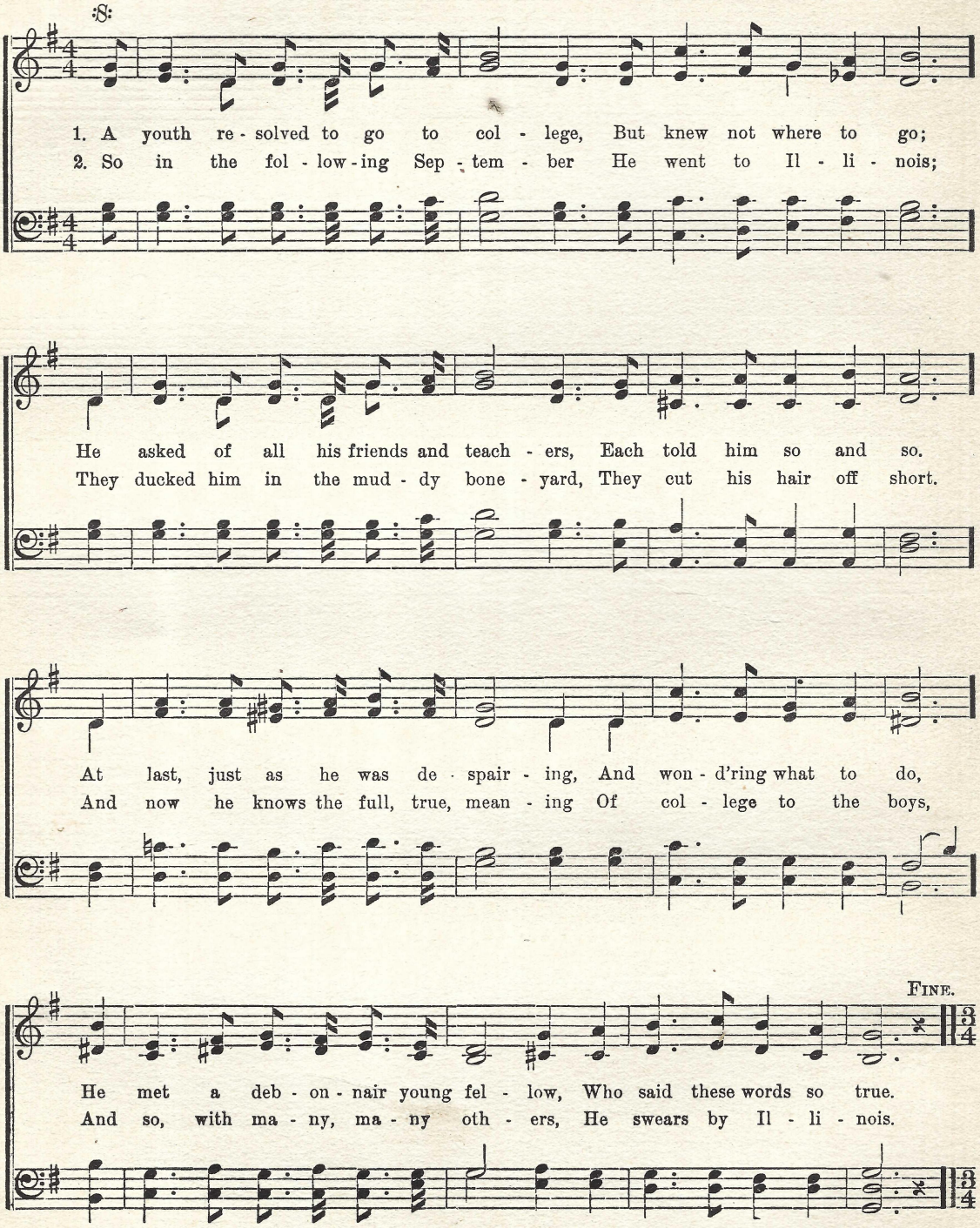
CHO.—Oh, Mister Levi, Levi, tra, la, la, la;
Poor Sheeny Levi,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store in Chatham street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests,
And ev'rything else that's neat;
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And ev'rything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At one hundred and forty-nine.

2 But when a bummer comes inside my store in Chatham street,
And tries to hang me up for coat and vest and pants complete,
I kicks that bummer out of my store,
And on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothes to any man
That tries to hang me up.

CHO.—Oh, Mister Levi, Levi, etc.

COLLEGE DAYS.

Tune:—"Working on the Railroad."



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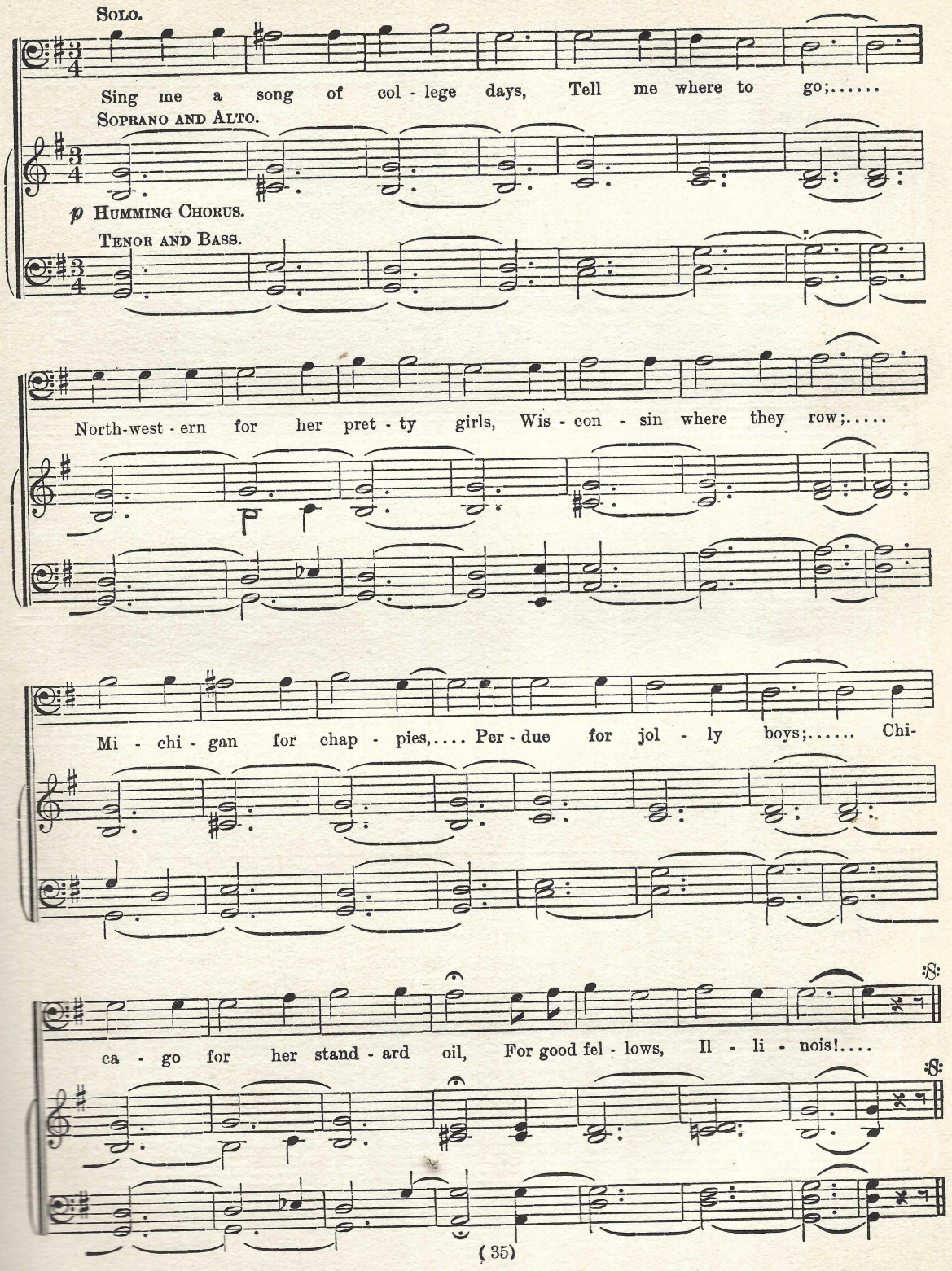
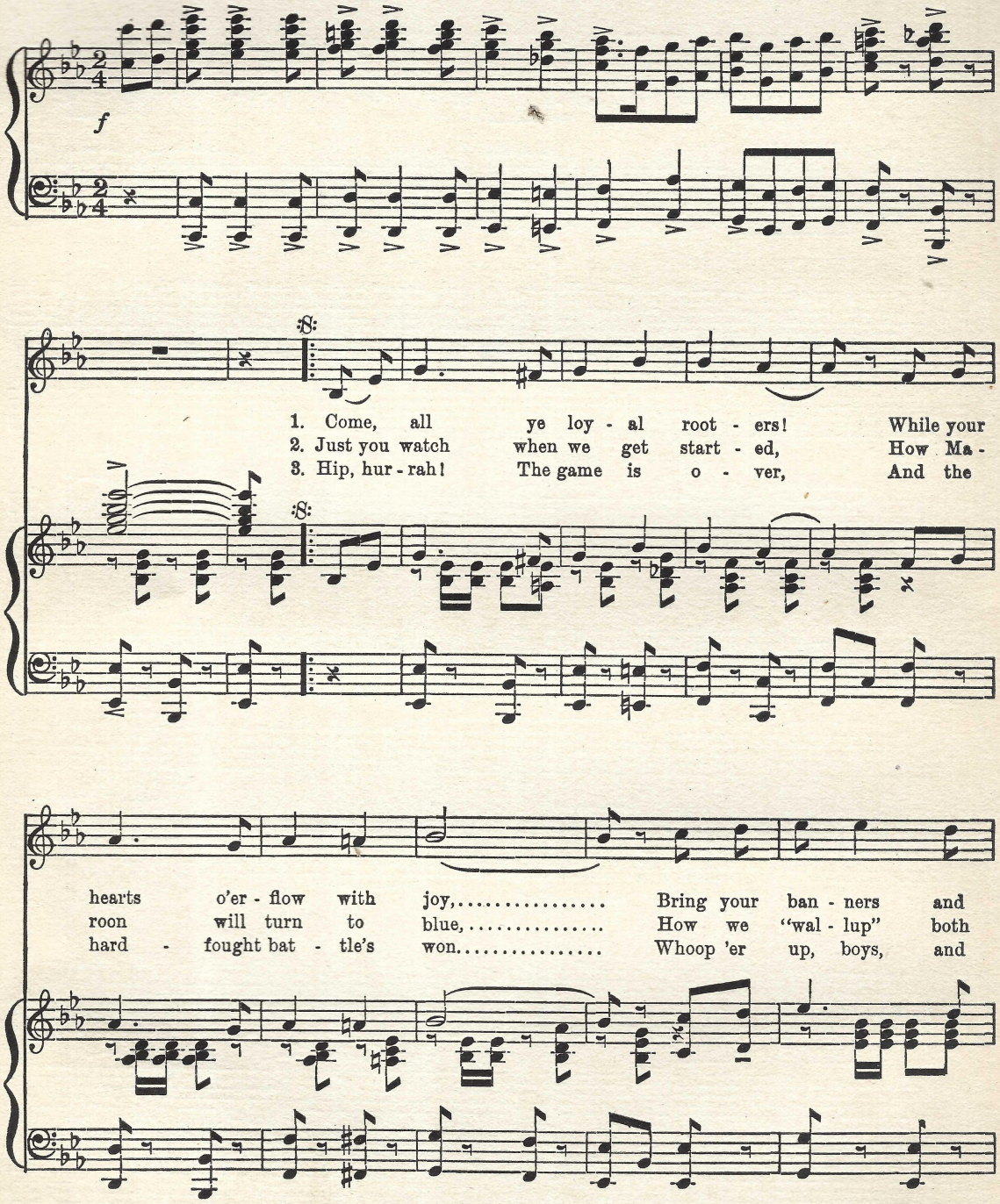
COLLEGE DAYS.



COME, ALL YE LOYAL ROOTERS!

(ILLINOIS FIELD SONG.)

Words and music by E. G. Oldefest, '06.



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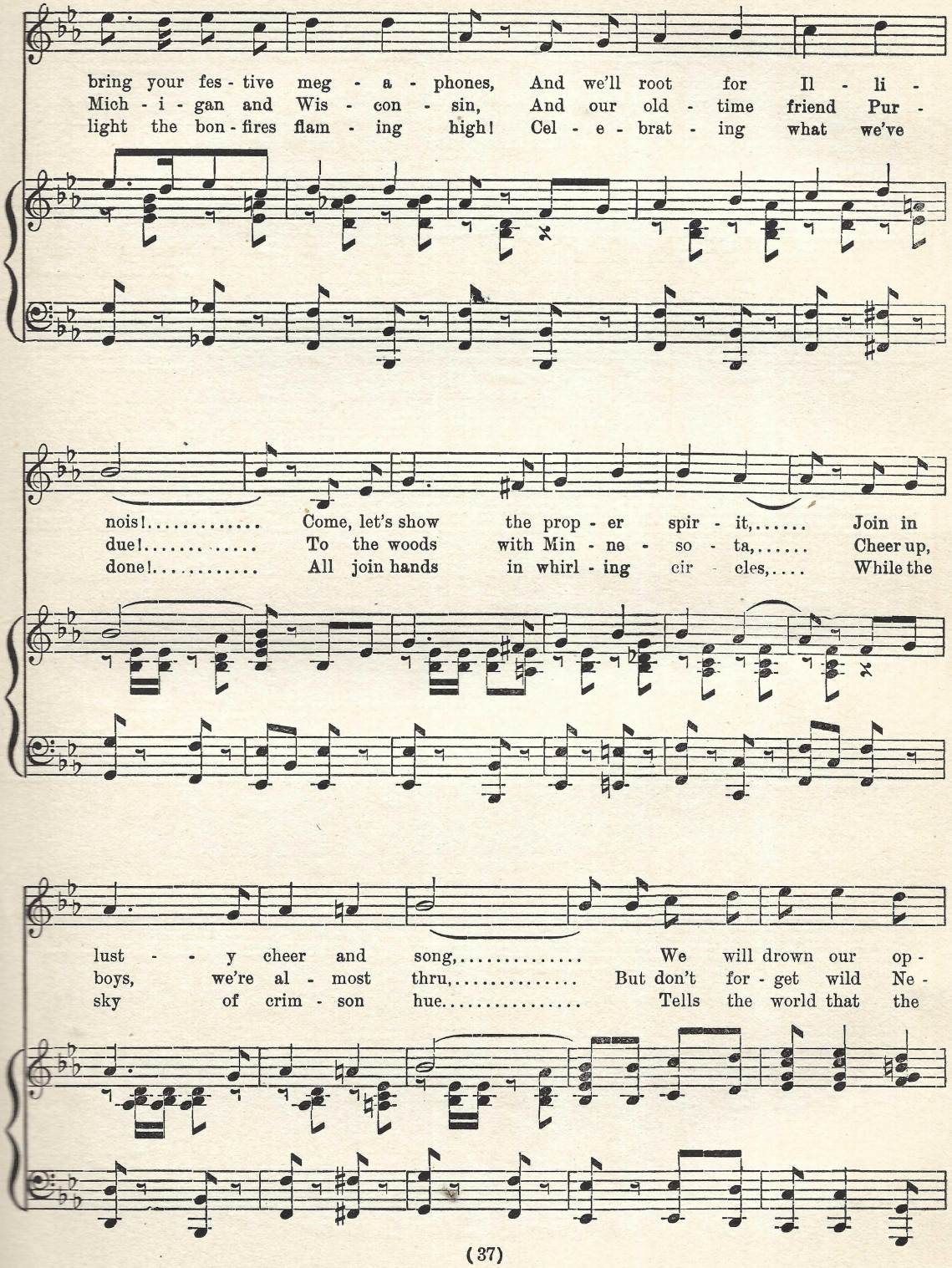
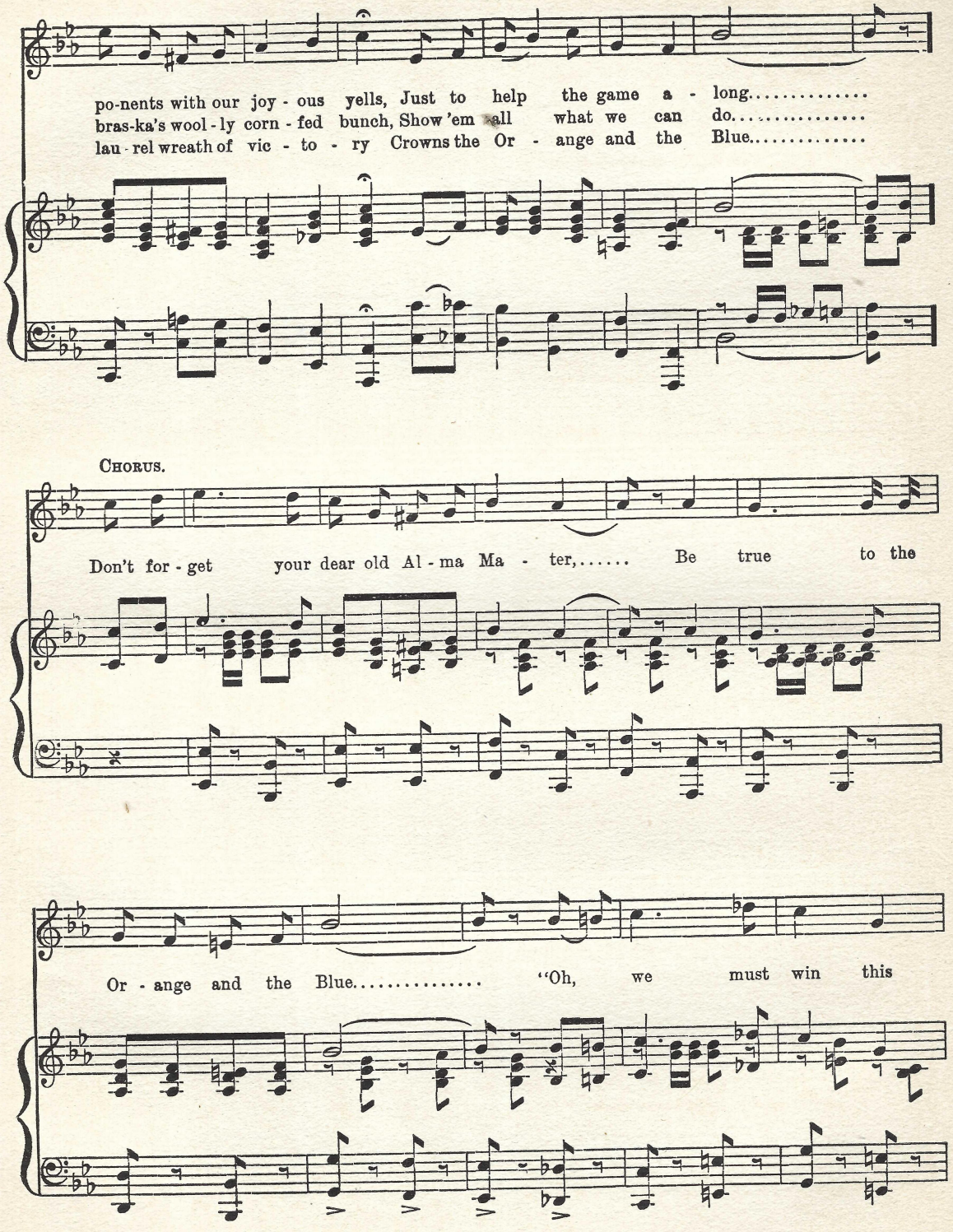
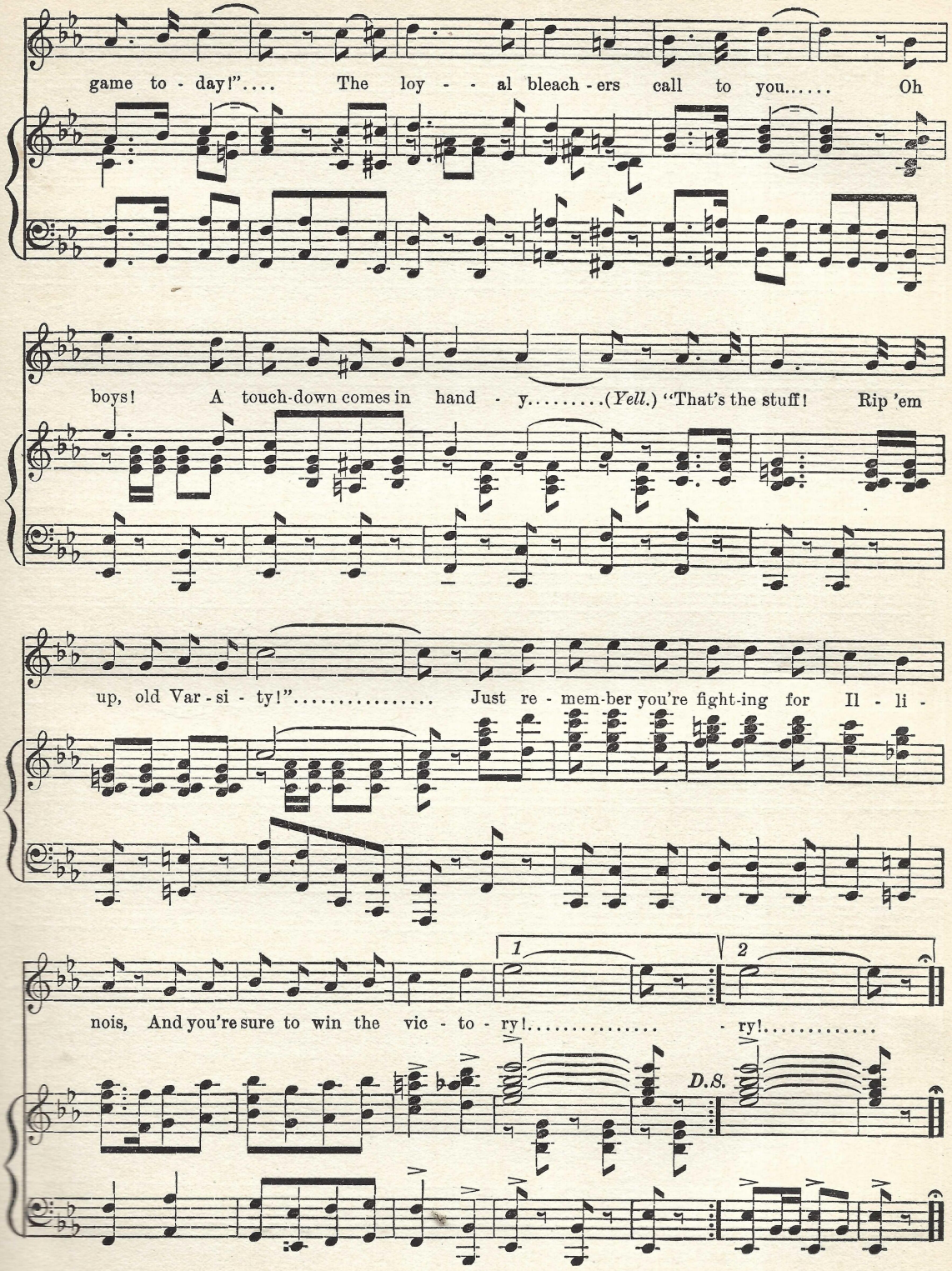
COME, ALL YE LOYAL ROOTERS.



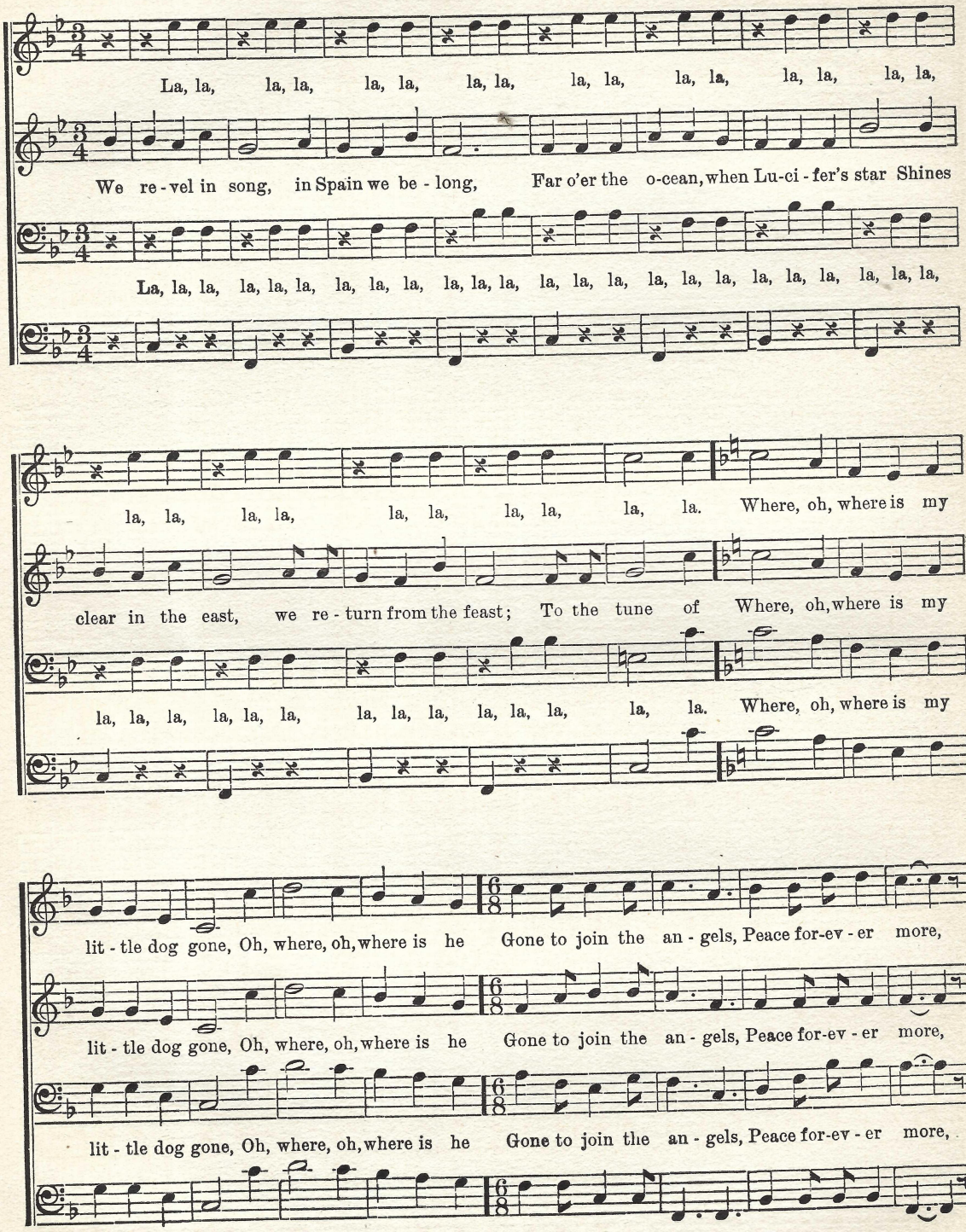
COME, ALL YE LOYAL ROOTERS.



COME, ALL YE LOYAL ROOTERS.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS MEDLEY.



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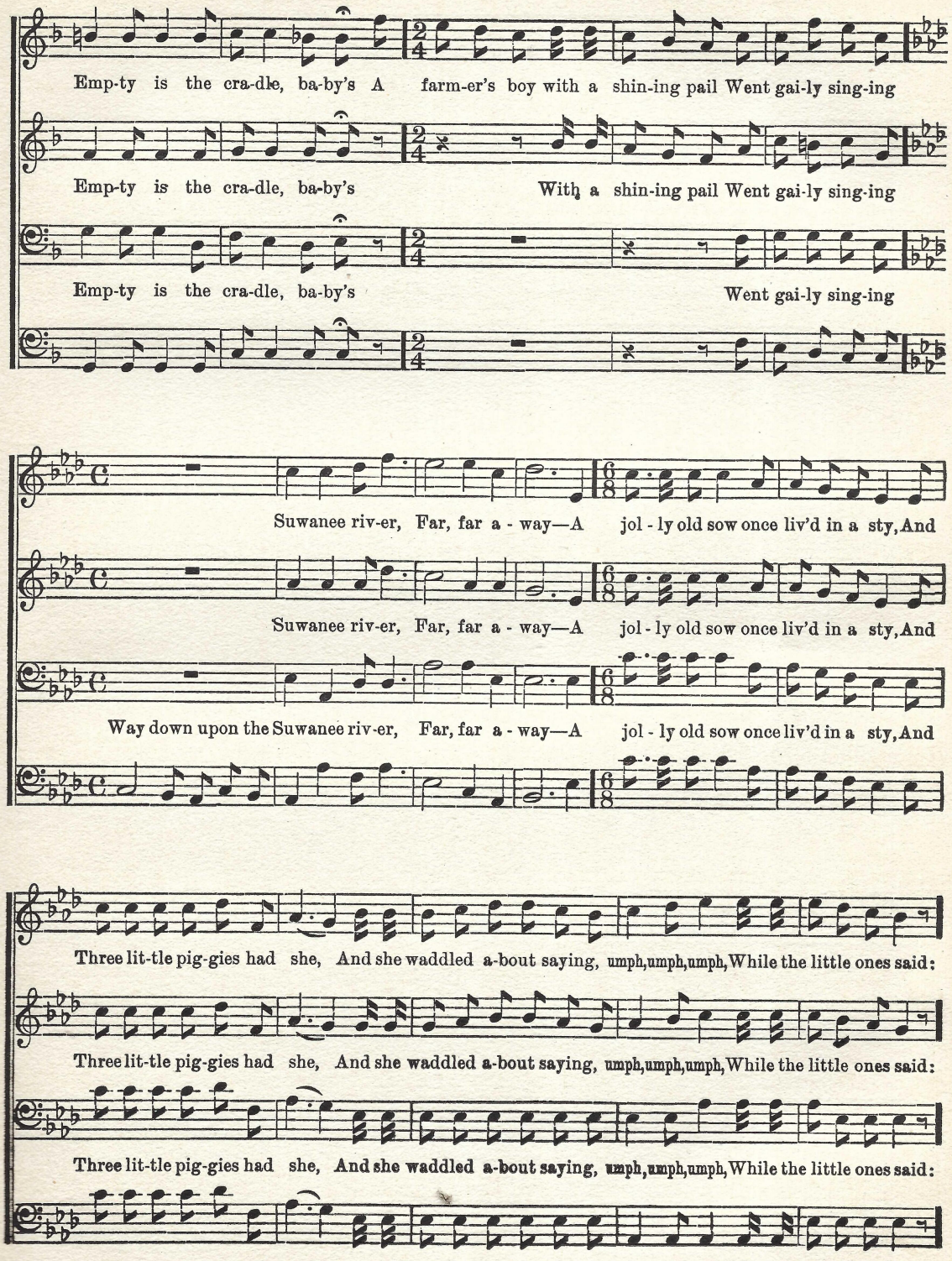

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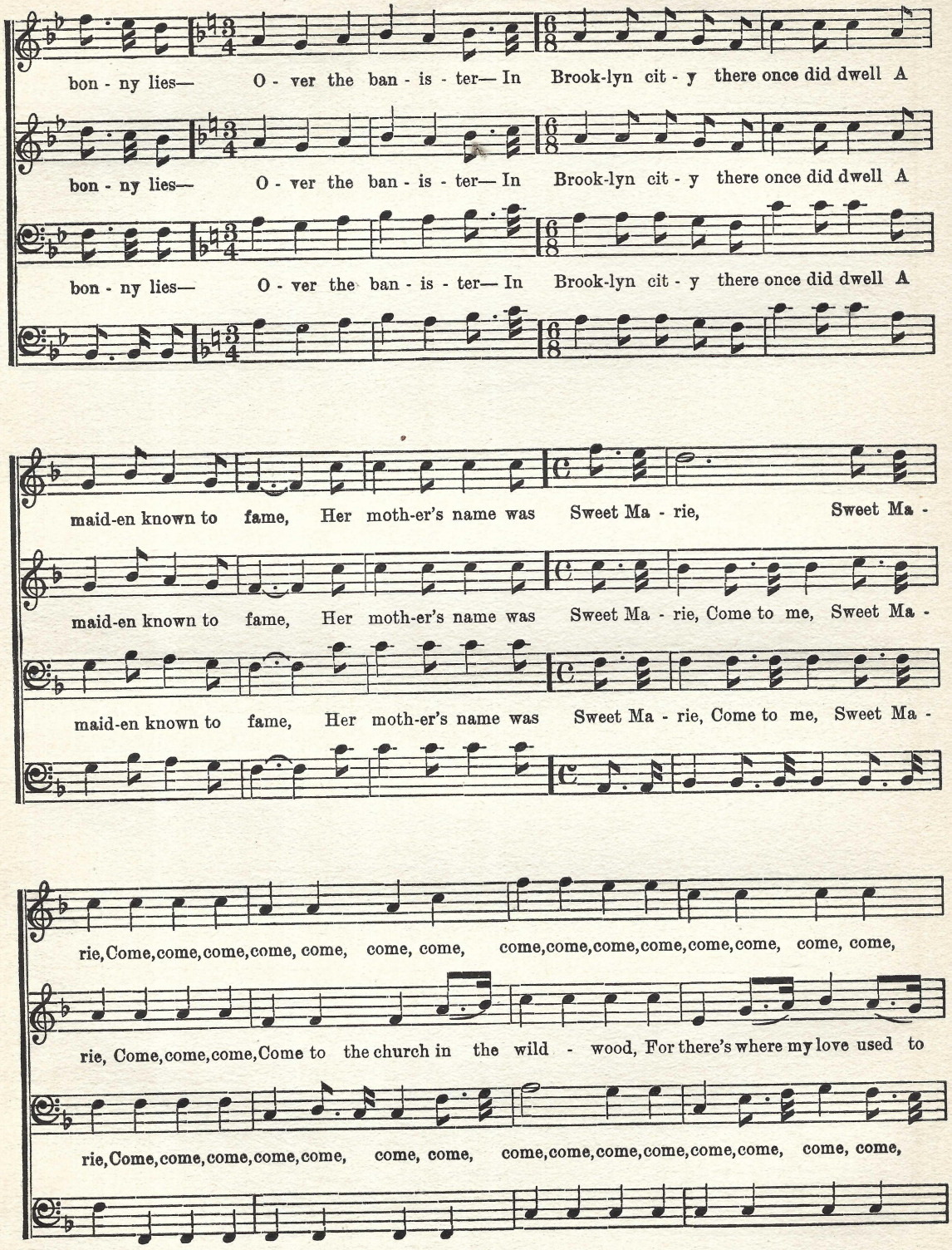

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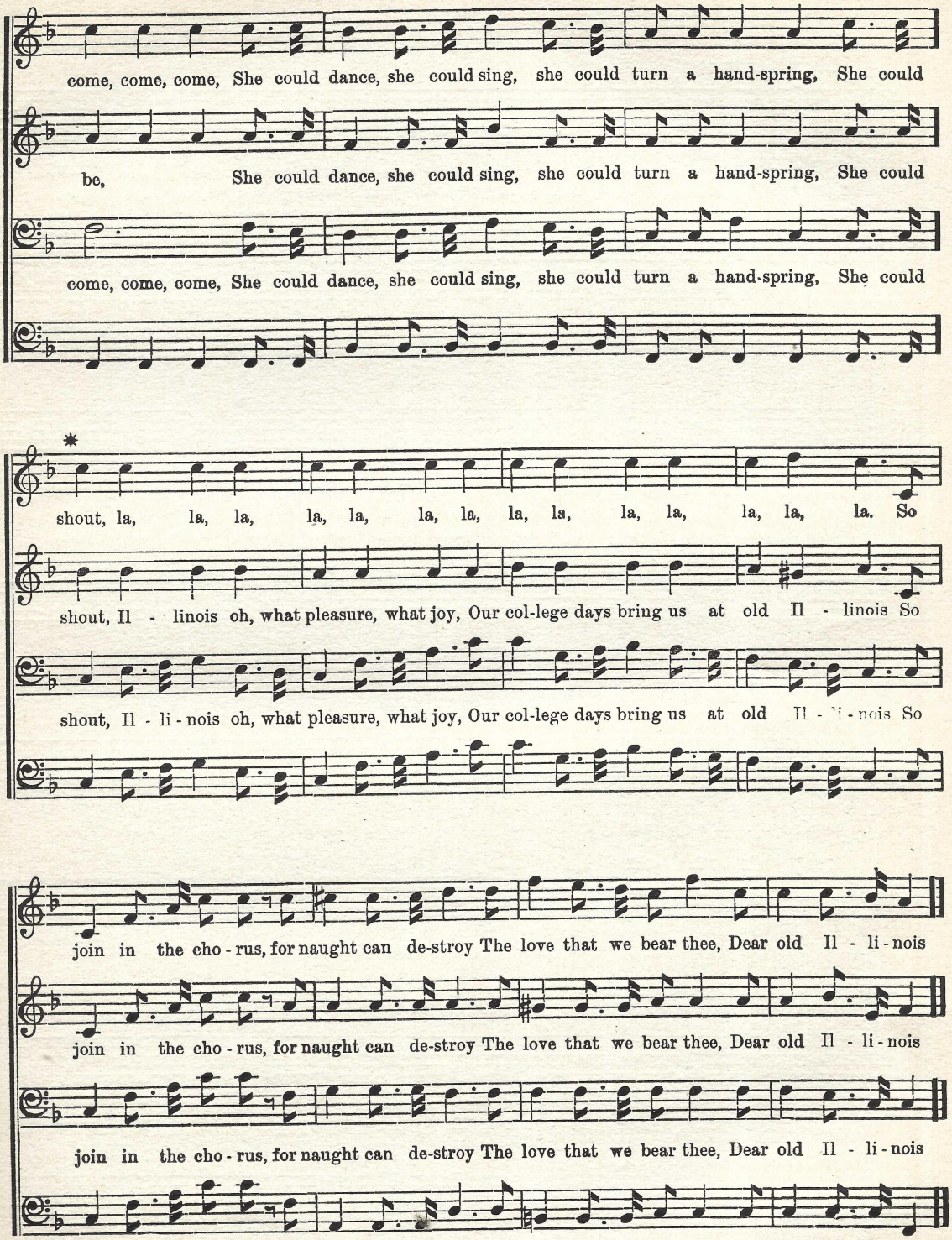
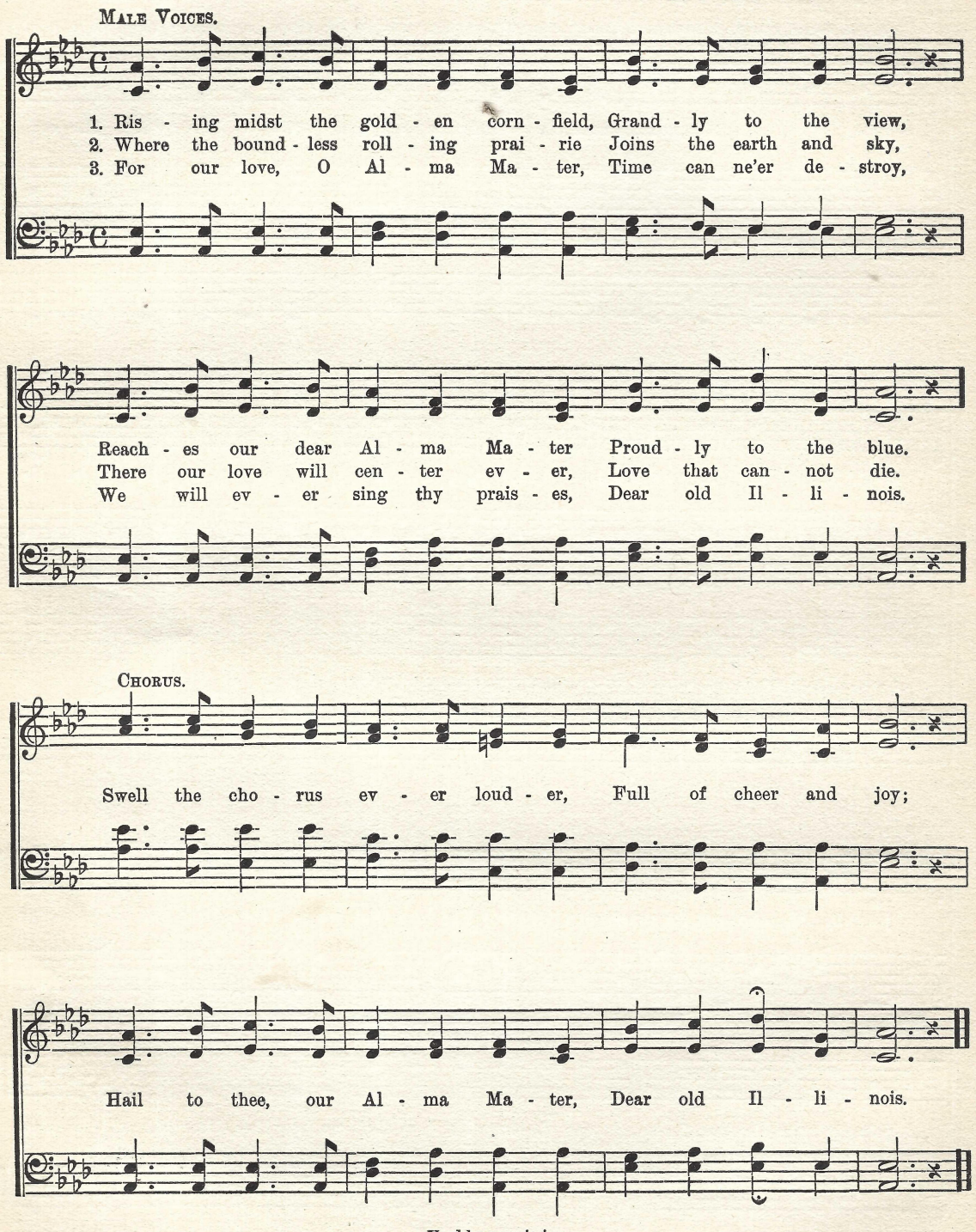


ALMA MATER.

Arranged by R. G. Mills, '03.



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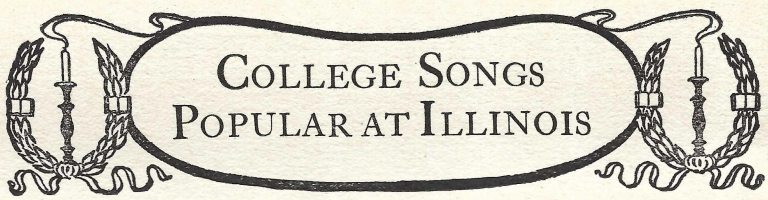
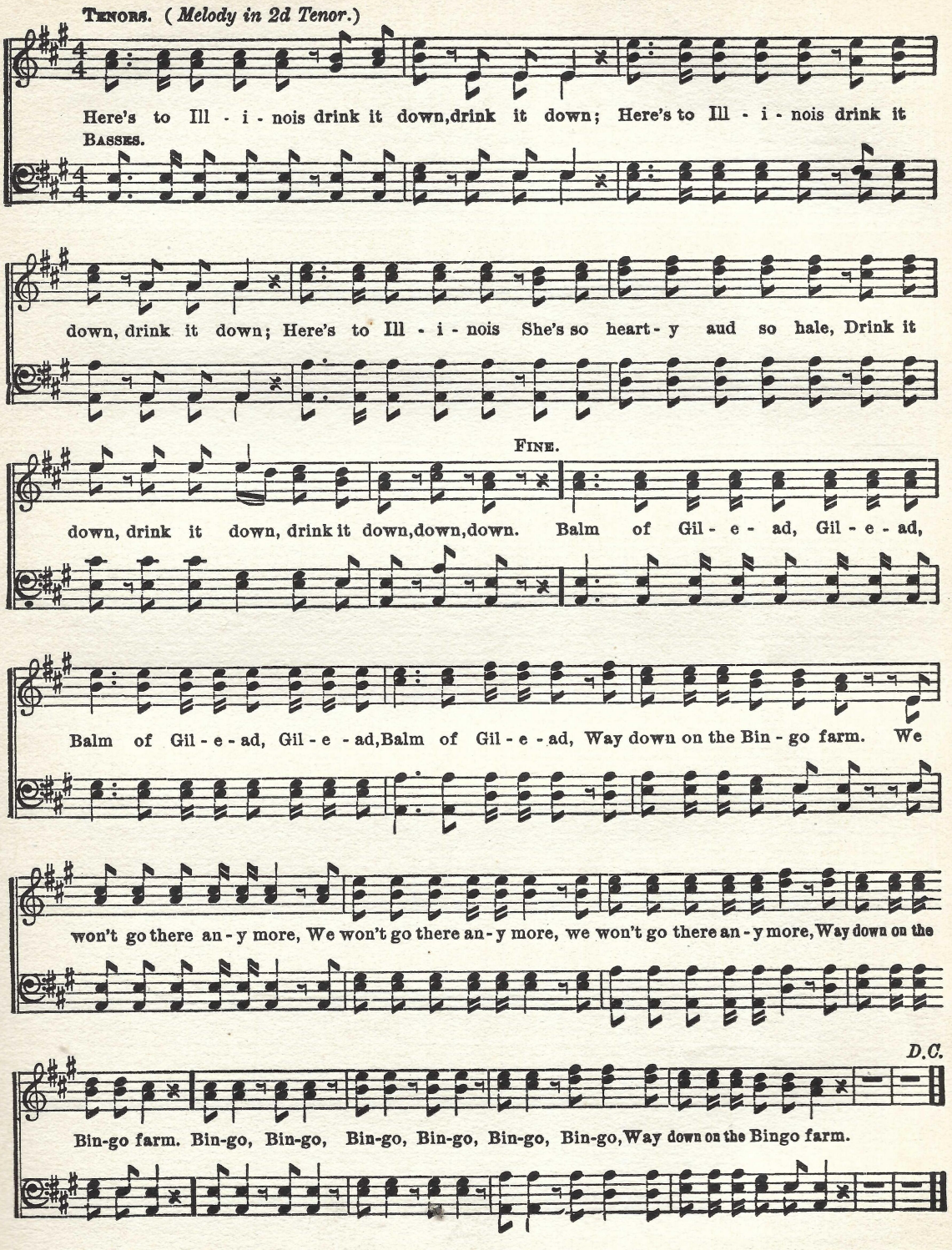
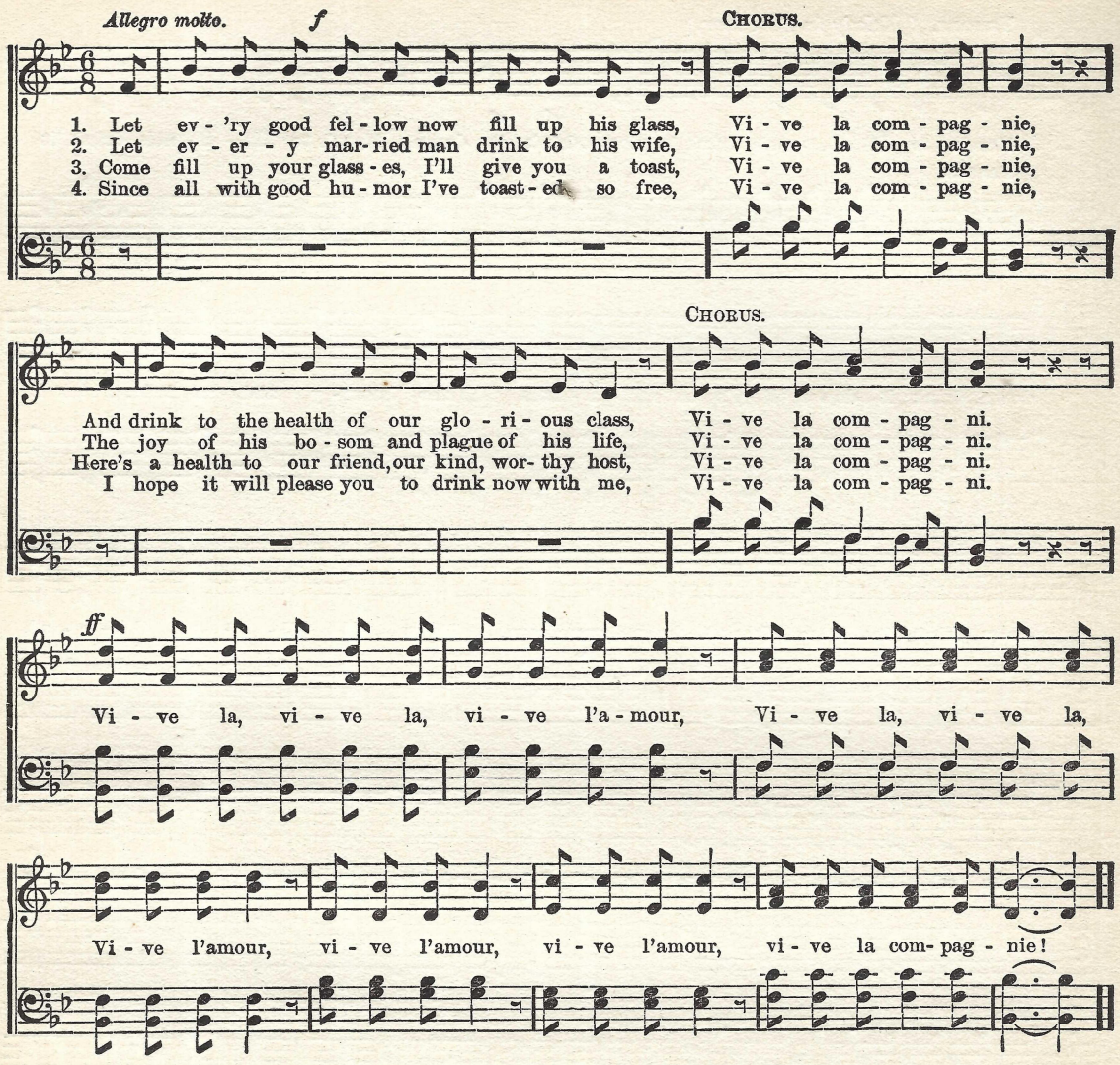

College Songs
Popular at Illinois

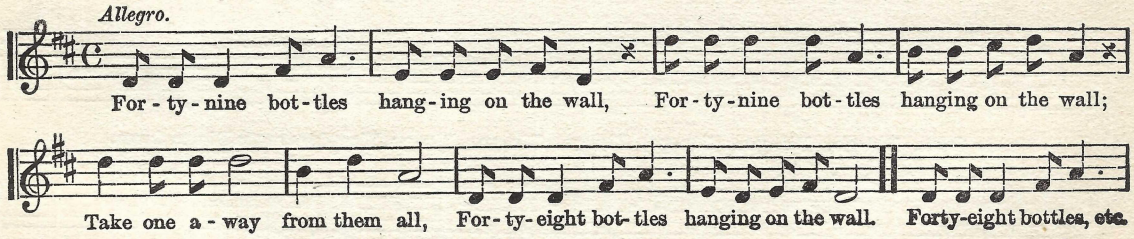
BINGO.


Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
Here's to Ill - i - nois drink it down,drink it down; Here's to Ill - i - nois drink it
Basses.
down, drink it down; Here's to Ill - i - nois She's so heart - y aud so hale, Drink it
Fine.
down, drink it down, drink it down,down,down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,
Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We
won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more,Way down on the
D.C.
Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go,Way down on the Bingo farm.

VIVE L'AMOUR.

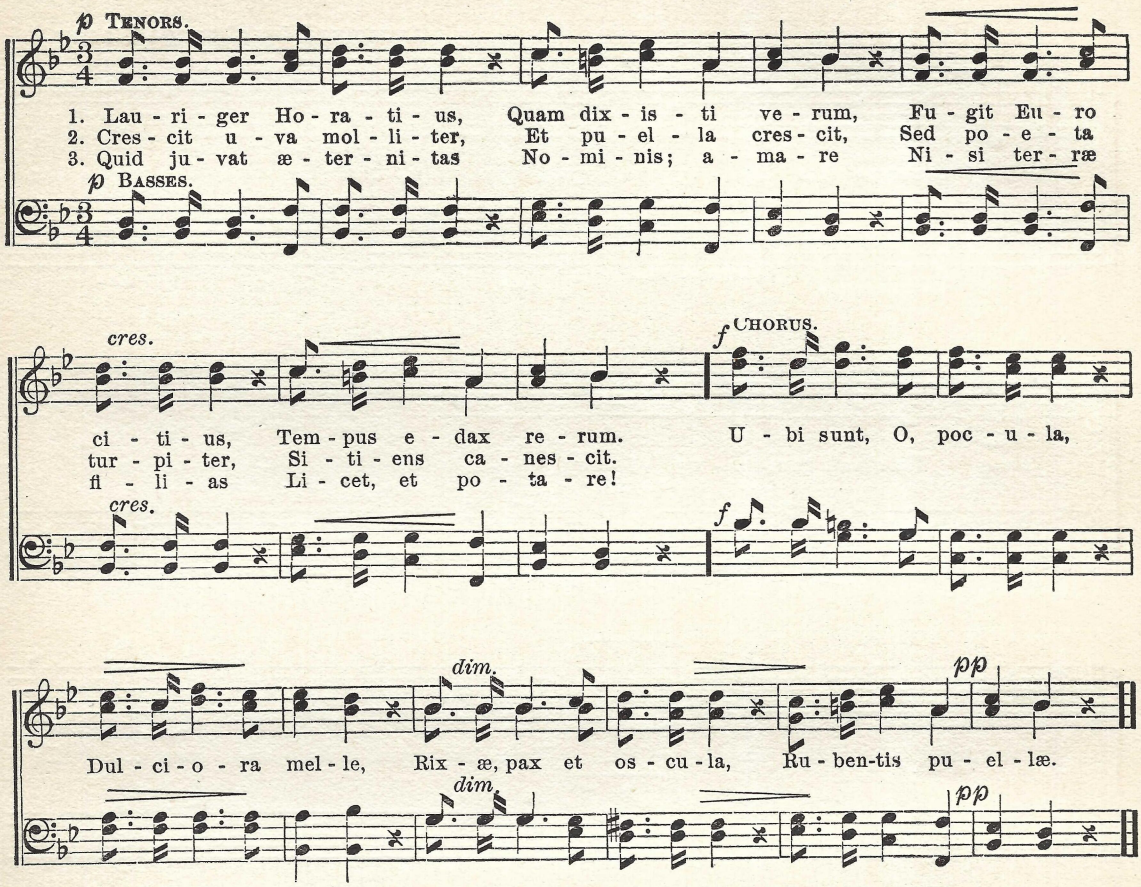


FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

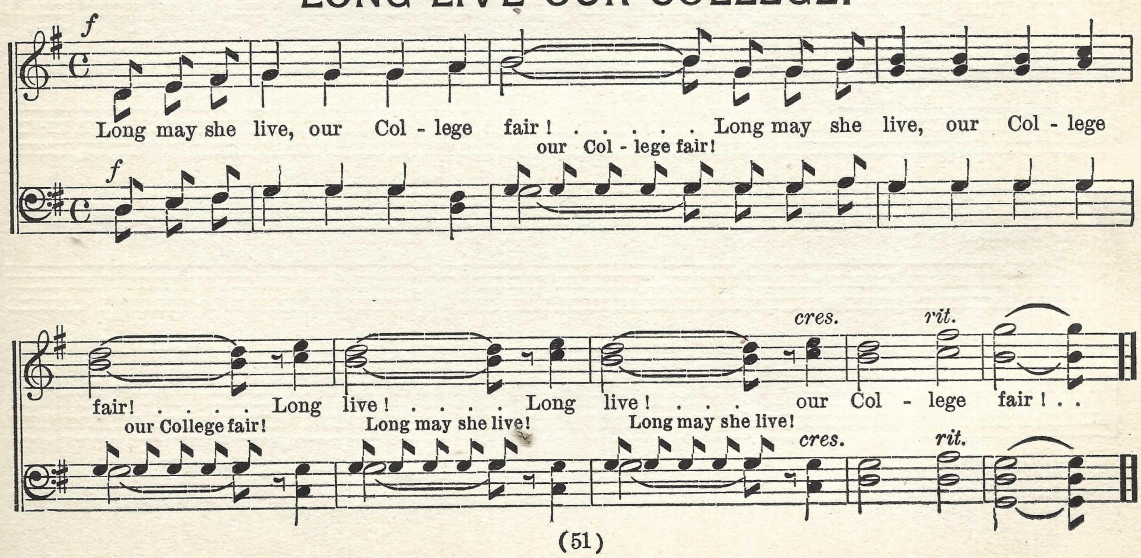


To return by the same route, use:—"Add one bottle to them all."

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

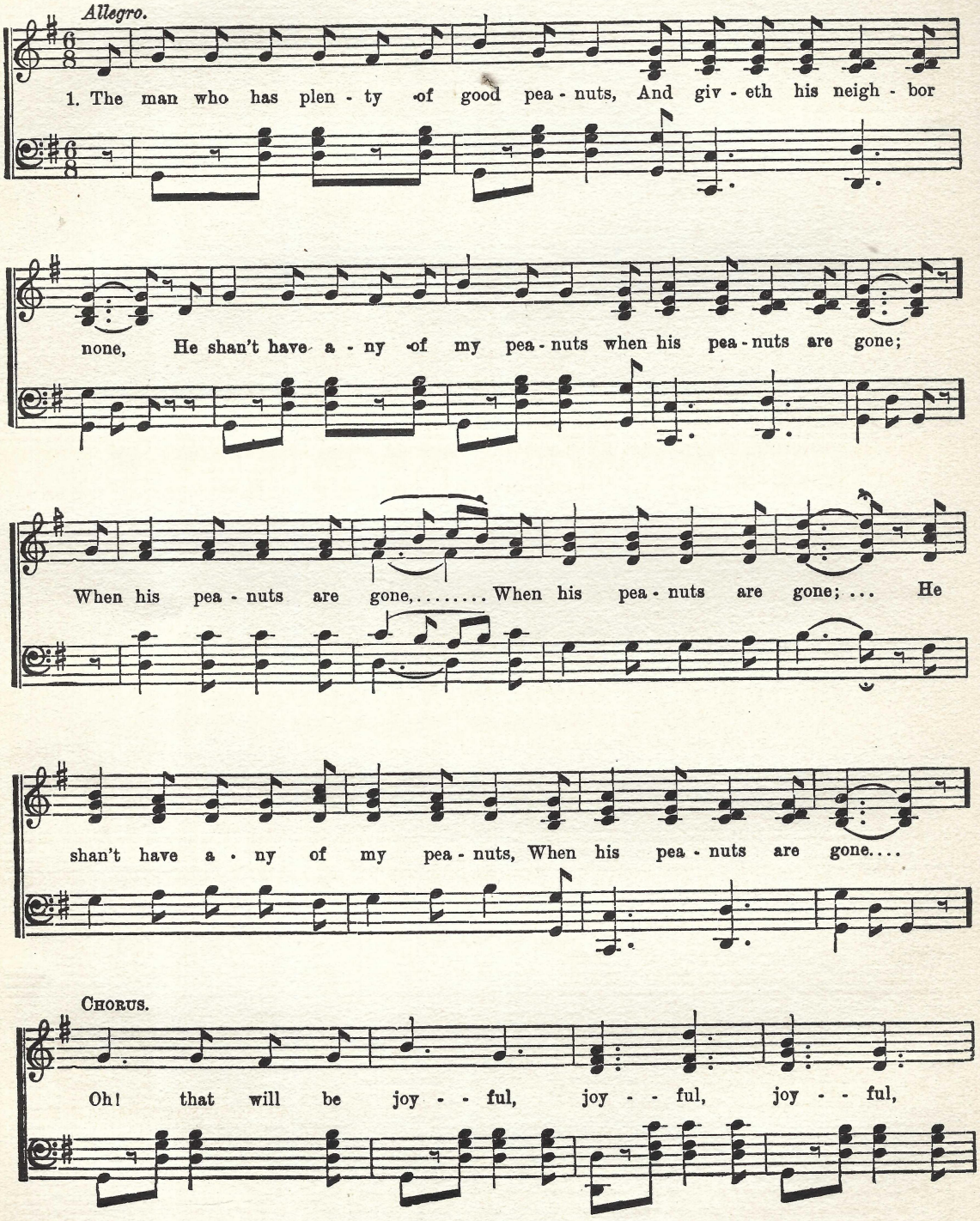


LONG LIVE OUR COLLEGE.



THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged by George Rosey.



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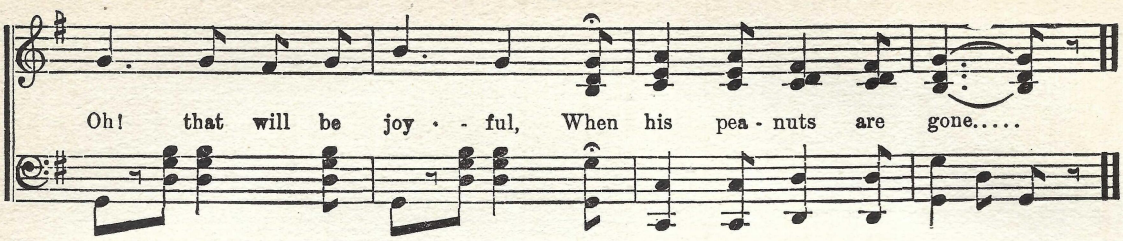
THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.



The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

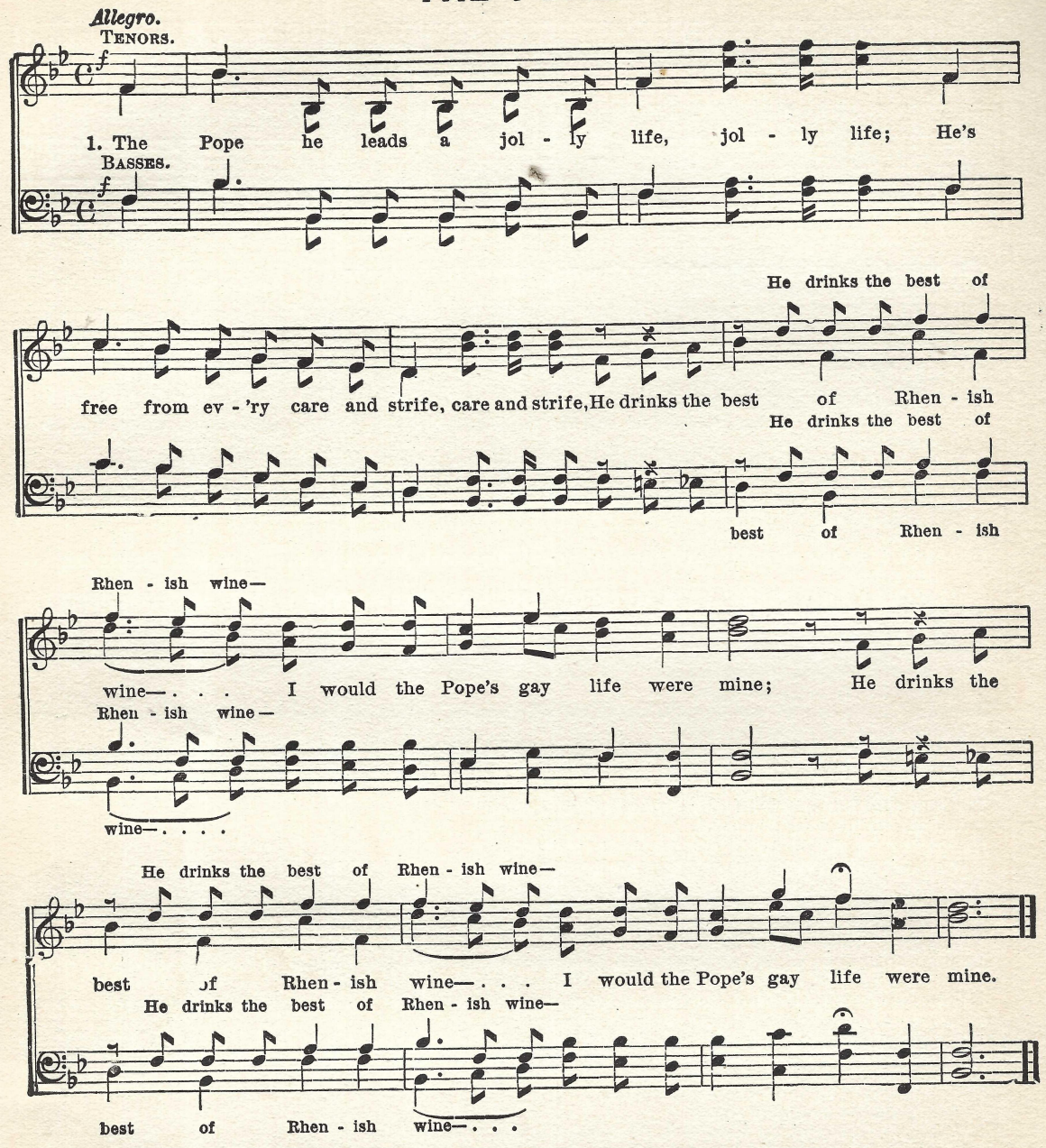
MORAL.

The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone

THE POPE.



2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

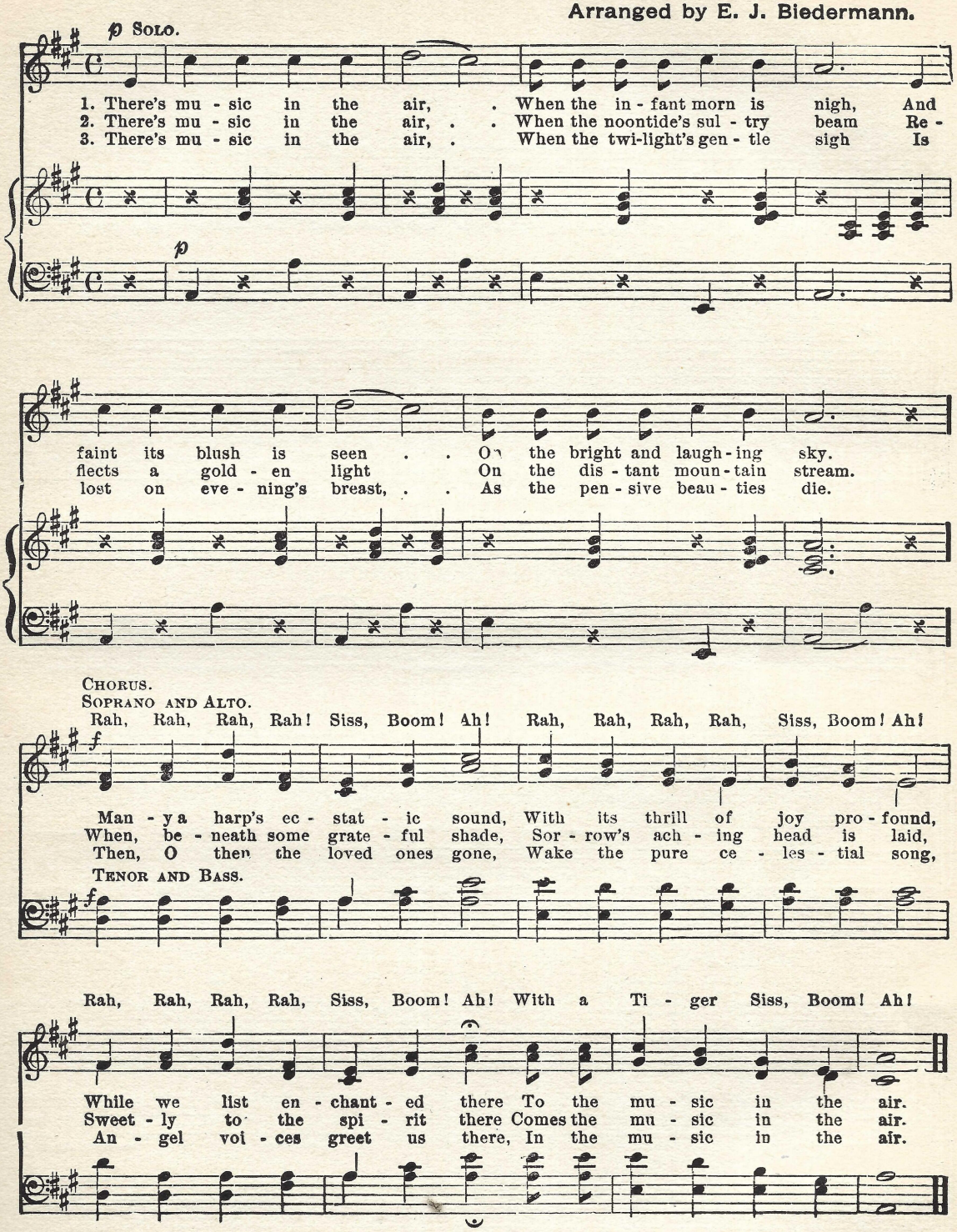
4 But still he is a wretched man;
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

By permission.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.



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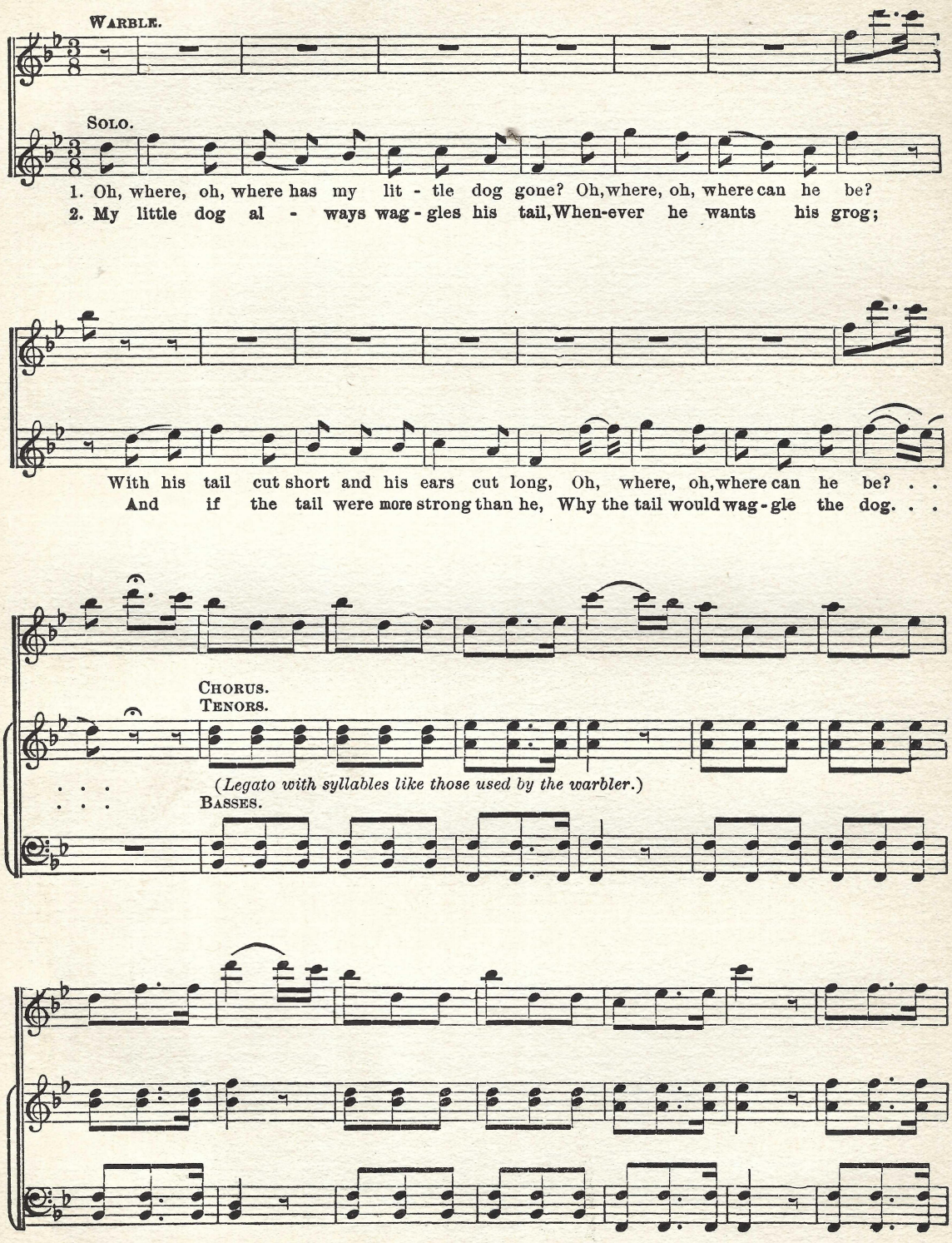
WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?



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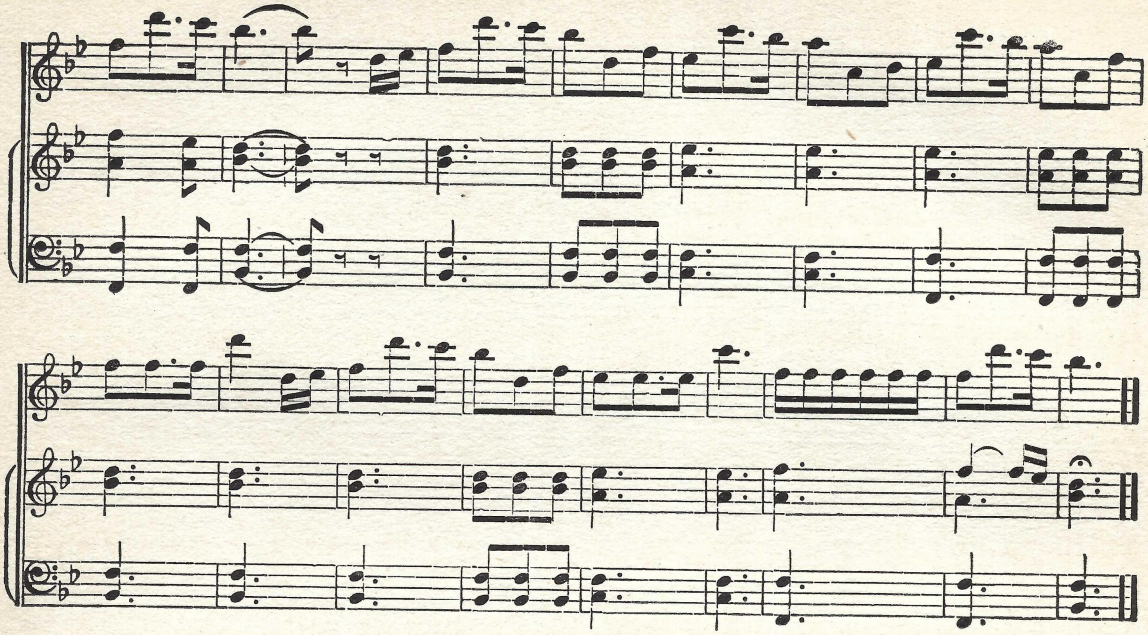
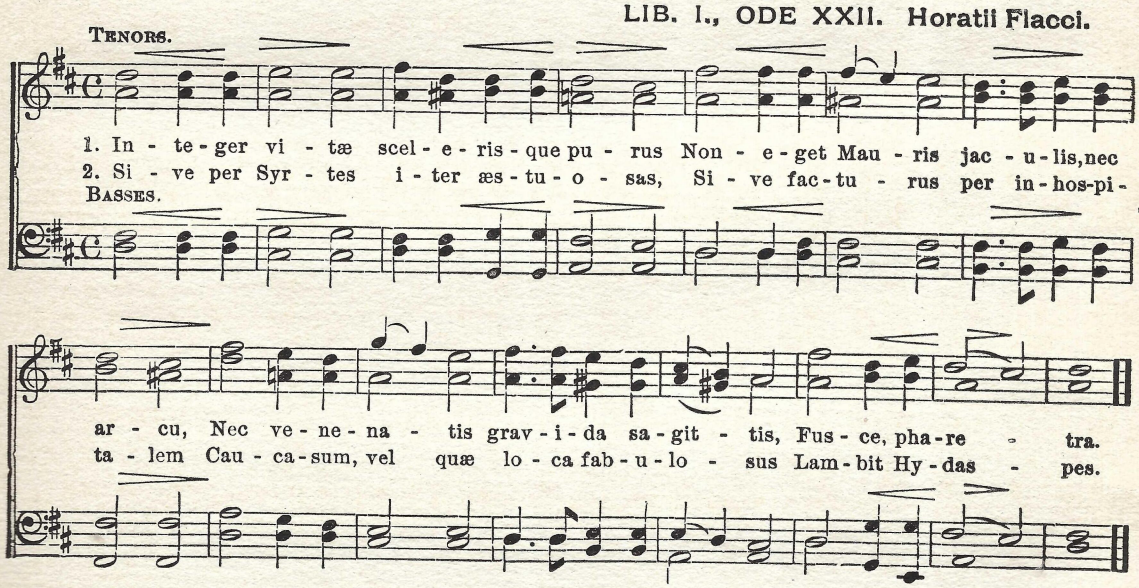


INTEGER VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.



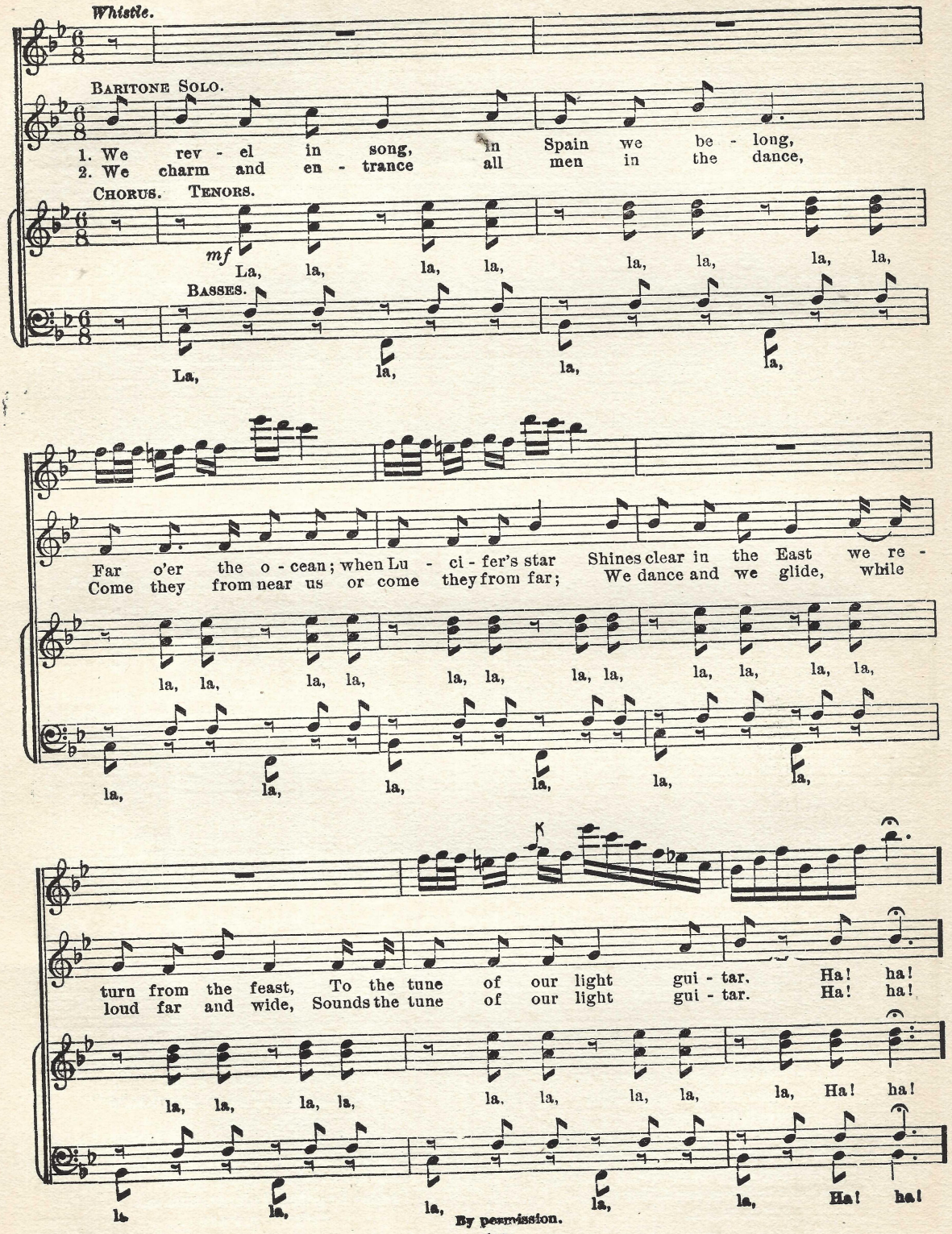
3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

CHING-A-LING.



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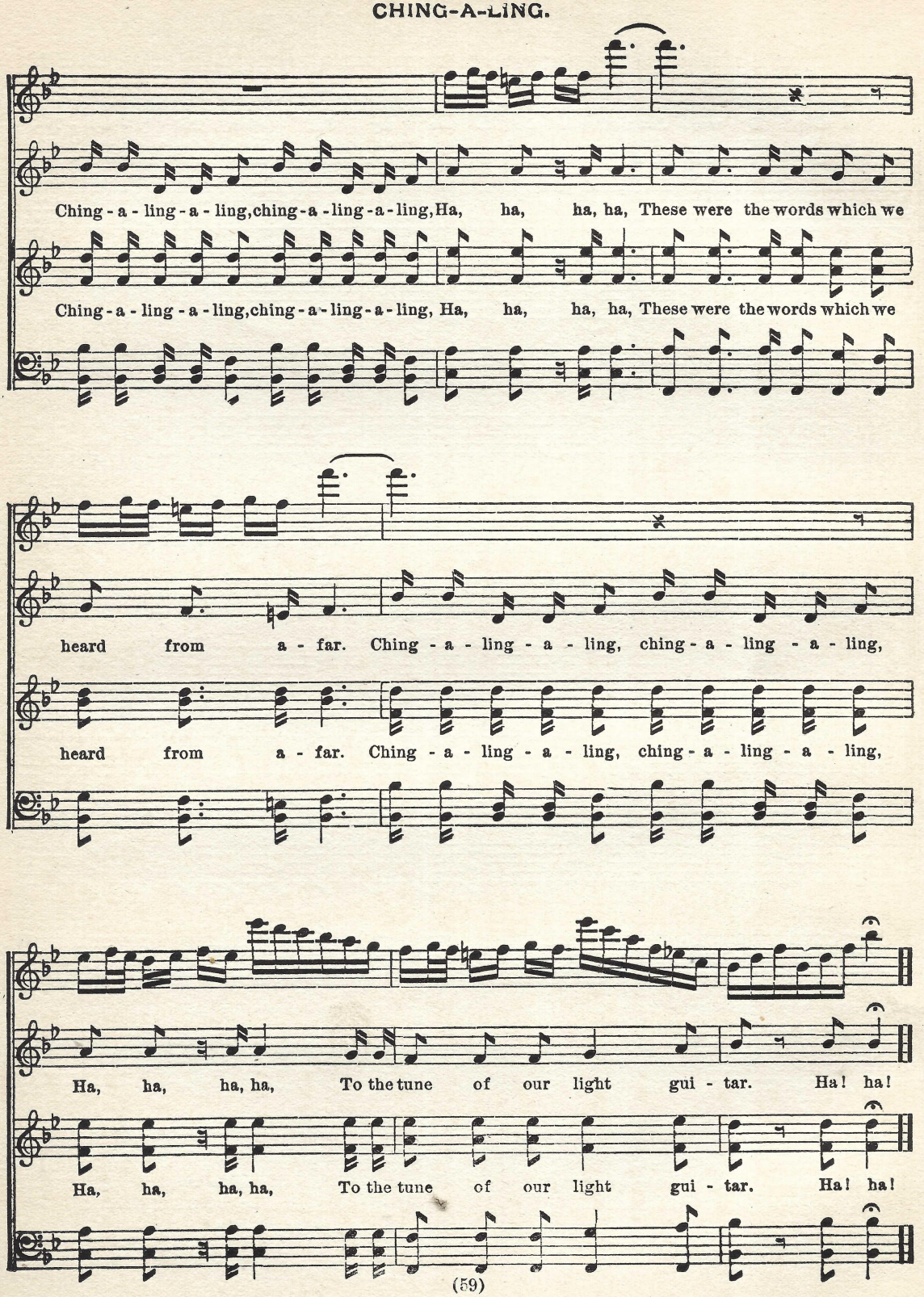
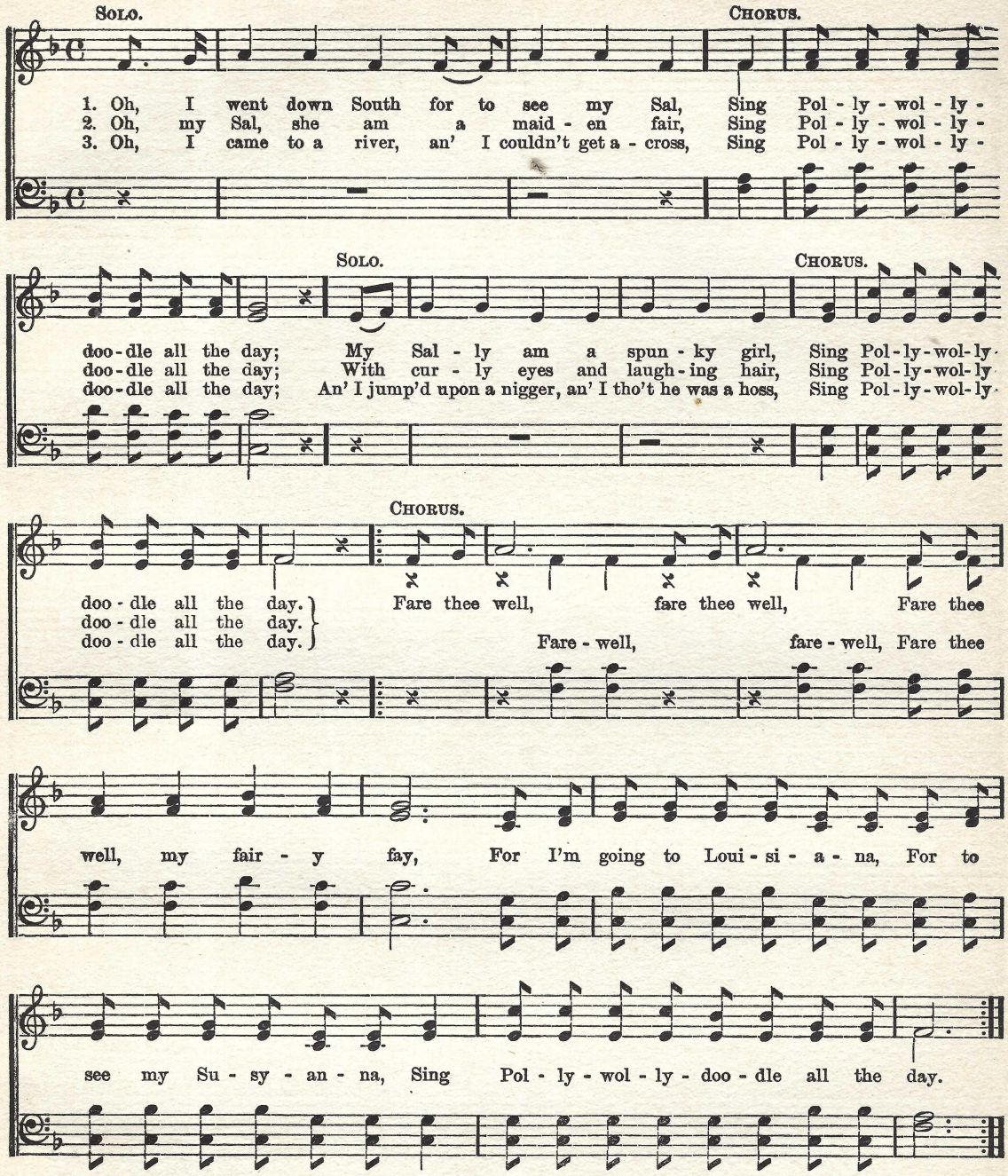
CHING-A-LING.


Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we
Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.



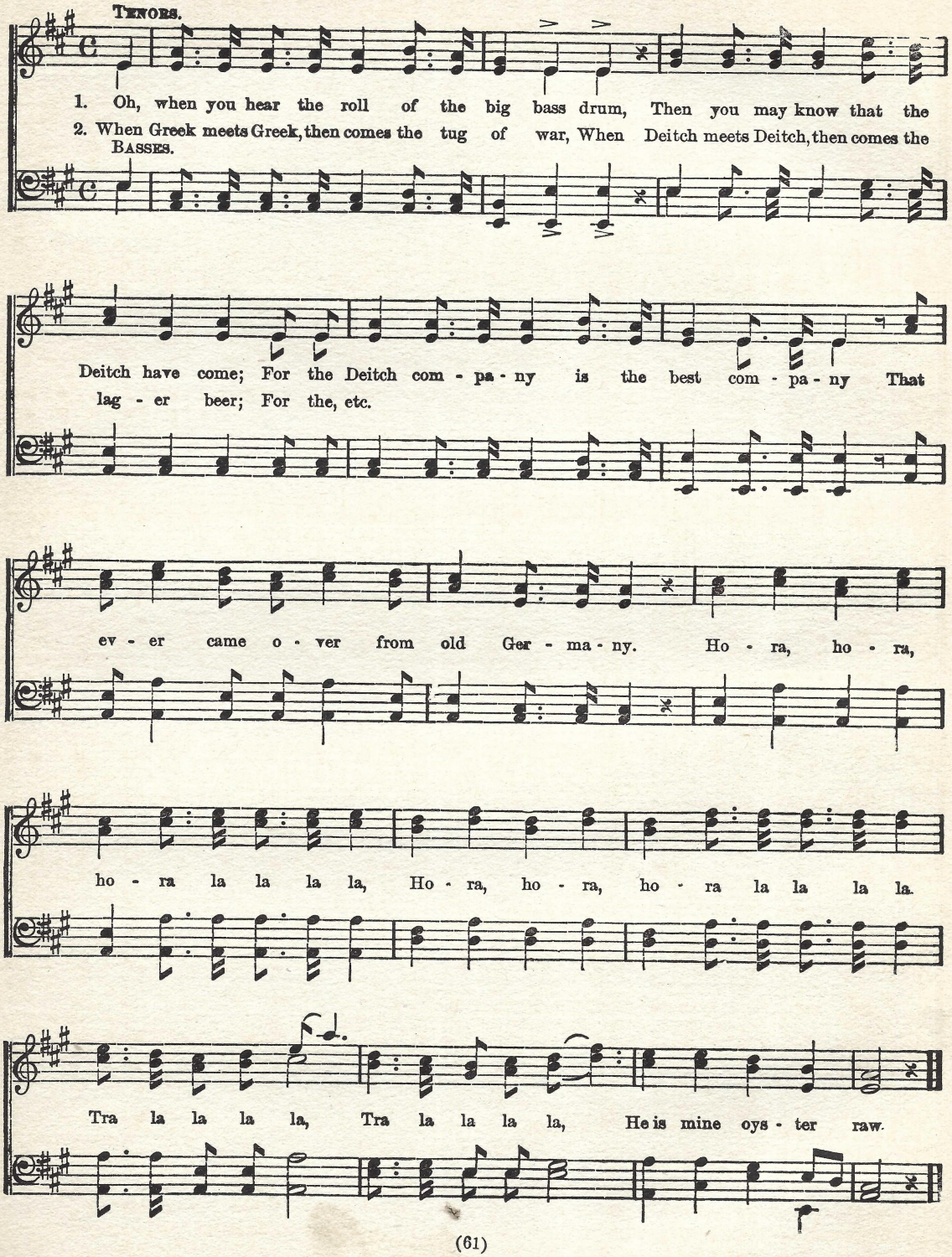
4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

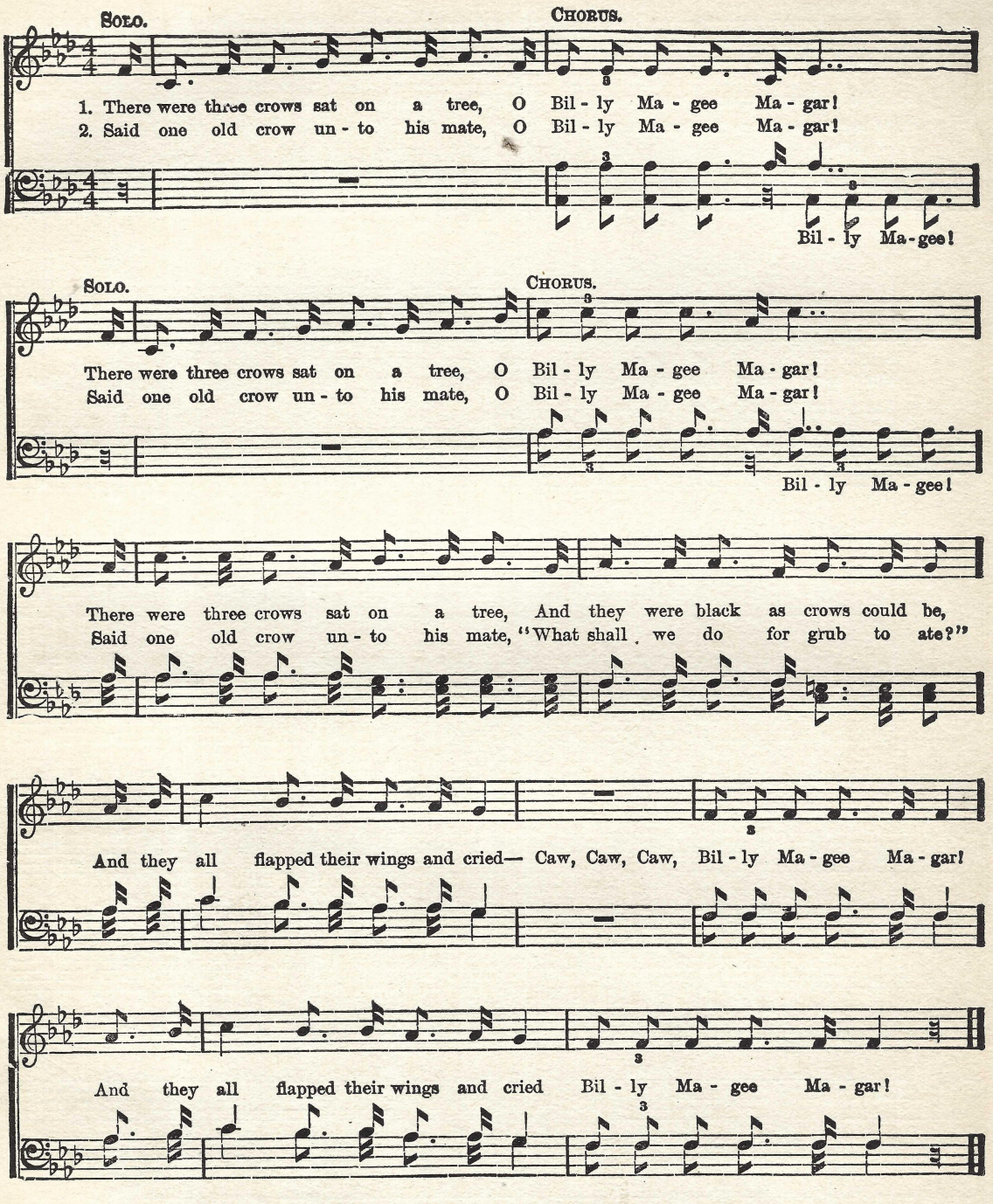
6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
And so on, *ad infin.*

THE DUTCH COMPANY.



CROW SONG.

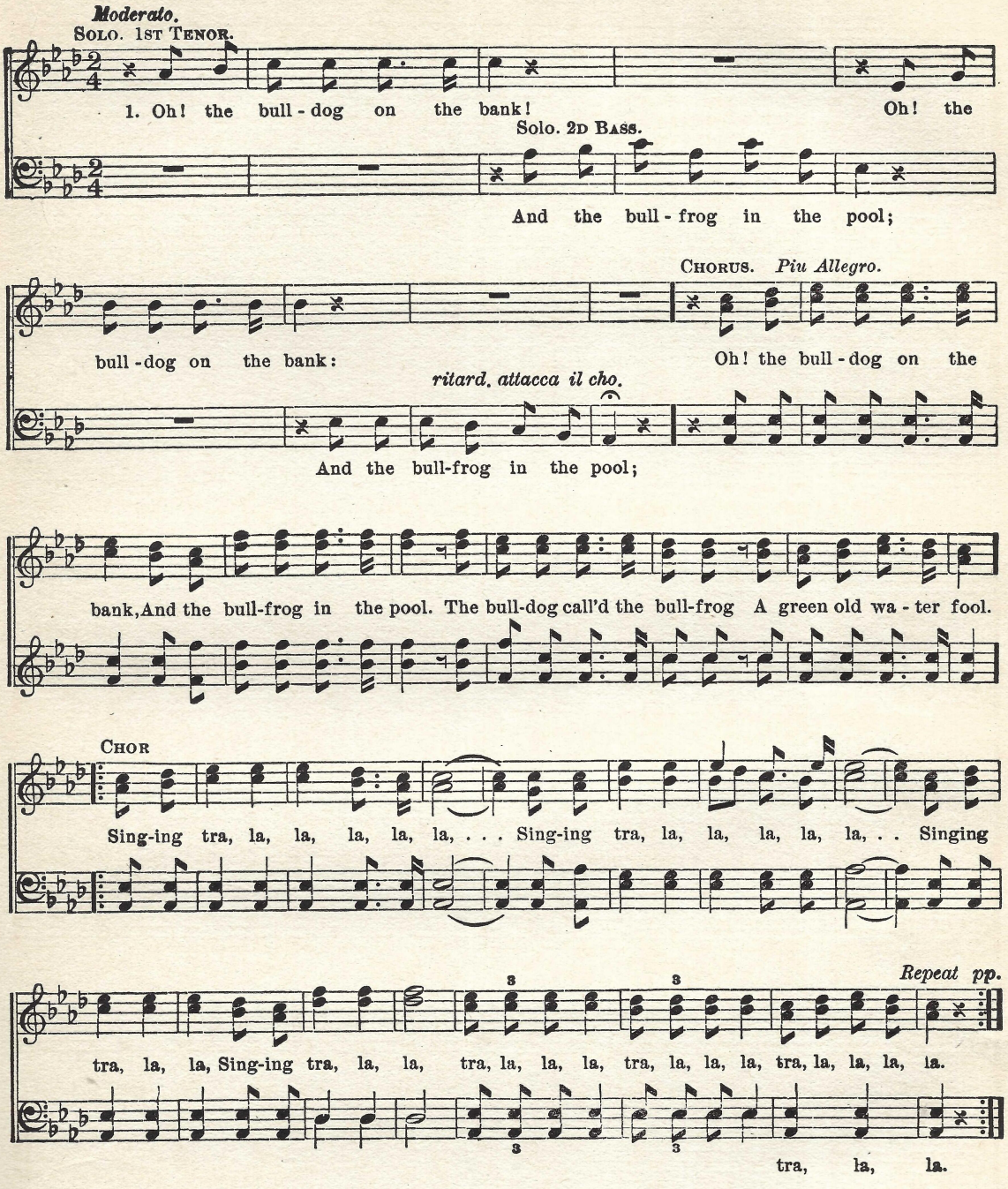


2 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

*4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

*Omit the last measure in this verse.

THE BULL-DOG.



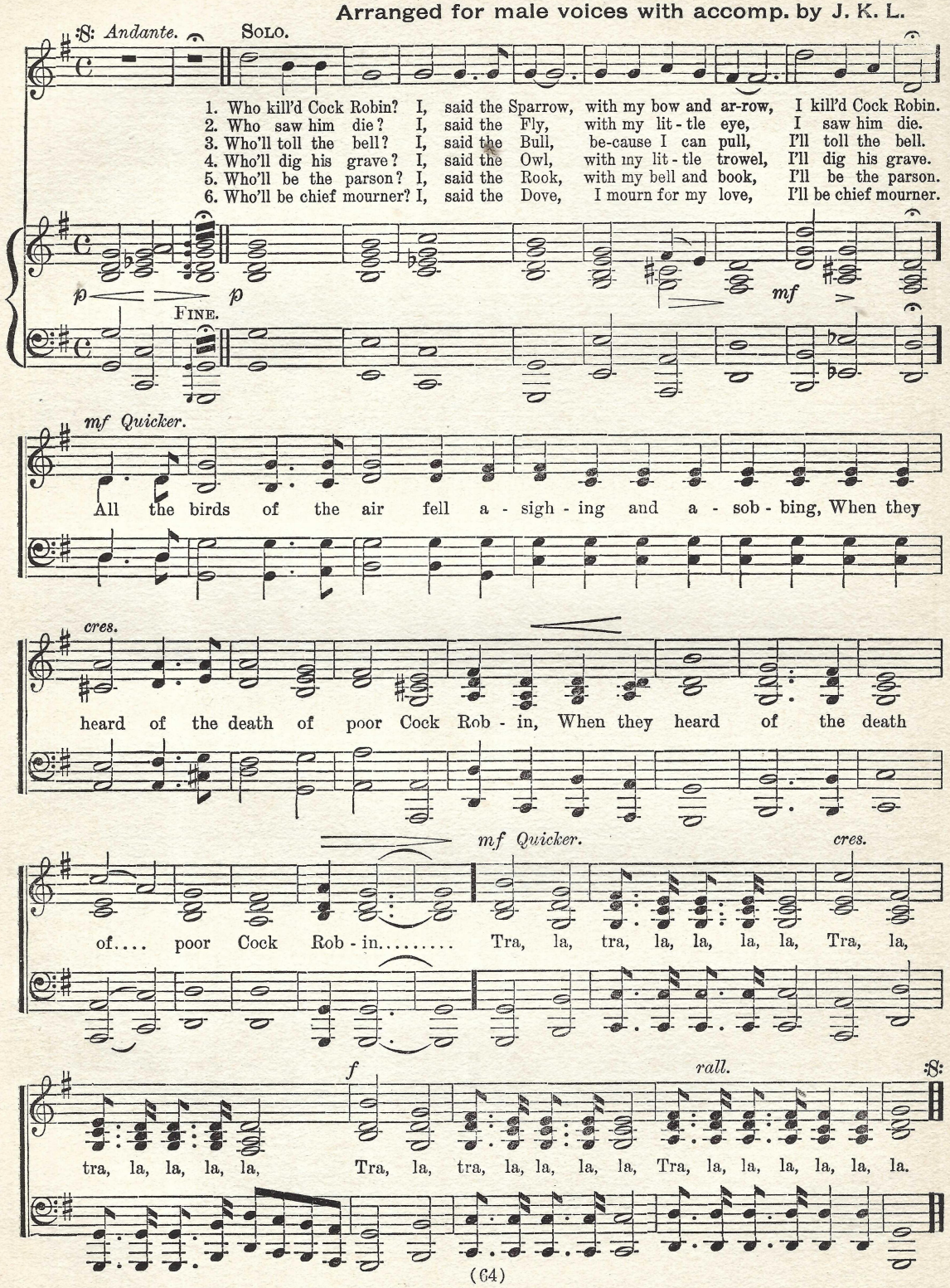
2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—Cho.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—Cho.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—Cho.

COCK ROBIN.

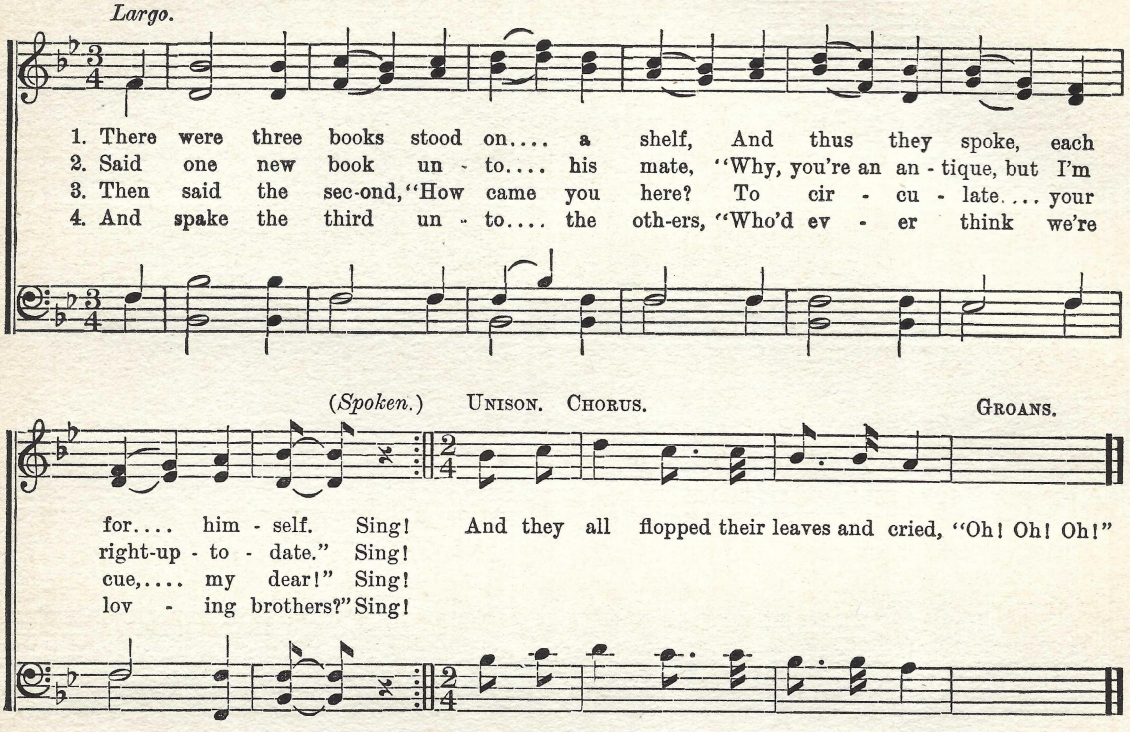
Arranged for male voices with accomp. by J. K. L.



THERE WERE THREE BOOKS.

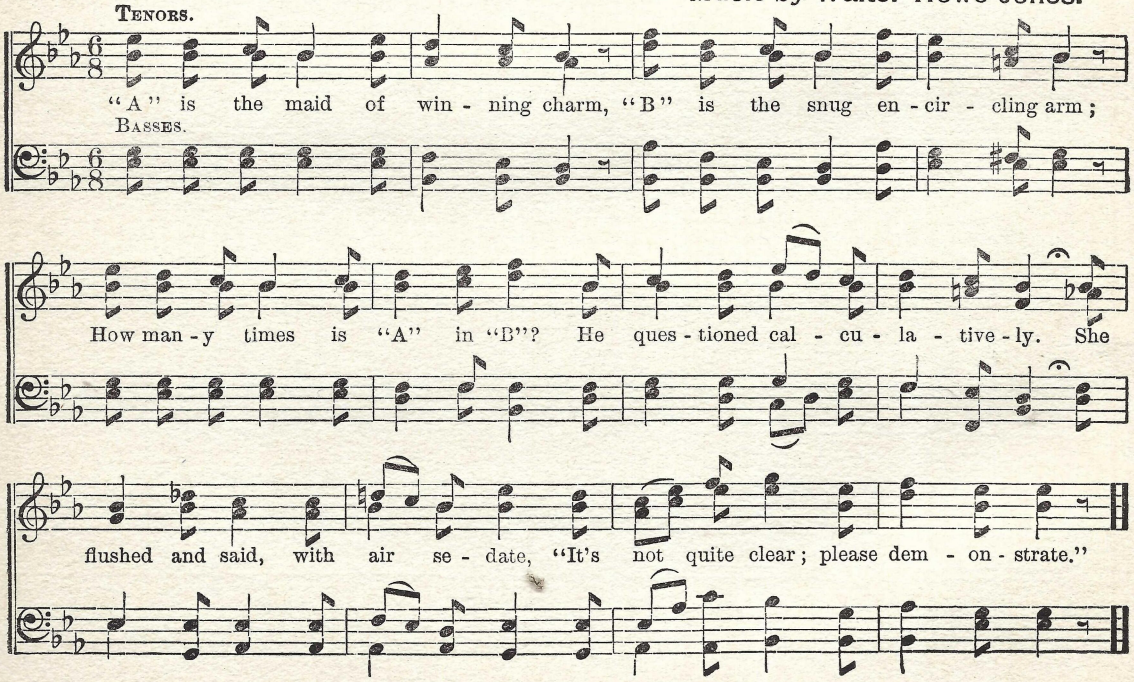
Words by Arthur Nash.

Largo.



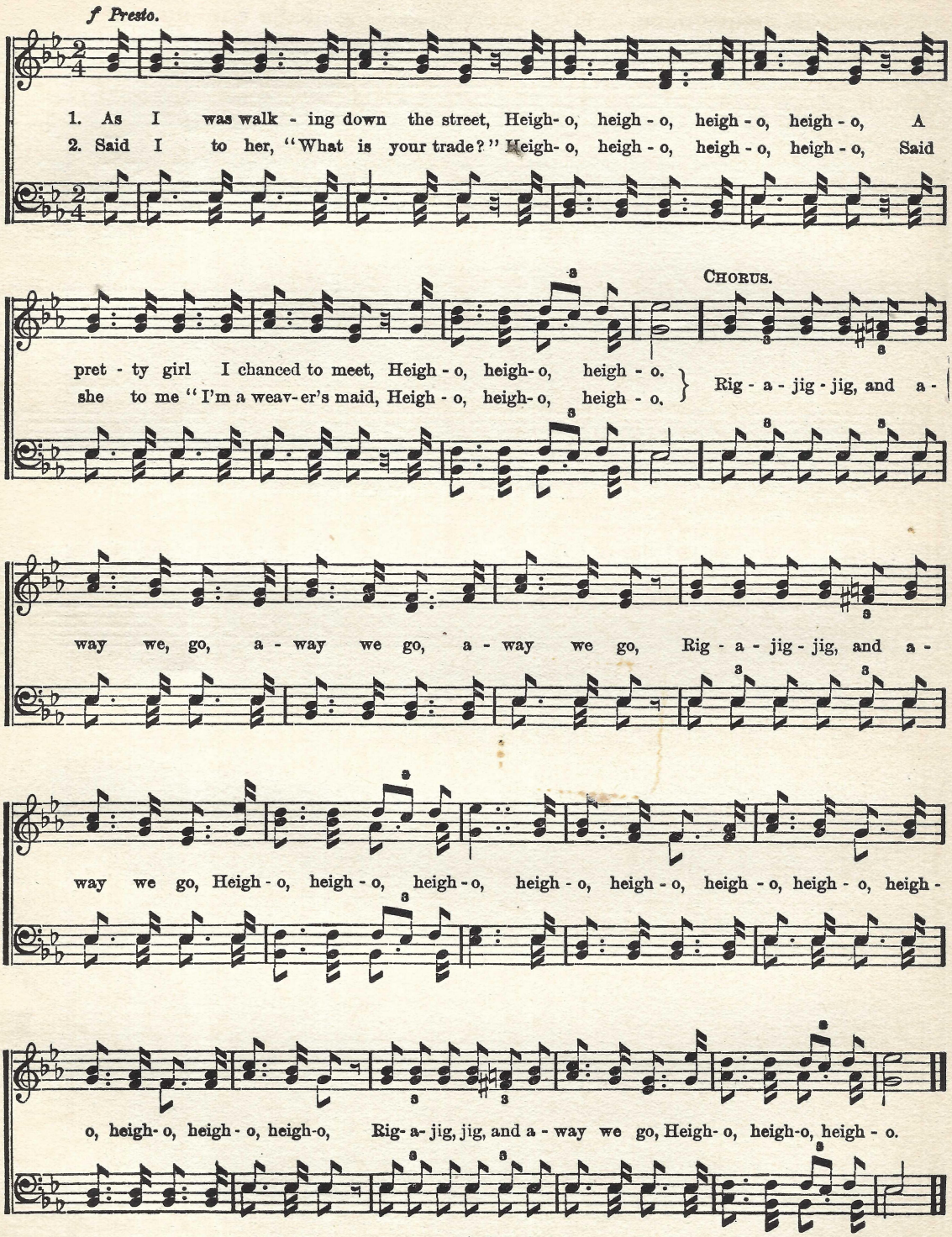
A DEMONSTRATION.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.



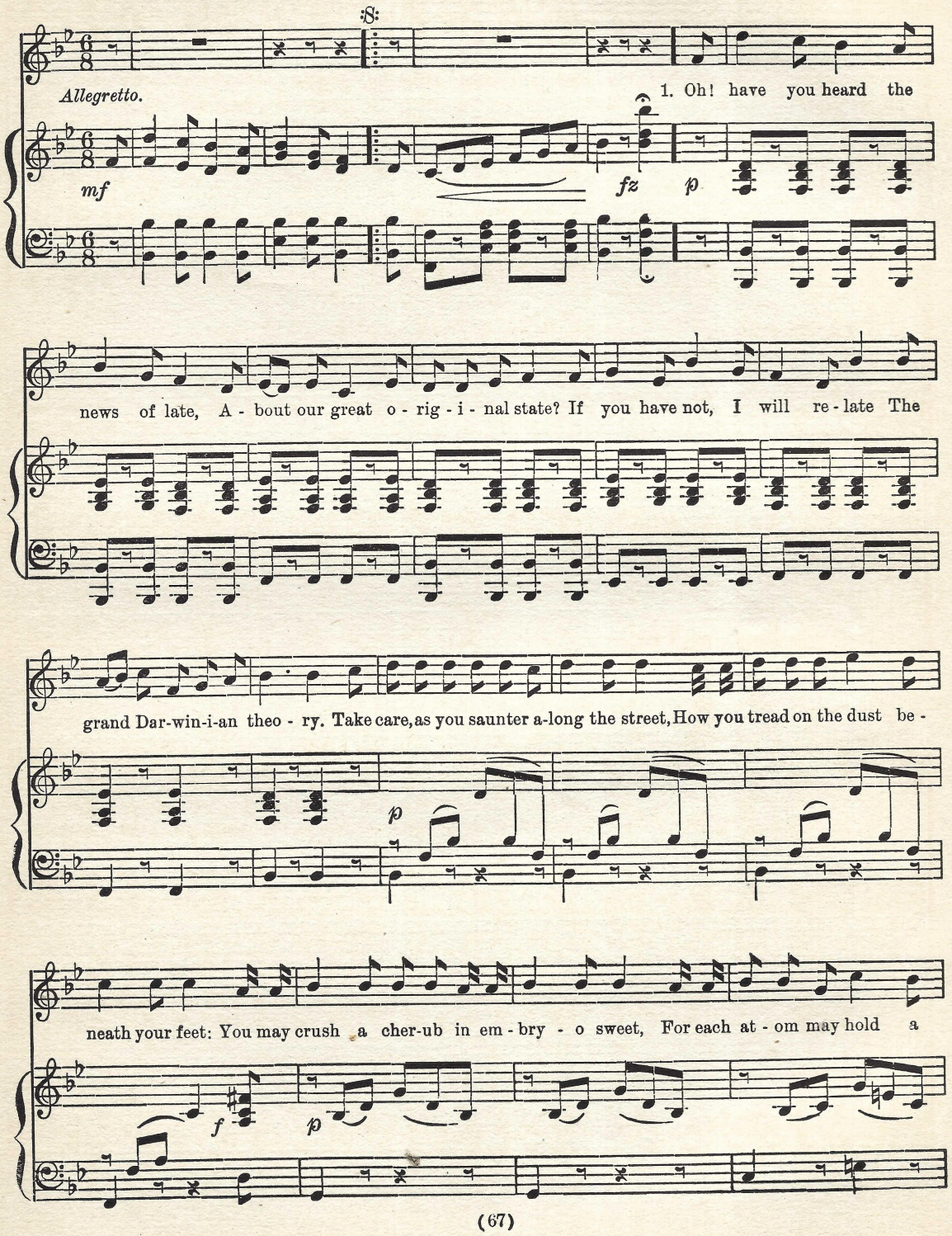
Copyright, 1901, by Walter Howe Jones.

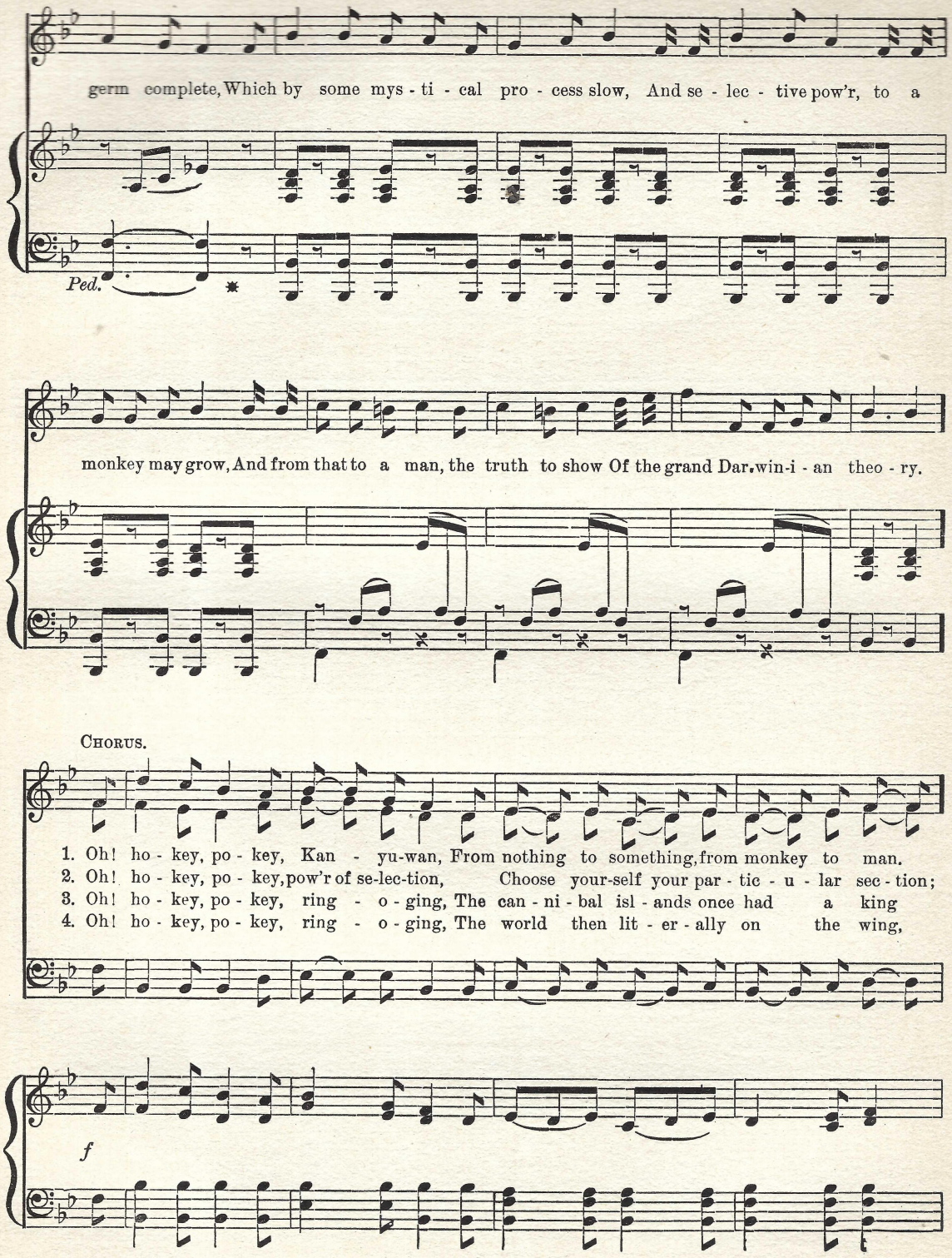
RIG-A-JIG.


f Presto.
1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh- o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, A
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh- o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, Said
CHORUS.
pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh- o, heigh - o.
she to me "I'm a weav- er's maid, Heigh - o, heigh- o, heigh - o.
Rig - a - jig - jig, and a -
way we, go, a - way we go, a - way we go, Rig - a - jig - jig, and a -
way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
o, heigh- o, heigh - o, heigh-o, Rig- a- jig, jig, and a - way we go, Heigh- o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

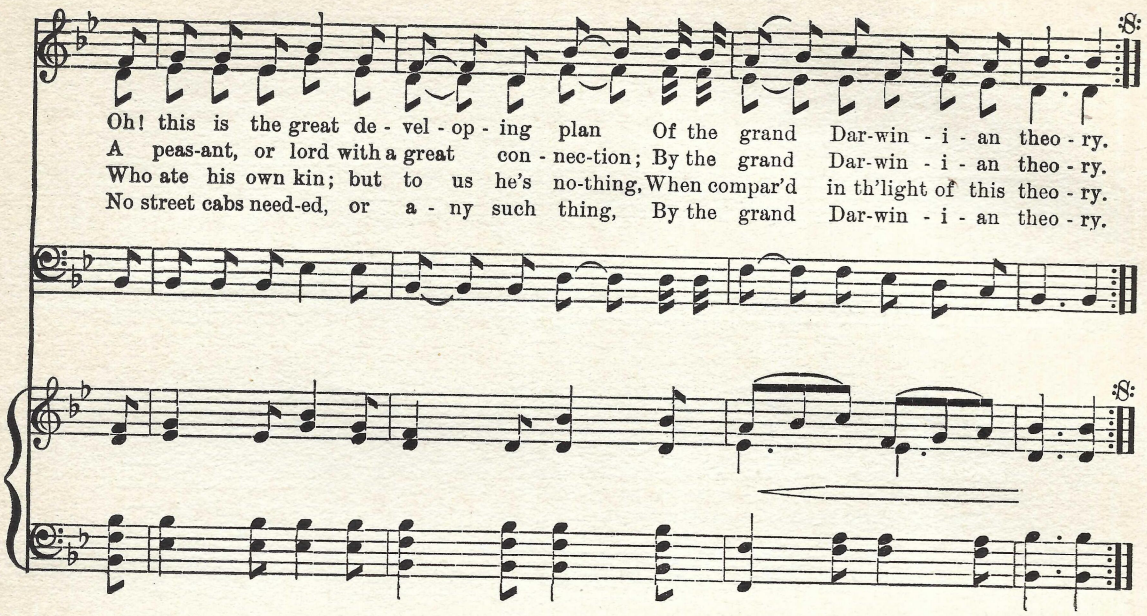
THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

Words by John Young, C. E. Tune:—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."




germ complete, Which by some mys - ti - cal pro - cess slow, And se - lec - tive pow'r, to a
Ped.
monkey may grow, And from that to a man, the truth to show Of the grand Dar.win-i - an theo - ry.
CHORUS.
1. Oh! ho - key, po - key, Kan - yu-wan, From nothing to something, from monkey to man.
2. Oh! ho - key, po - key, pow'r of se-lec-tion, Choose your-self your par - tic - u - lar sec - tion;
3. Oh! ho - key, po - key, ring - o - ging, The can - ni - bal isl - ands once had a king
4. Oh! ho - key, po - key, ring - o - ging, The world then lit - er - ally on the wing,
f

THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

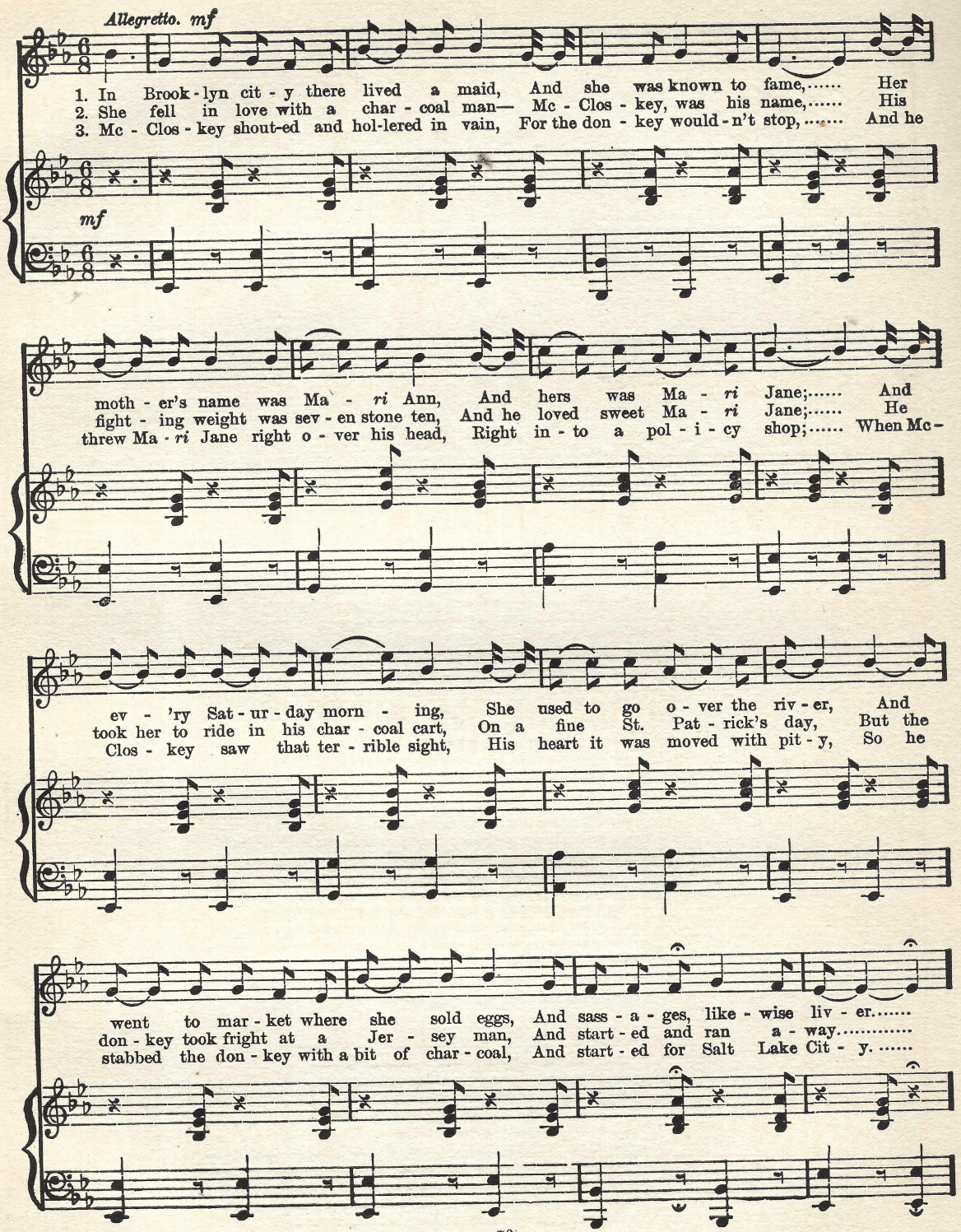


2 The beginning of all was a little cell,
Composed of what substance no one can tell,
Endowed with a power to develop and swell
Into general life by this theory.
With a power to select what it wished to be—
A fungus or flower, a bush or a tree,
A fowl of the air, or a fish of the sea,
A cow or a sheep, a bug or a flea,
Or if tired of these, it may change its plan,
Be a cat or a dog, or o-rang-oo-tan,
But culminating at last in a man,
By this grand Darwinian theory.

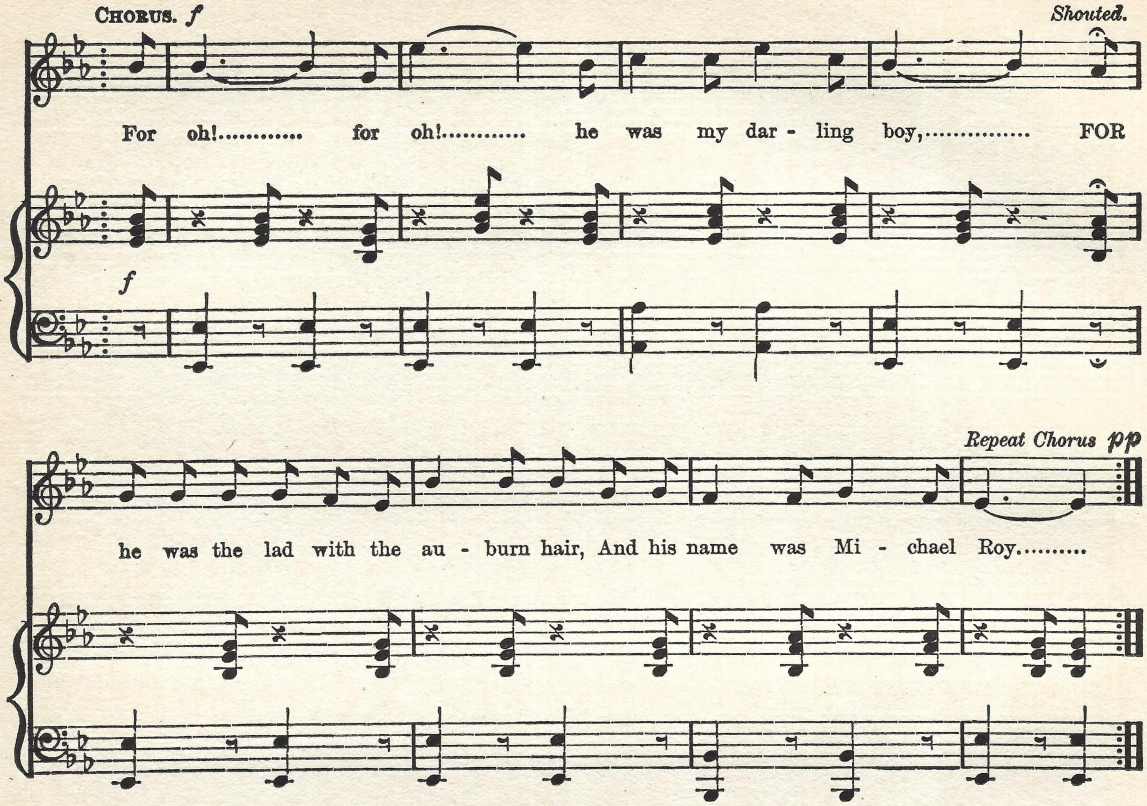
3 Such murderers we—far worse than Cain,
For darker deeds our characters stain;
For thousands of brothers we've eaten and slain,
By the grand Darwinian theory.
When sitting at breakfast, and picking the wing
Of a pigeon, or grouse, or of some other thing;
Or dining on mutton—or lamb, if in spring;
Or on salmon, or trout, or on cod, or on ling—
Gaze into the future, and say, can't you see
What horrible cannibals we must be,
Devouring the flesh, which may yet become we,
By the grand Darwinian theory.

4 But why should the theory end with man?
If he has been less, surely more he can,
And should be, by the great devoloping plan
Of the grand Darwinian theory.
Why should he not on this earth yet be
An angel, or god, like Mercury,
With a wing on each shoulder, each ankle and knee?
Oh! how delightful then it will be,
When sighing and wishing your sweetheart to see,
To wipe your beak, and just upwards flee,
Like birds—and meet your love on a tree,
On the top of a hill, by this theory.

MICHAEL ROY.

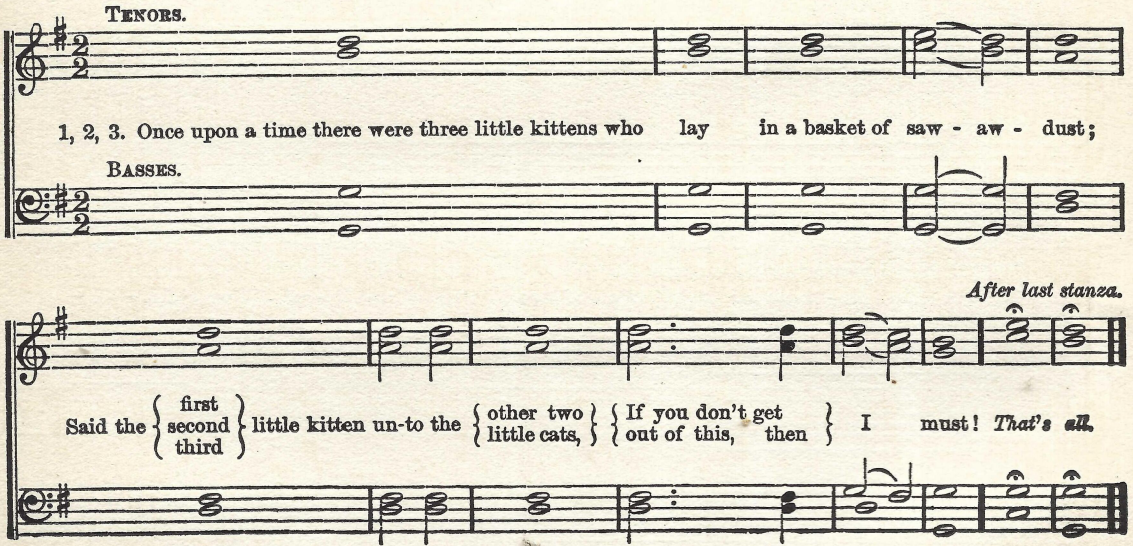

Allegretto. mf
1. In Brook-lyn cit-y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,..... Her
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man— Mc-Clos-key, was his name,..... His
3. Mc-Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop,..... And he
mf
moth-er's name was Ma-ri Ann, And hers was Ma-ri Jane;..... And
fight-ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ri Jane;..... He
threw Ma-ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in-to a pol-i-cy shop;..... When Mc-
ev-'ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing, She used to go o-ver the riv-er, And
took her to ride in his char-coal cart, On a fine St. Pat-rick's day, But the
Clos-key saw that ter-rible sight, His heart it was moved with pit-y, So he
went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er.....
don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way.....
stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit-y. .....

MICHAEL ROY.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

CHANT.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

Words by F. N. Scott.

TENORS. (*Solemnly.*)

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. Hark to the sto - ry of poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o!

BASSES.

rit.

Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe! Reek - ing with woe! 'king with woe!

If you have tears, now pre-pare to get at one; Ne'er was a sto - ry so mournful as that one.

rit.

Jul - iet's the slim one and Ro - meo's the fat one, Poor Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!

Solemnly.

ROMEO.

2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ro - me - o!

JULIET. (*Singing an octave below Romeo.*)

3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

4. This of our tale is the short and the long, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ju - li - et!

(*Humming.*)

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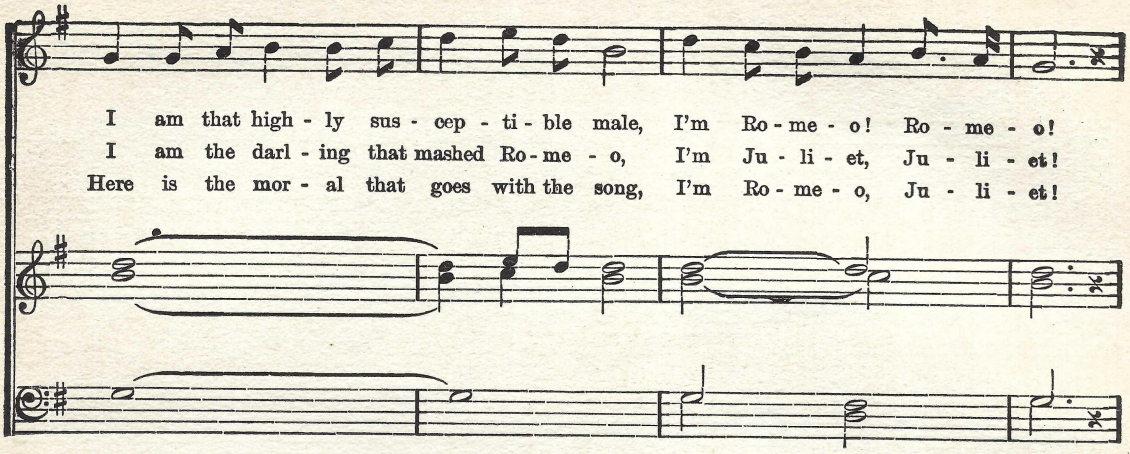
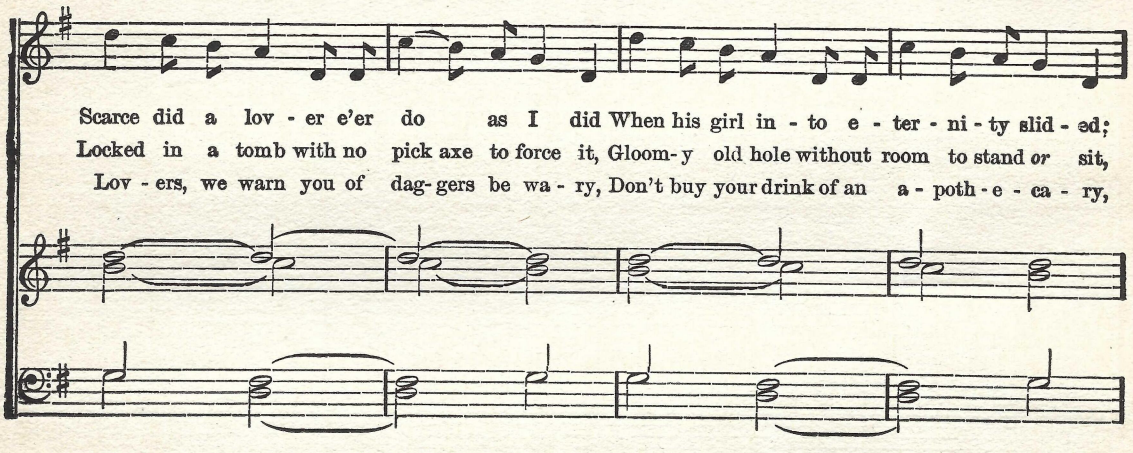
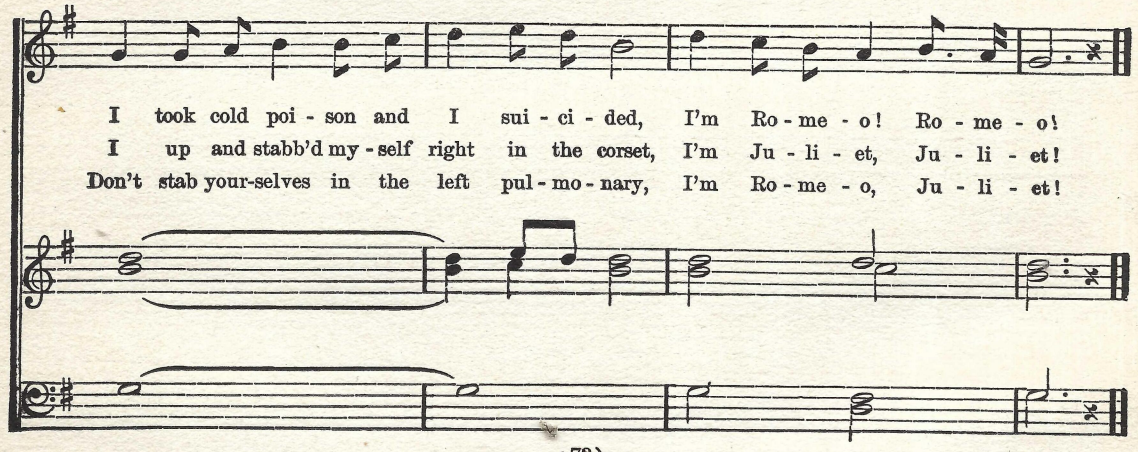
ROMEO AND JULIET.

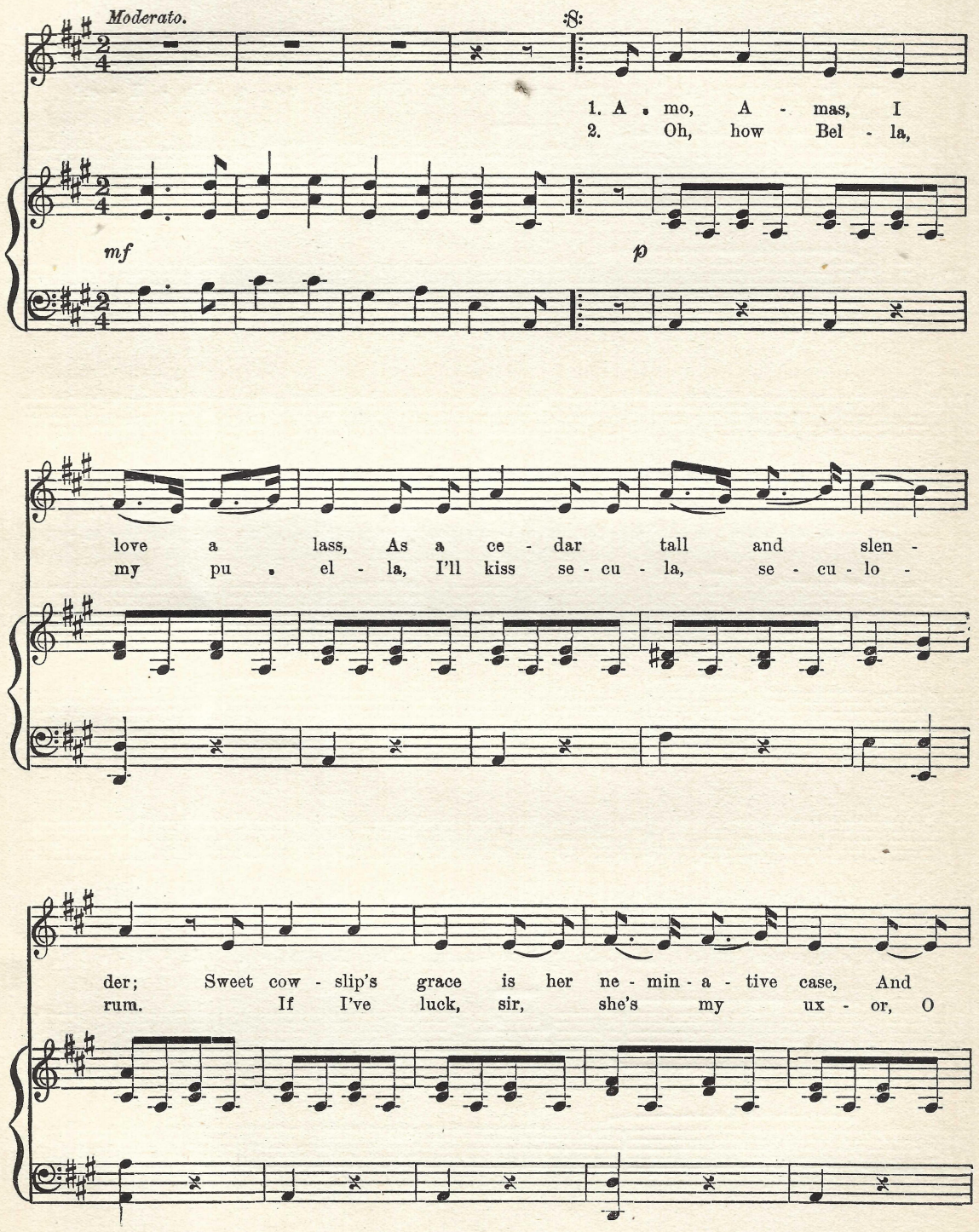






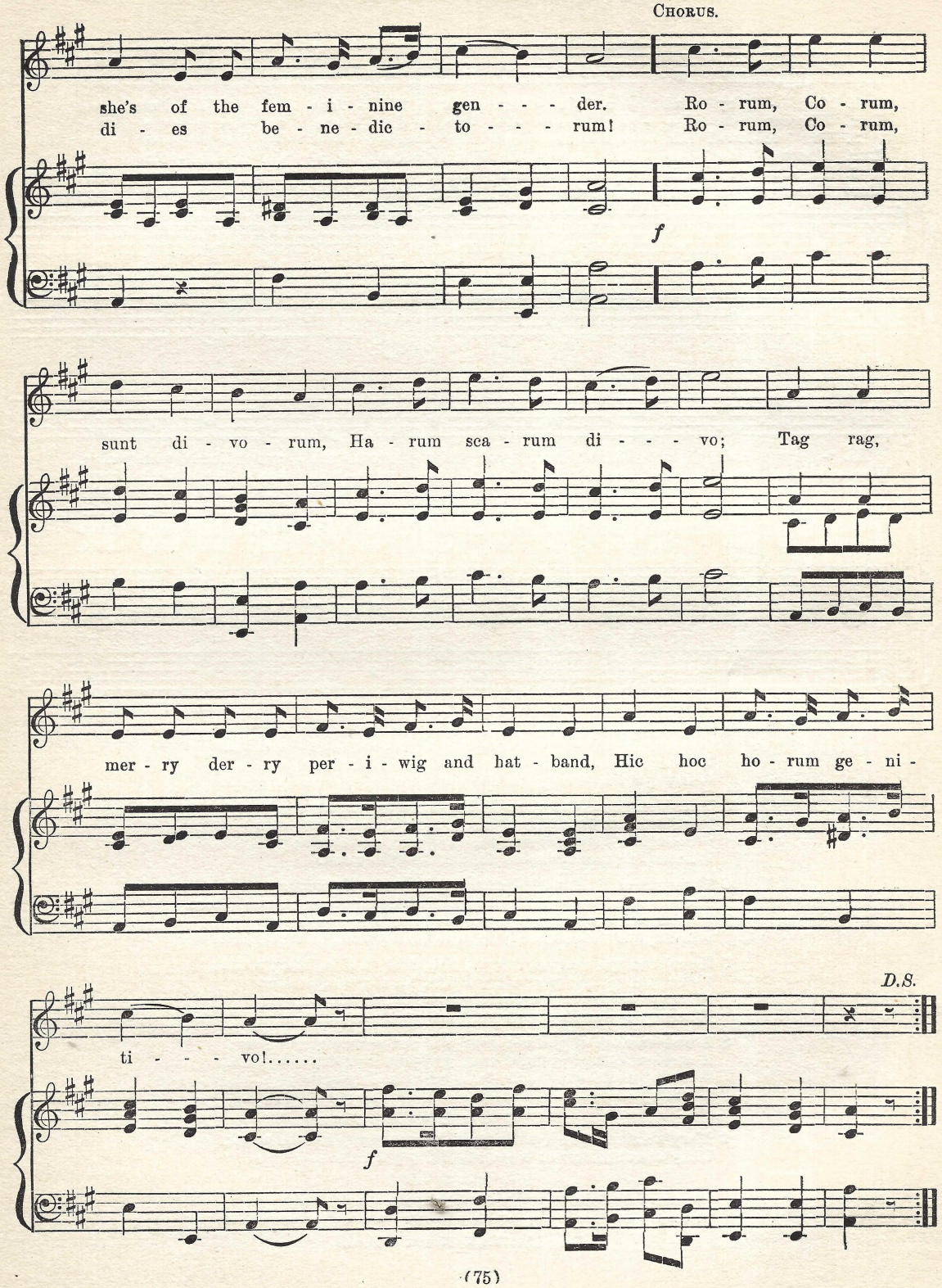
AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Words by Dr. Arnold. **Tune:—"The Mouse and the Frog."**

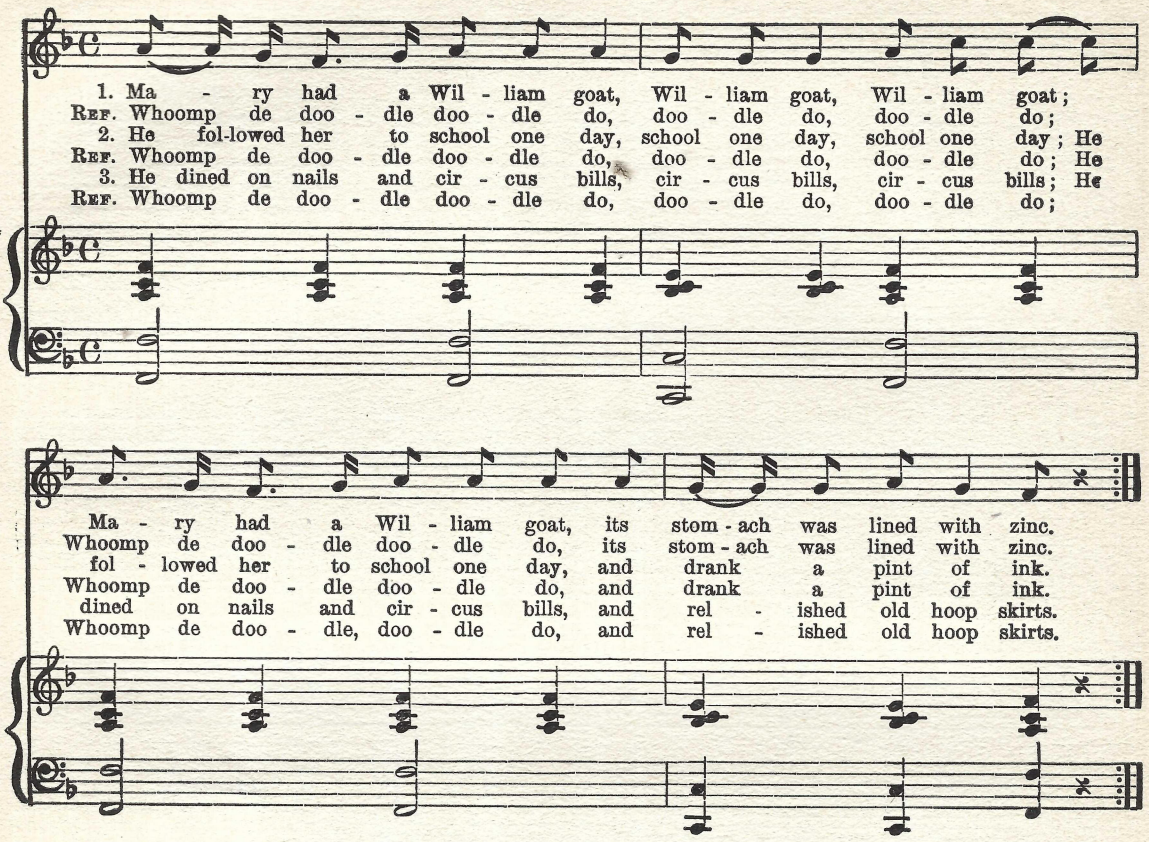


AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

CHORUS.



MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT.



4 One day he ate an oyster can, oyster can, oyster can;
One day he ate an oyster can, and a clothes-line full of shirts.
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and a clothes-line full of shirts.

5 The shirts can do no harm inside, harm inside, harm inside;
The shirts can do no harm inside, but: the: oyster: can.
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, but the oyster can.

6 The can was filled with dynamite, dynamite, dynamite;
The can was filled with dynamite, which Billy thought was cheese.
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, which Billy thought was cheese.

7 He rubbed against poor Mary's side, Mary's side, Mary's side;
He rubbed against poor Mary's side, for the pain to ease.
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, for the pain to ease.

8 A sudden flash of girl and goat, girl and goat, girl and goat;
A sudden flash of girl and goat, and they no more were seen.
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and they no more were seen.

(To be sung slow.)

9 Mary's: soul: to: heaven went, heaven went, heaven went;
Mary's soul to heaven went, and Billy's went to —

(To be sung fast.)

Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and Billy's went to heaven too.

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NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Moderato.

TENORS.

mf

1. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou

BASSES.

mf

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
hast a slen - der waist; A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
hast such pearl - y teeth; The pearl - y teeth are false, love! They

glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
kiss - ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
arm a - round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
rat - tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou

hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y teeth.

ECCE QUAM BONUM.

TENORS.

f *cres.* *rit.* *ff*

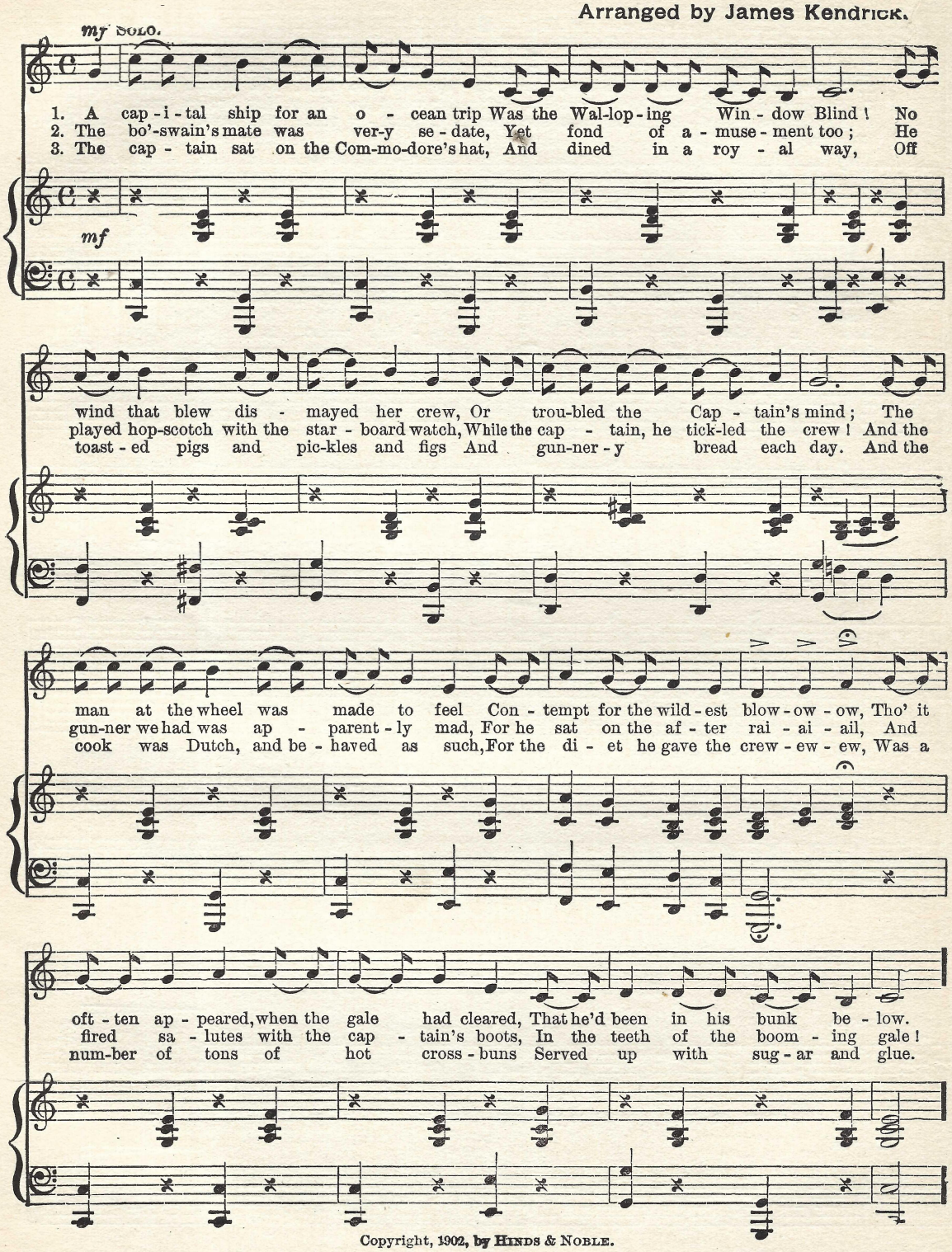
Ec - ce quam bo - num, quam-que ju - cun - dum ha - bi - ta - re fra - tres in u - num.

BASSES.

f *cres.* *rit.* *ff*

BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.



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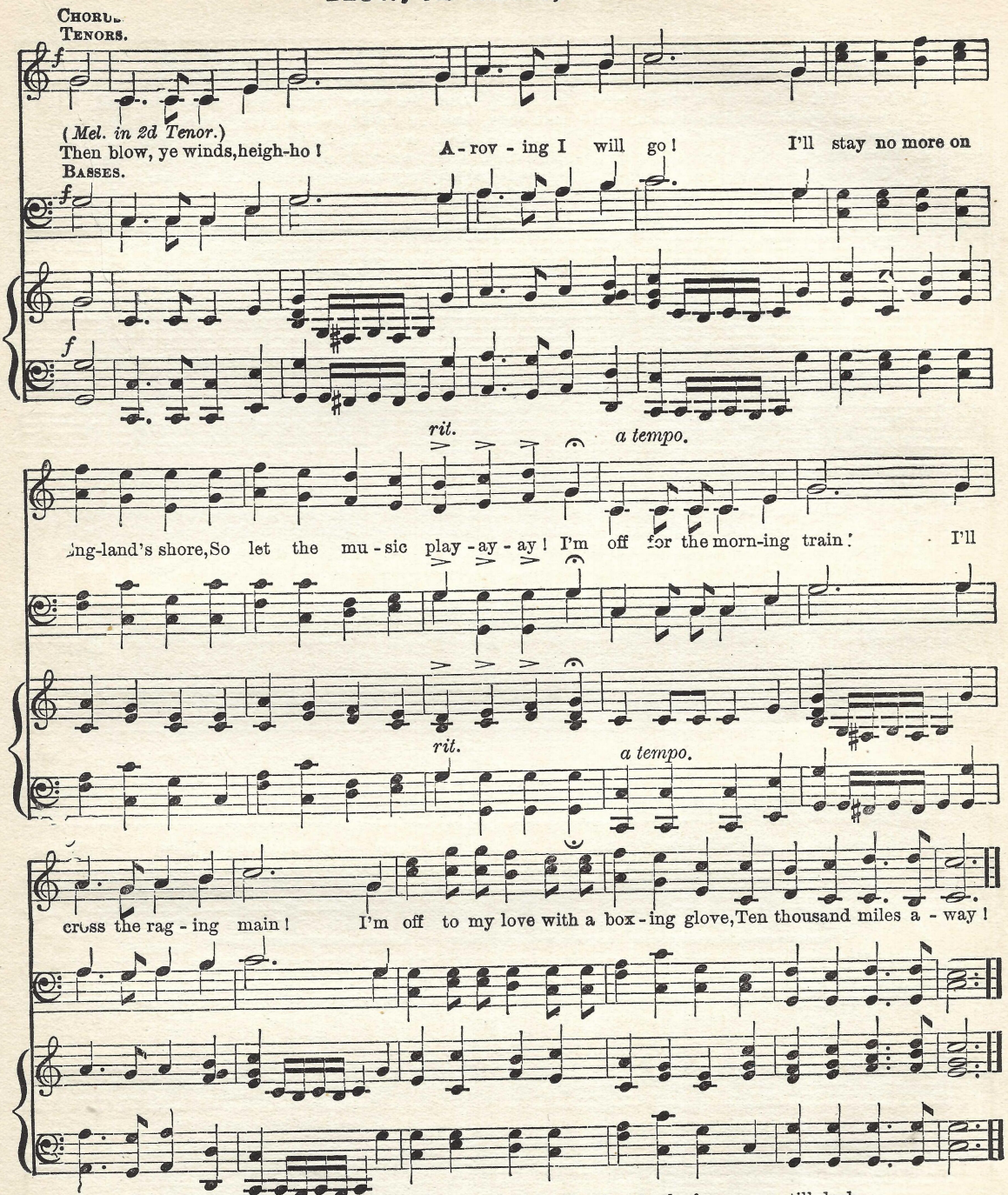
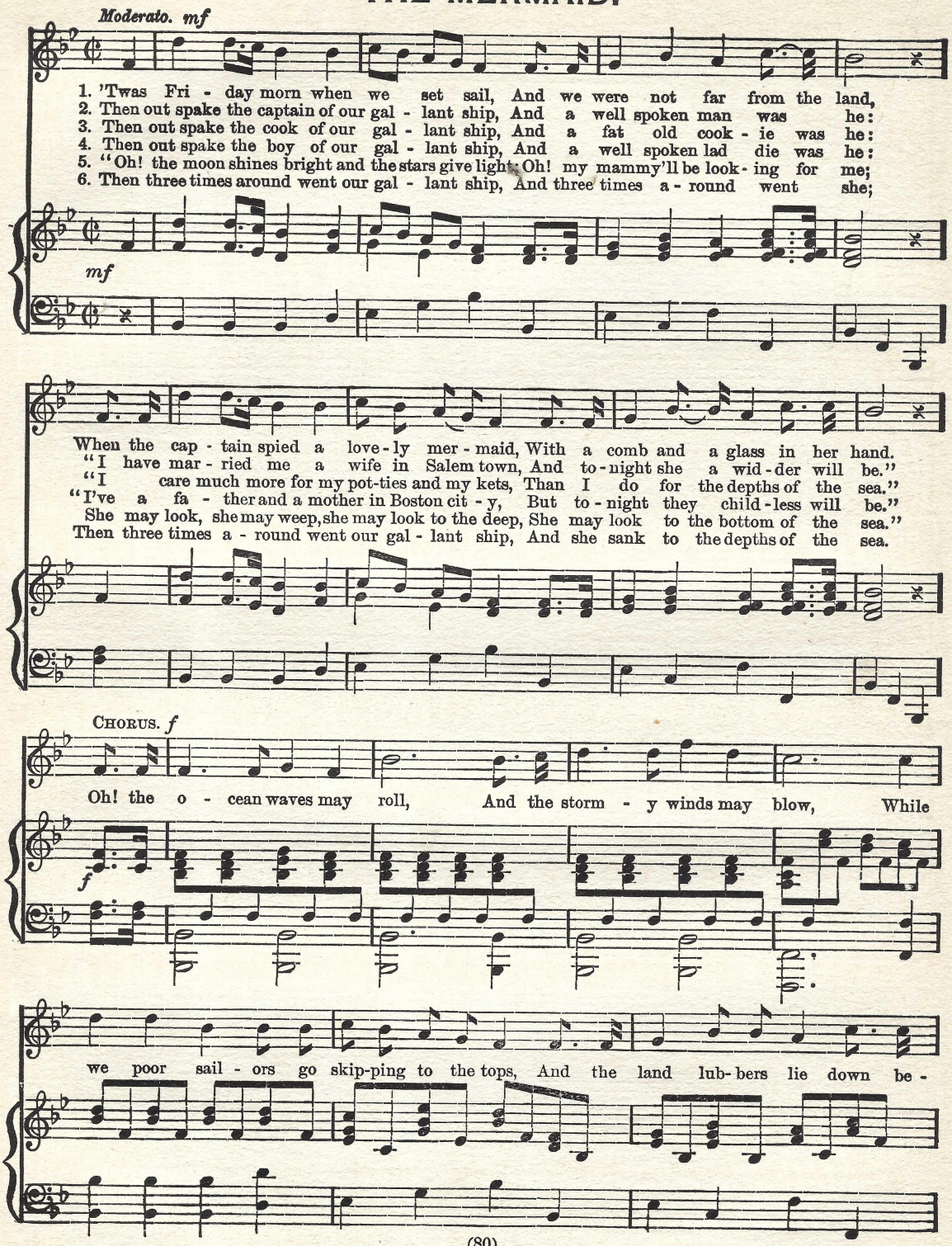
BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!



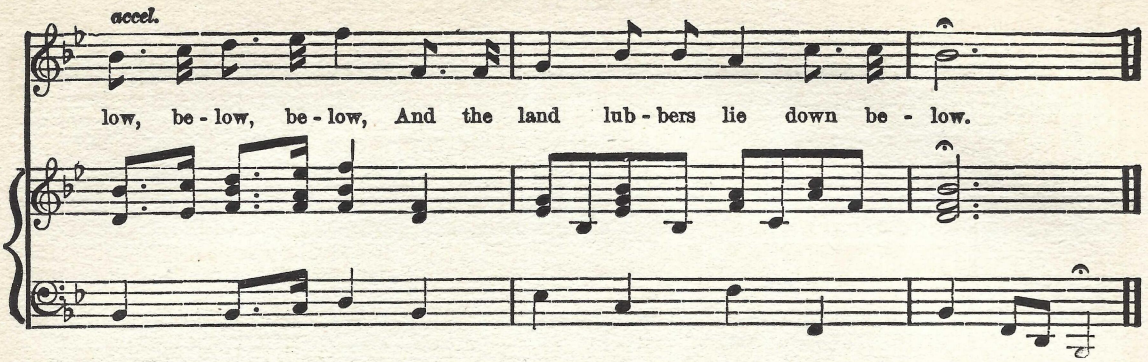
4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

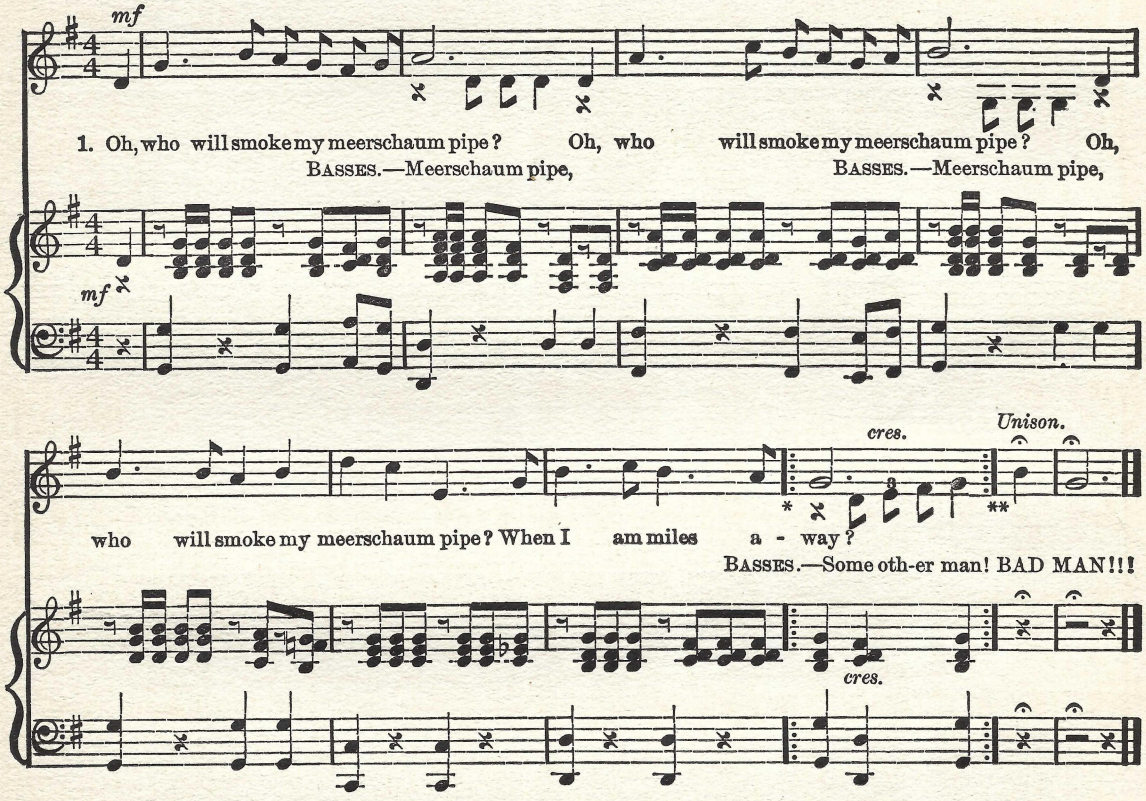
THE MERMAID.


Moderato. mf
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
2. Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken man was he:
3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he:
4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken lad die was he:
5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be look - ing for me;
6. Then three times around went our gal - lant ship, And three times a - round went she;
mf
When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
"I have mar - ried me a wife in Salem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."
"I care much more for my pot-ties and my kets, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
"I've a fa - ther and a mother in Boston cit - y, But to - night they child - less will be."
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep, She may look to the bottom of the sea."
Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.
CHORUS. f
Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
f
we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

THE MERMAID.



MEERSCHAUM PIPE.



2 Oh, who will wear my stove-pipe hat?
Some other man, guess if you can.

3 Oh, who will buy my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran.

4 Oh, who will take my girl to ride?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann.

5 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo.

6 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo, Michigan.
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this measure once for the second verse, twice for the third verse, etc.
** The words, "Bad Man" are to be sung at the end of last verse only.

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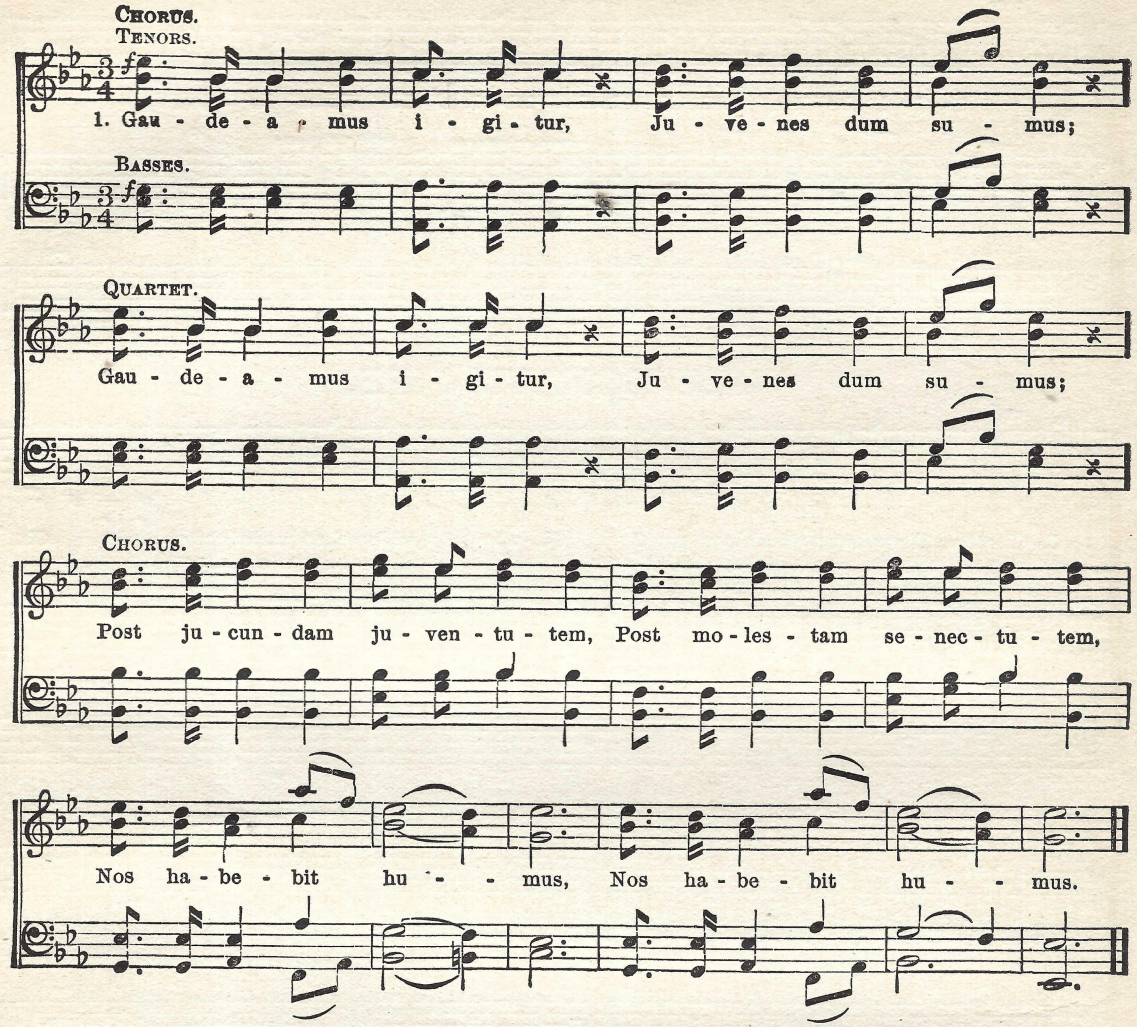
GAUDEAMUS.



2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

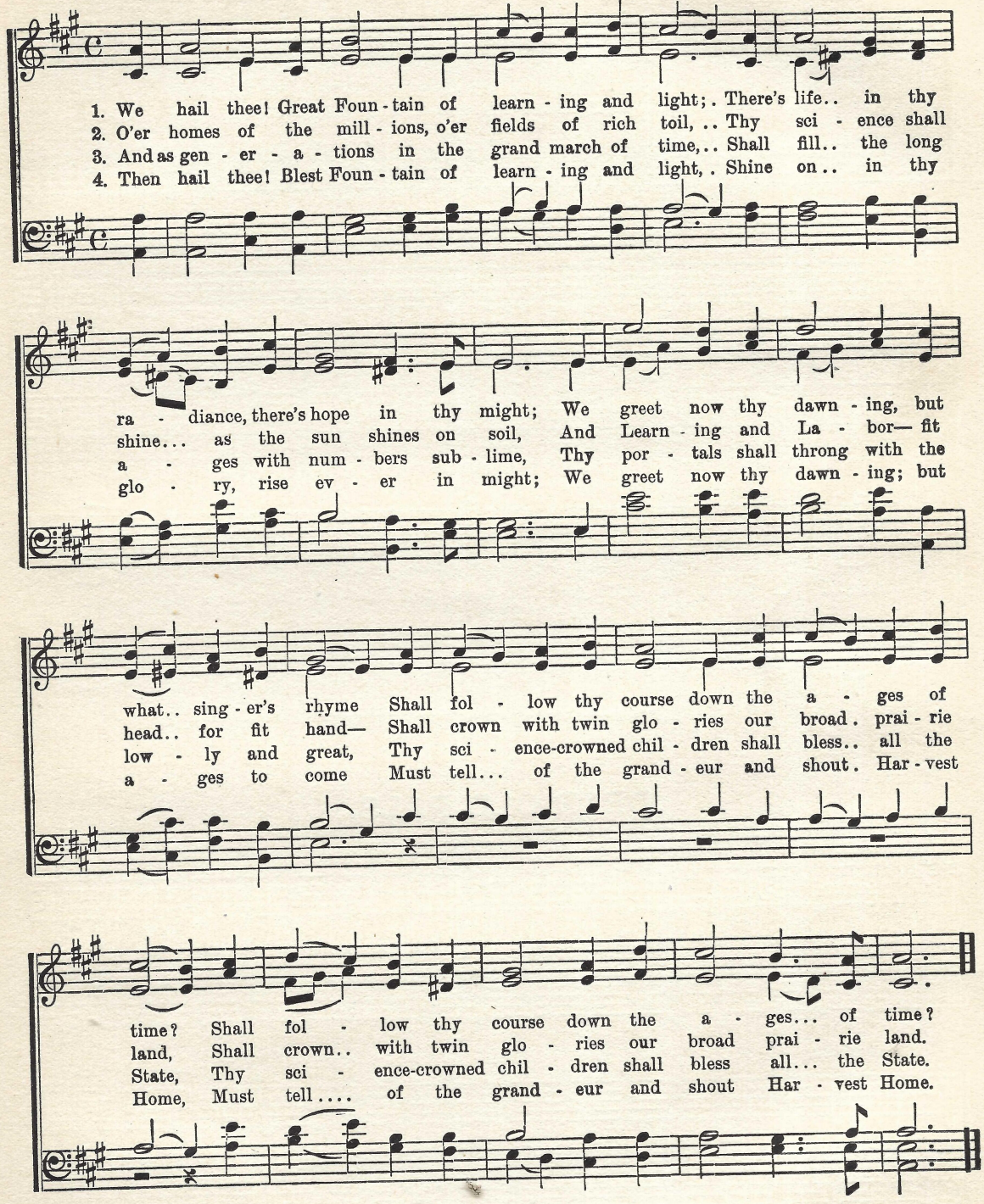
7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

UNIVERSITY ANTHEM.

Words by Dr. John M. Gregory. **Tune:—"Adeste Fideles."**



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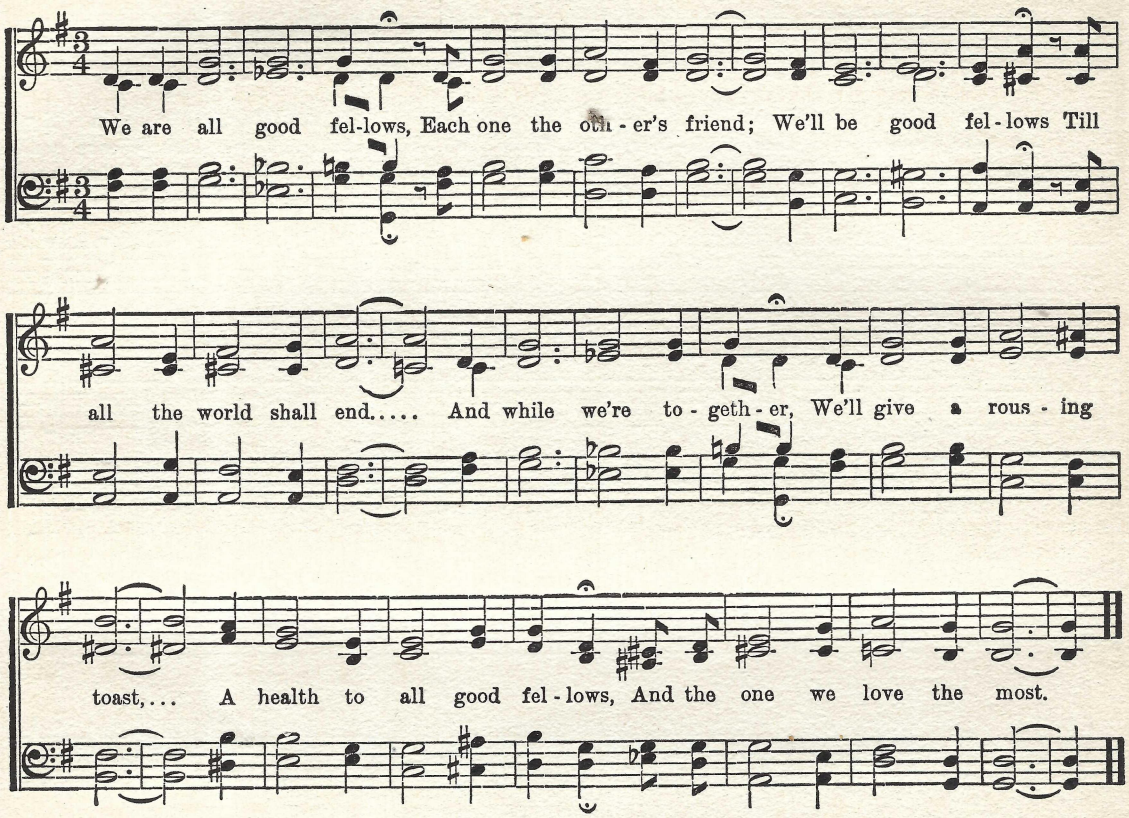
A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD FELLOWS.

Words and music by A. G. Chaffee,



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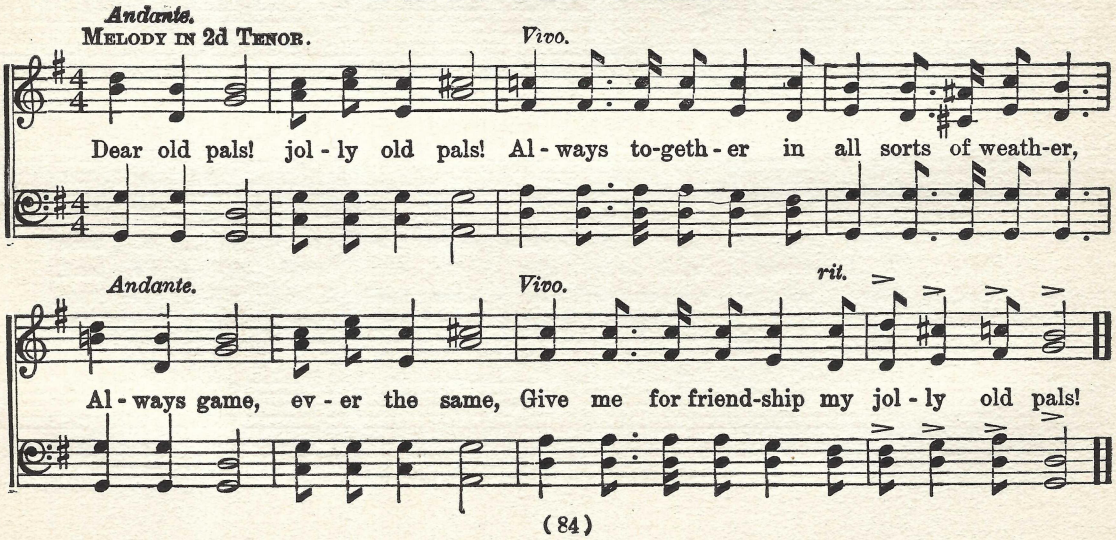
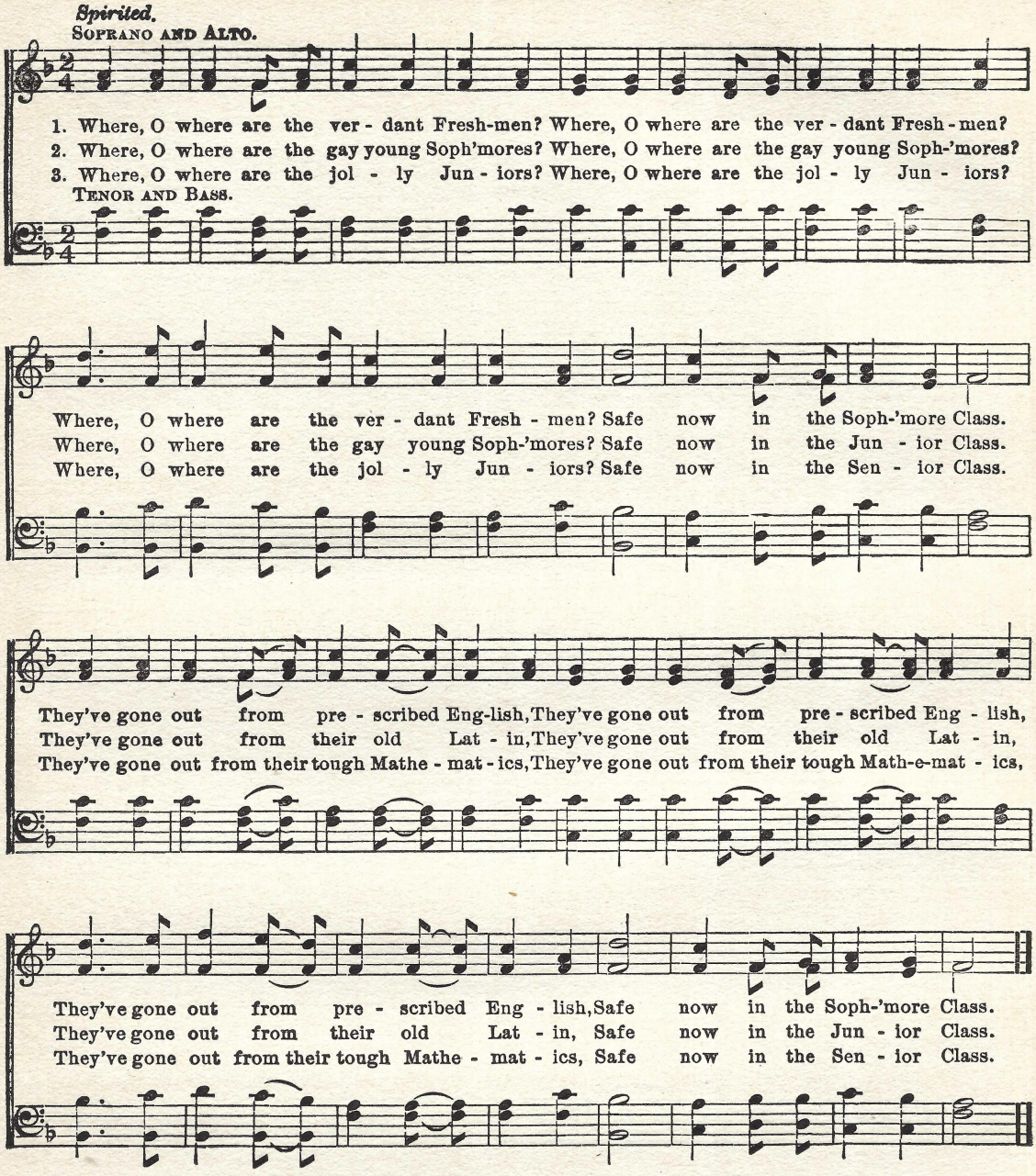
DEAR OLD PALS.



WHERE, O WHERE.

Spirited.

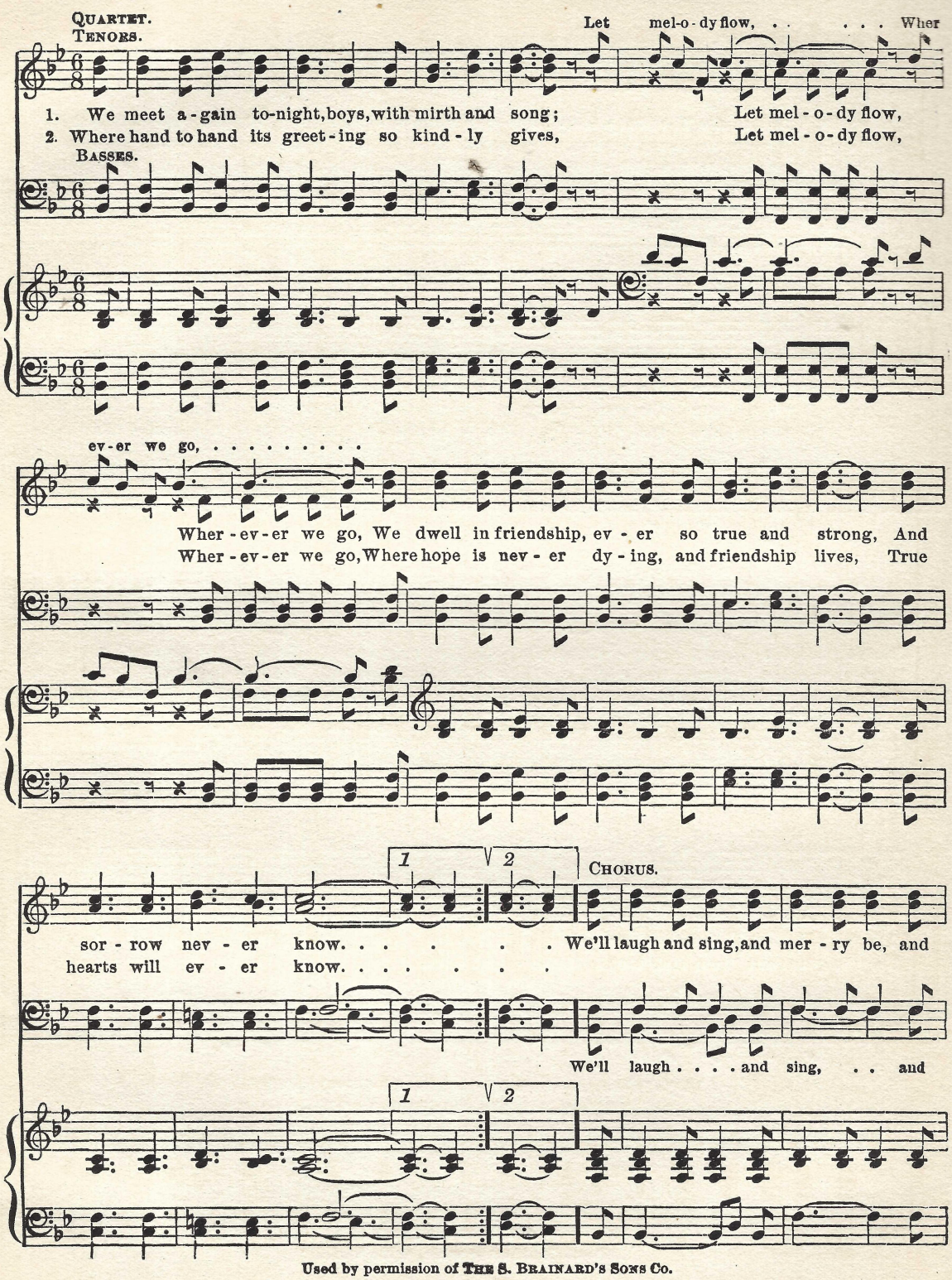
SOPRANO AND ALTO.



4 ‖: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their Alma Mater,: ‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ‖: Where, O where are the staid Alumnæ? . ‖
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their dreams and theories,: ‖
Atoms lost in the wide, wide world

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.



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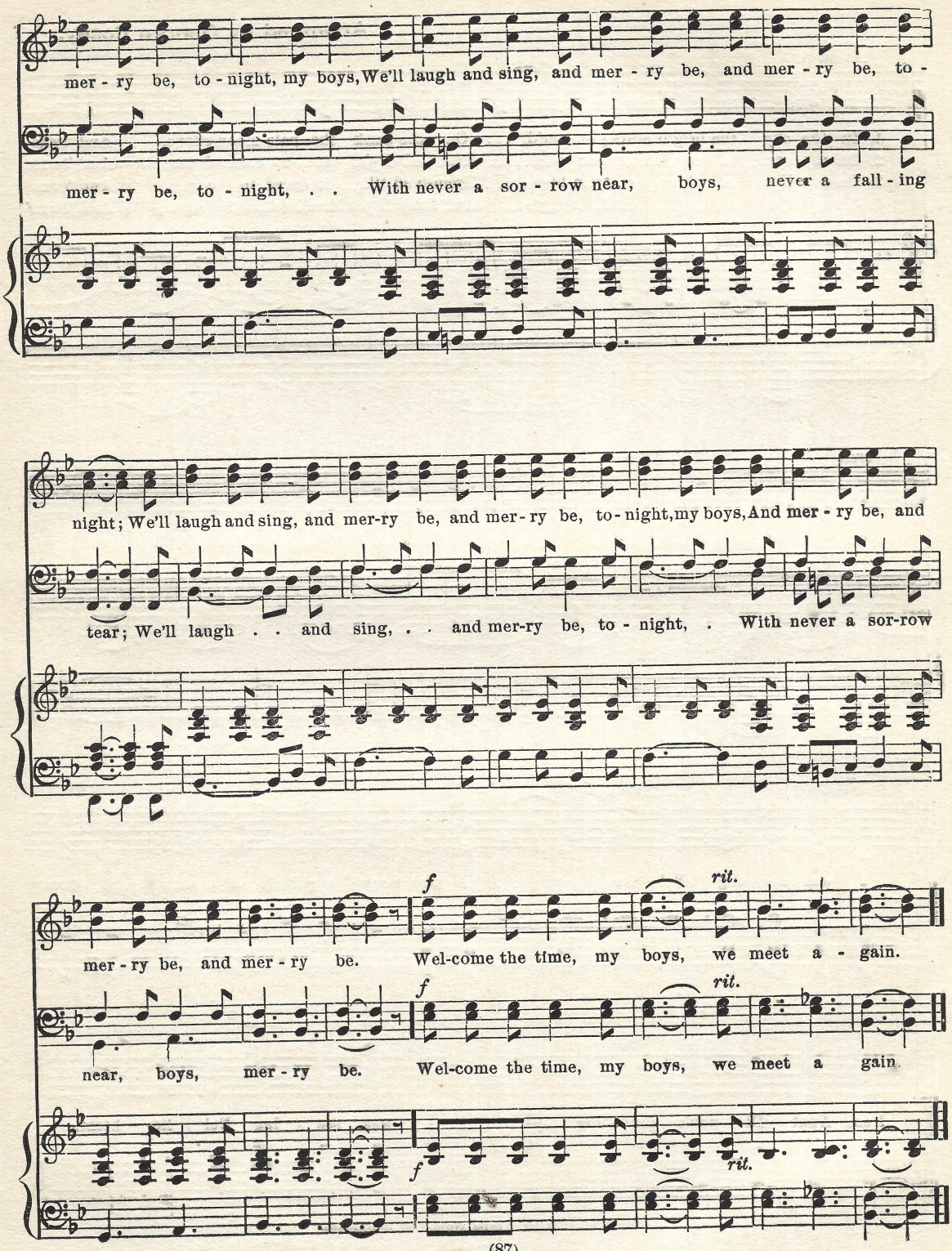
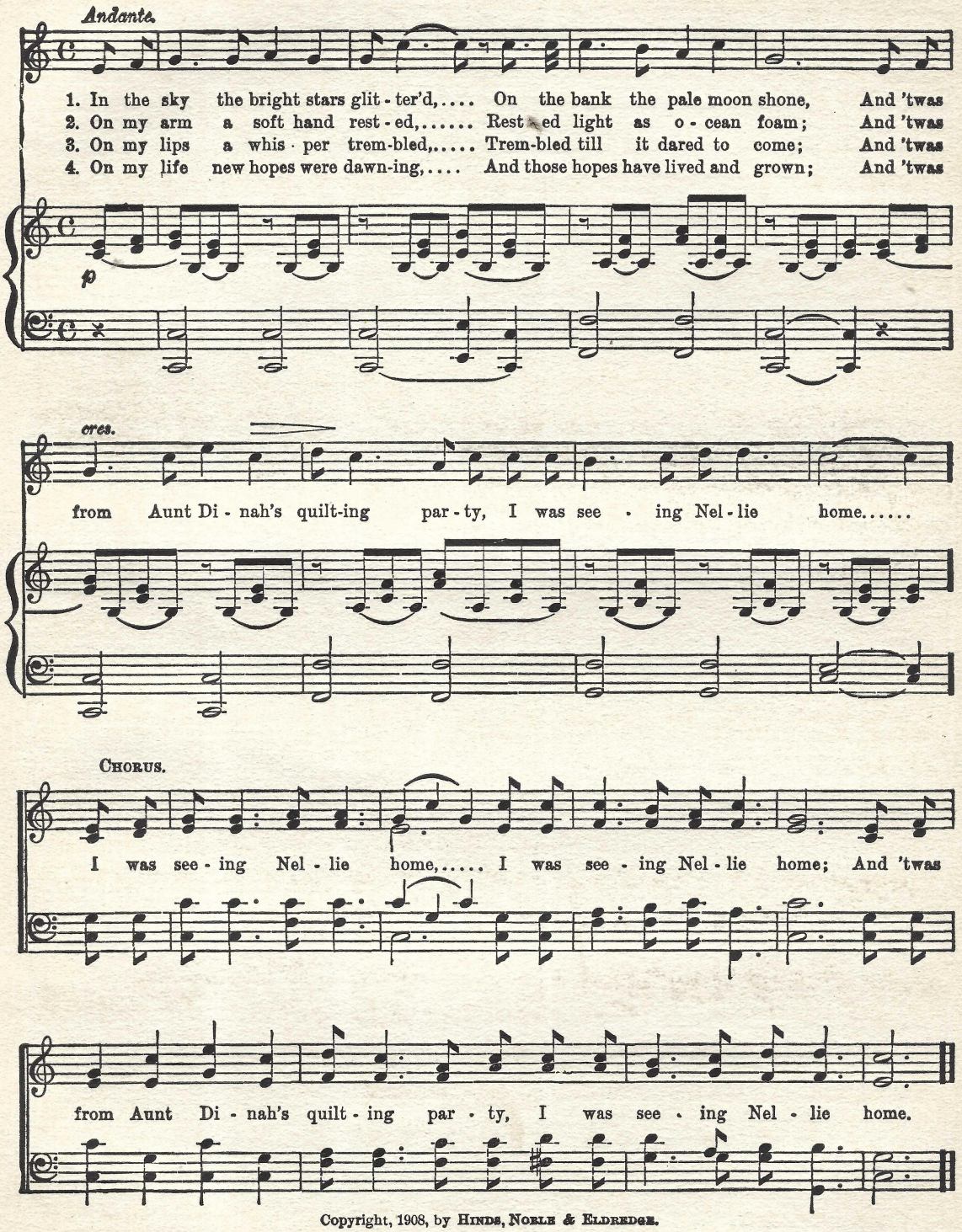
WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.



THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by George Rosey.



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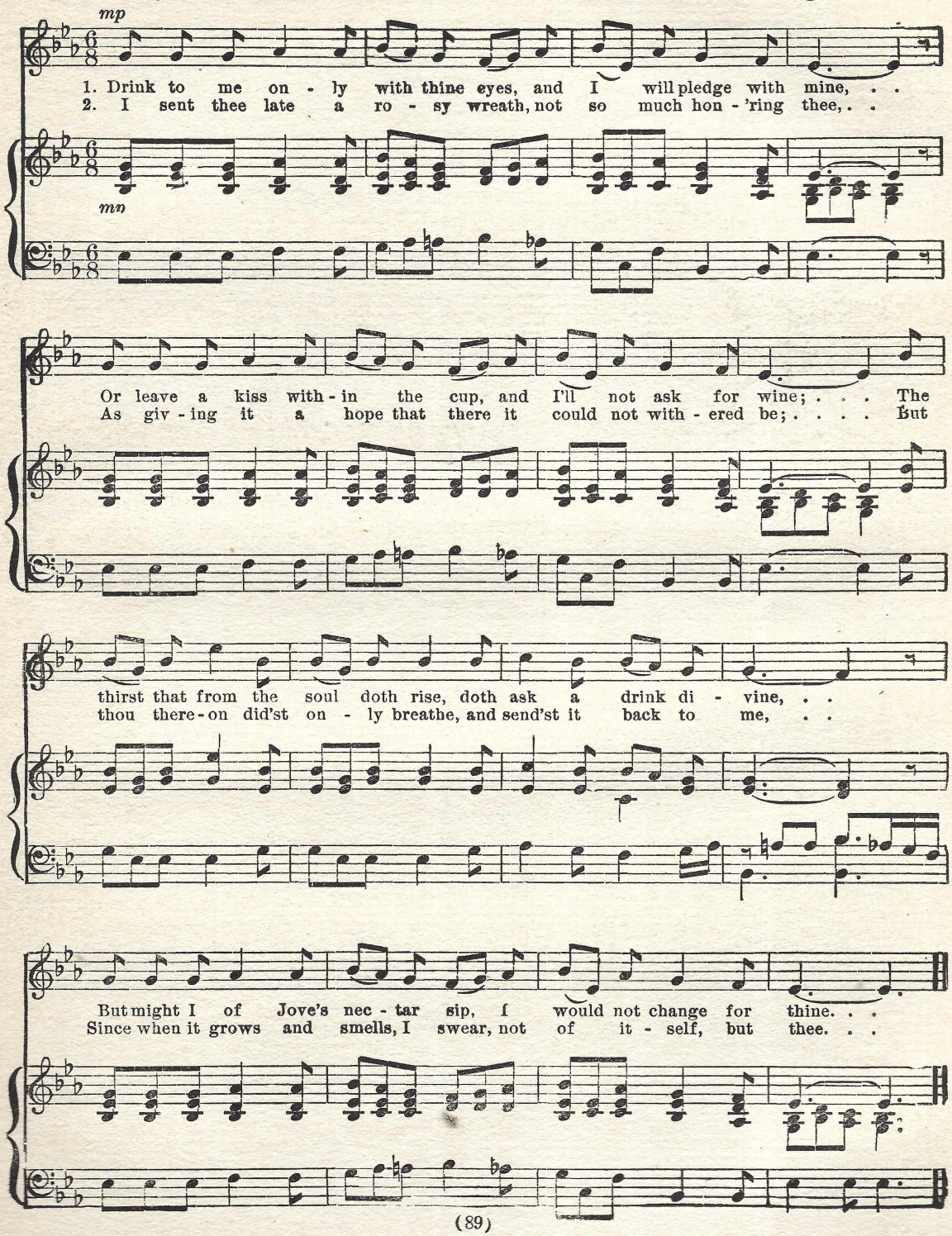
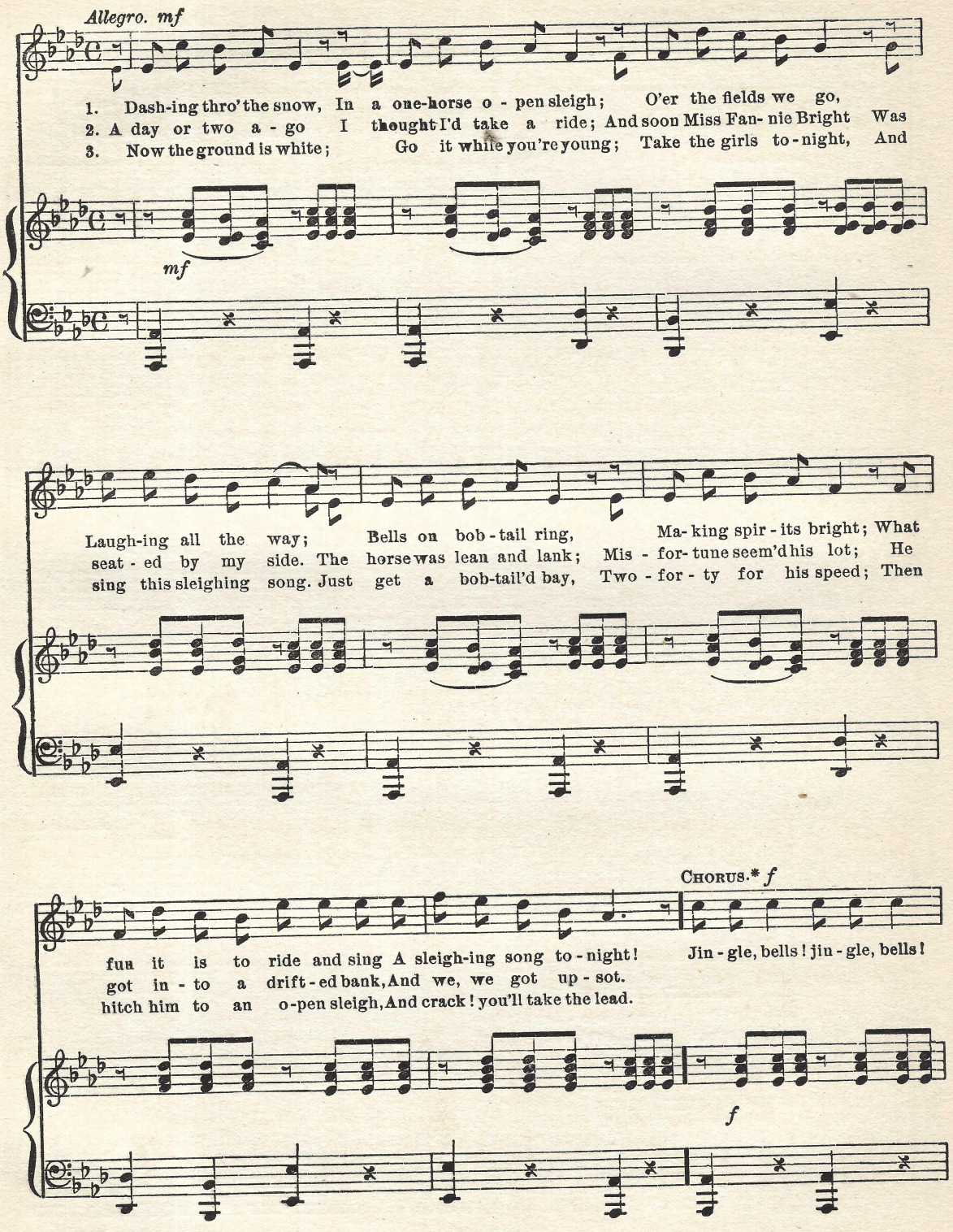
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

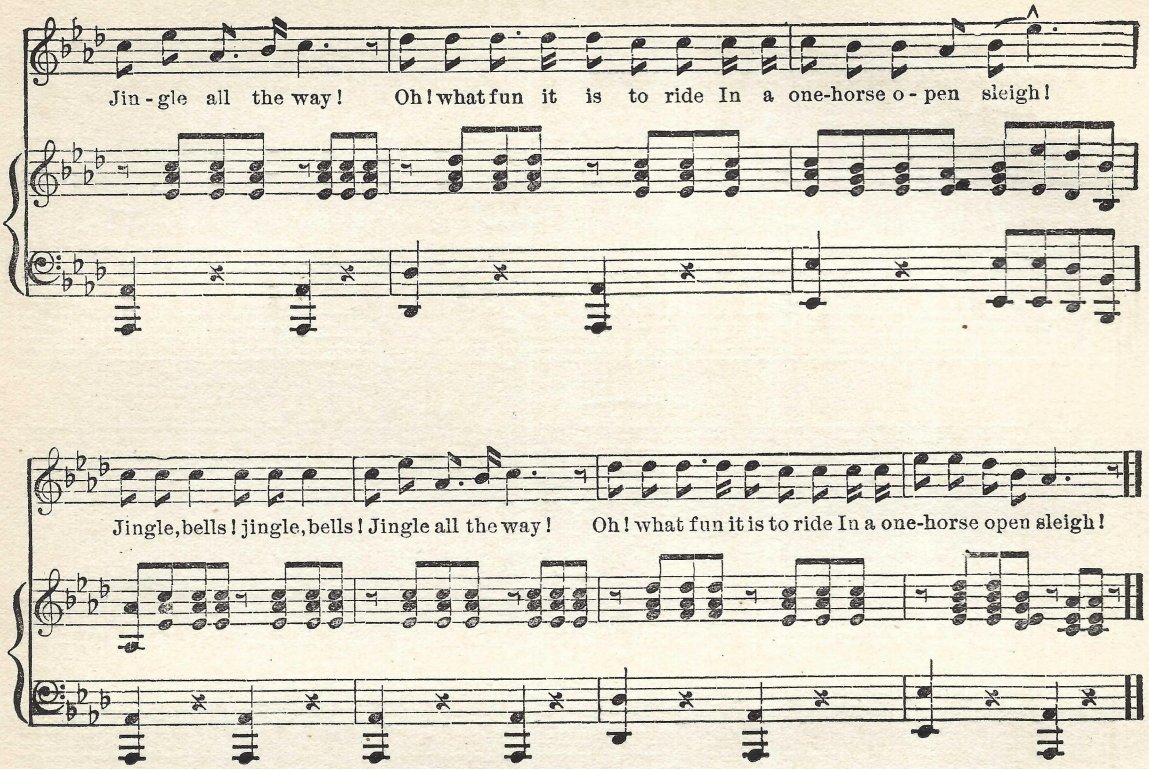


JINGLE, BELLS.



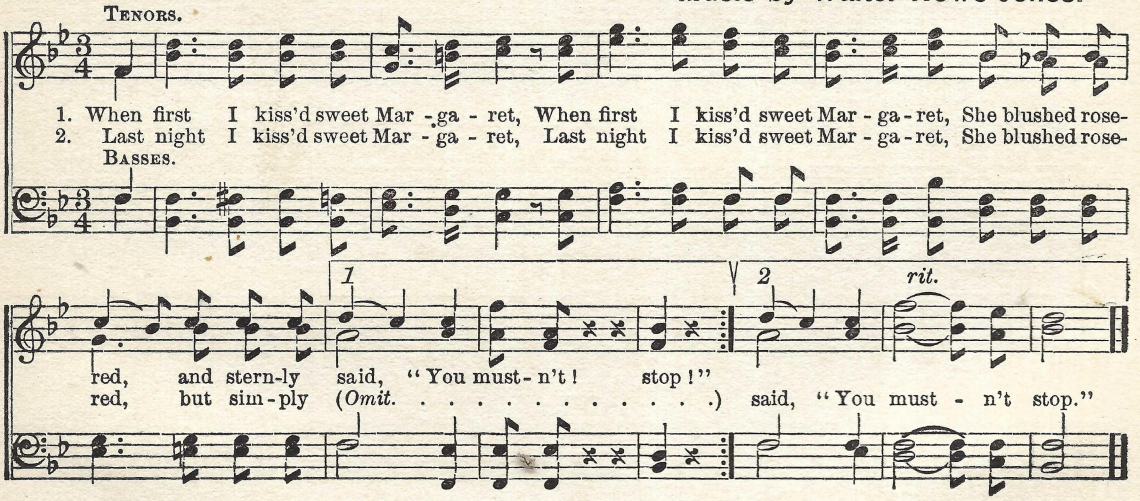
*Accompanied by jingling glasses.

JINGLE, BELLS.



WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.



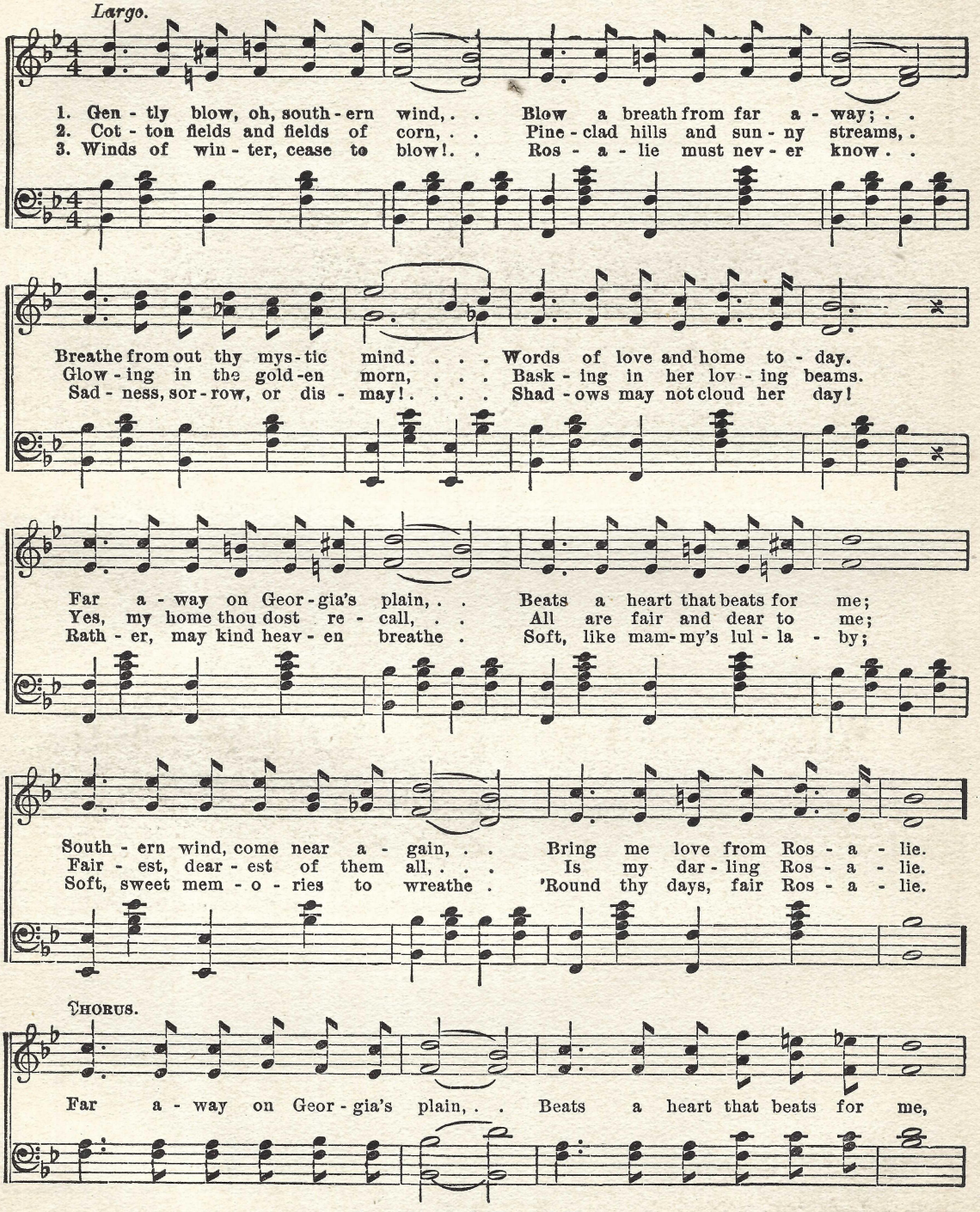
Copyright, 1901, by Walter Howe Jones.

"TAKE MY LOVE TO ROSALIE."

Words by J. T. Bergen. Music by B. E. Dickhaut.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Rogers.

Largo.



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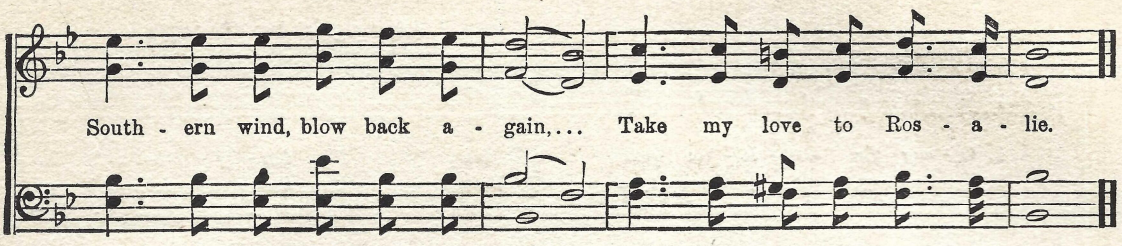
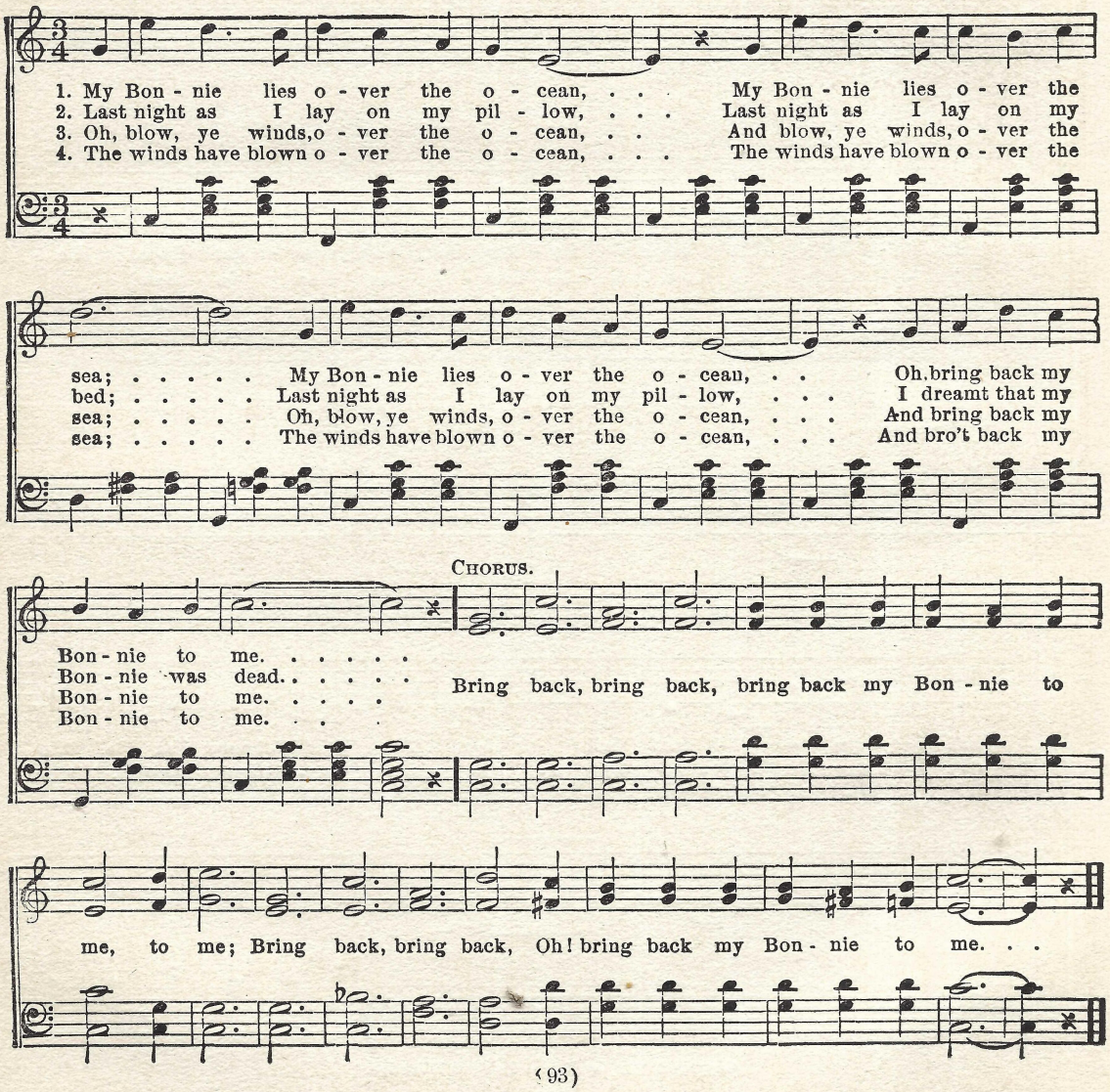
"TAKE MY LOVE TO ROSALIE."



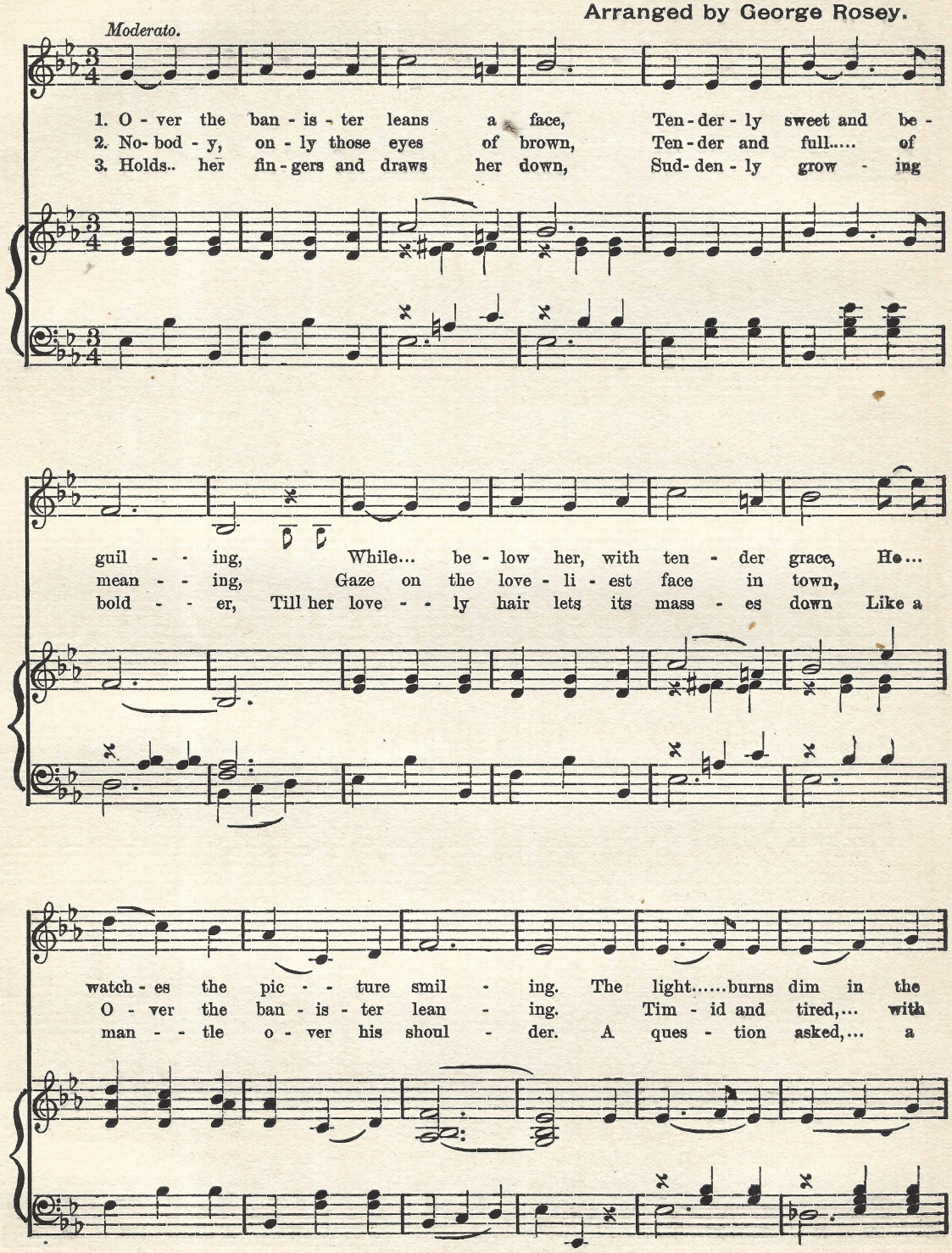
MY BONNIE.



OVER THE BANISTER.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Moderato.



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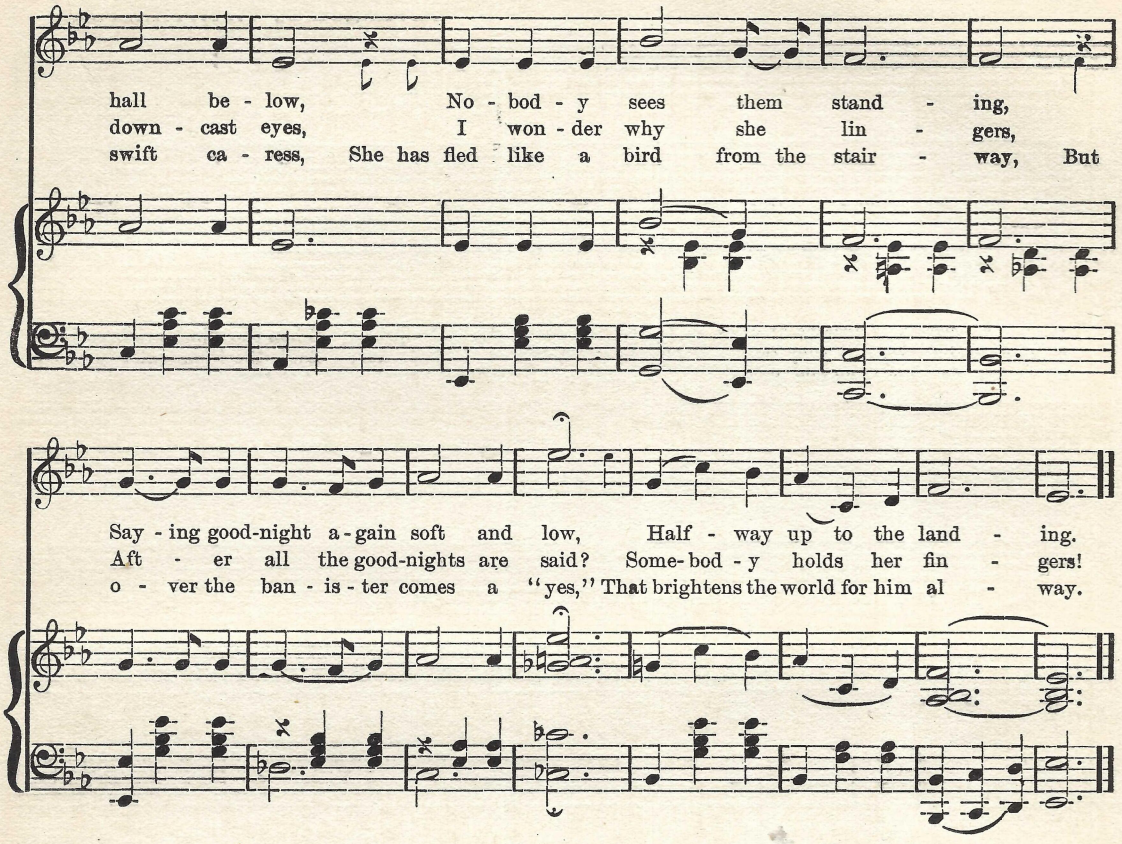
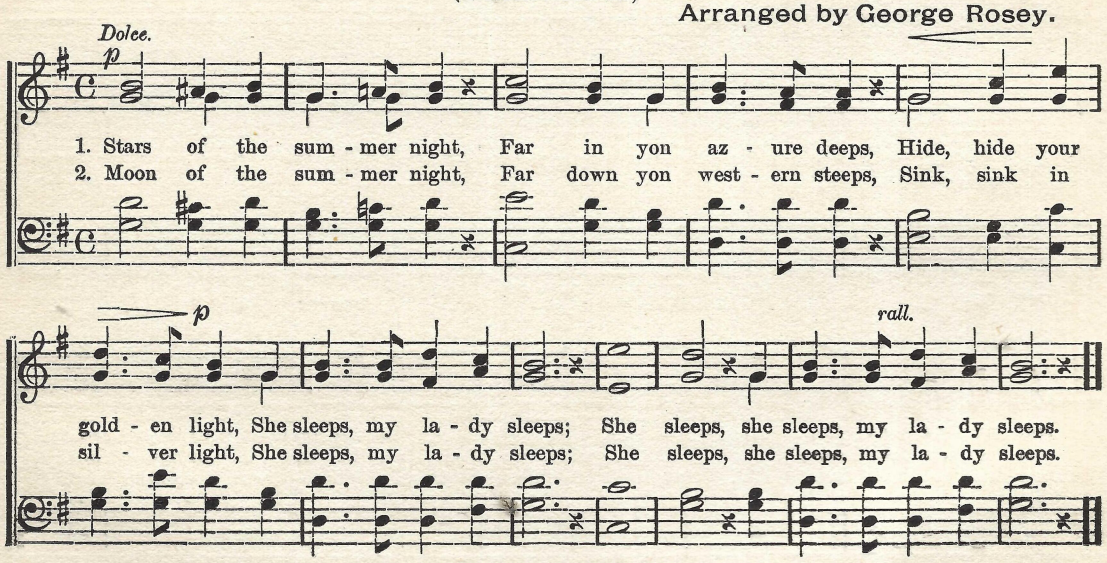
OVER THE BANISTER.



STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(SERENADE.)

Arranged by George Rosey.



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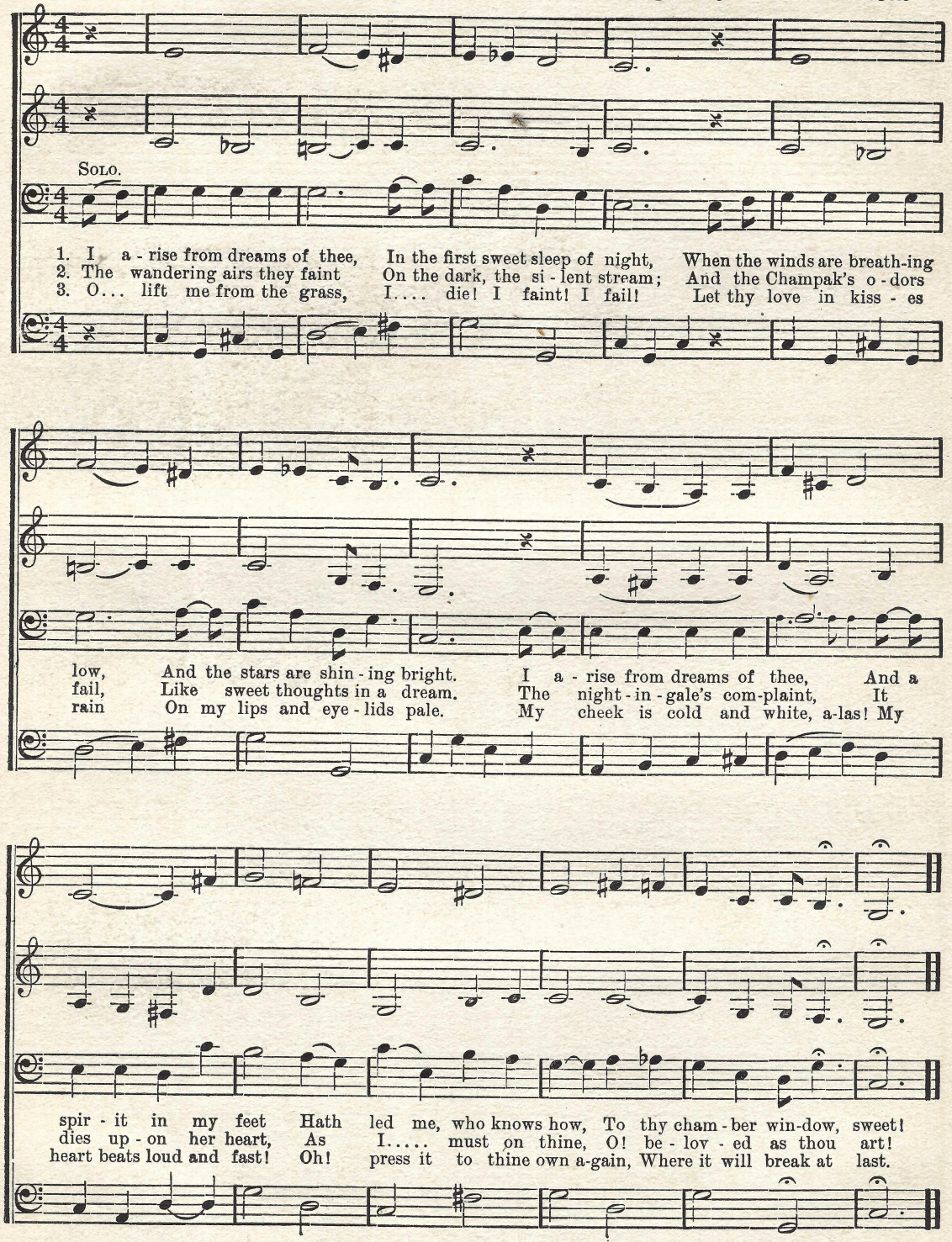
I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

Humming accompaniment.

Arranged by H. H. Atherton.



LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash. **Halfdan Kjerulf.**

Andante Moderato. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

pp

1. Last night the night-in - gale woke me, Last night, when all was still,..... It
2. I think of you in the day - - time, I dream of you by night;.... I
3. Near you the mo-ments are gold - - en, With hope you fill my heart;.... When

pp

rit.

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill..... I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight..... I
ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, all pleasures de - part..... The

rit.

pp dolce.

o - pened my win - dow so gen - - tly, I looked on the dreaming dew, And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float-ing thro', And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - - land, Each ray from the heav'nly blue, The

f *rit.*

oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing - ing, singing of you, of you.....
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Was sigh - ing, sighing for you, for you.....
winds, the stars, my dar-ling, Are tell - ing, tell-ing my love for you.....

f *rit.*

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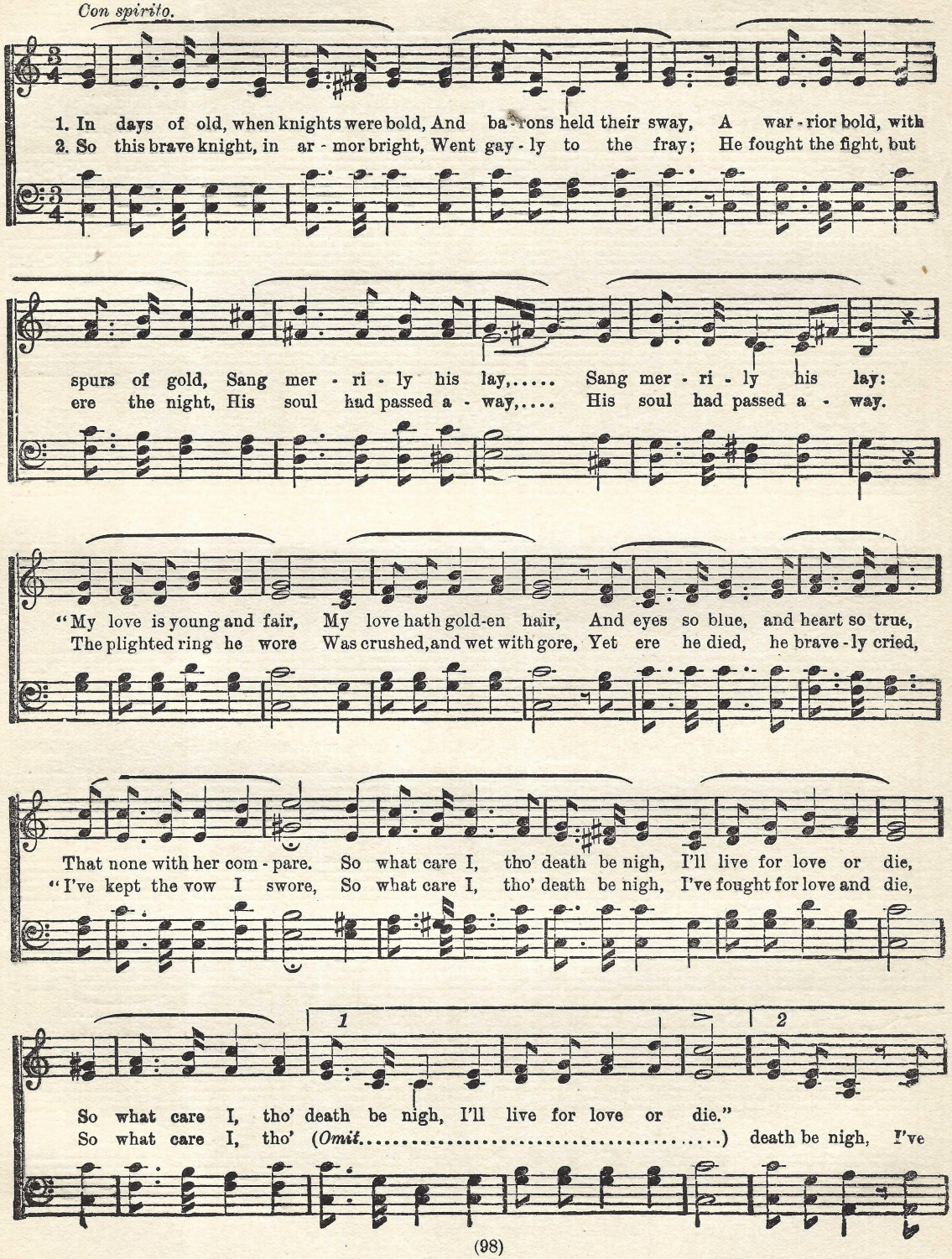
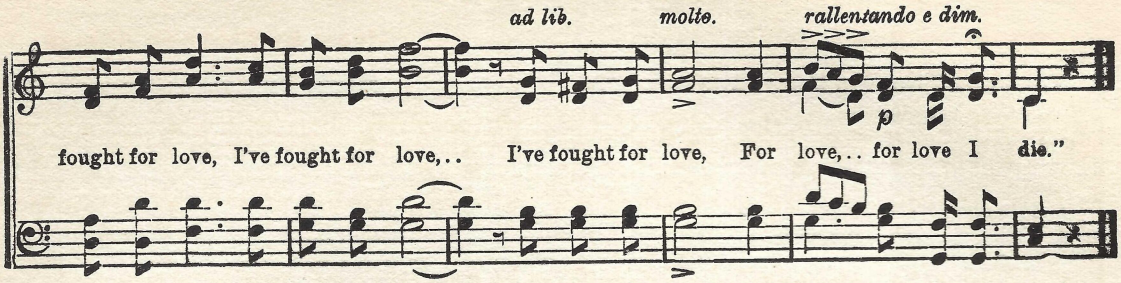
A WARRIOR BOLD.

Words by Edw. Thomas. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Con spirito.

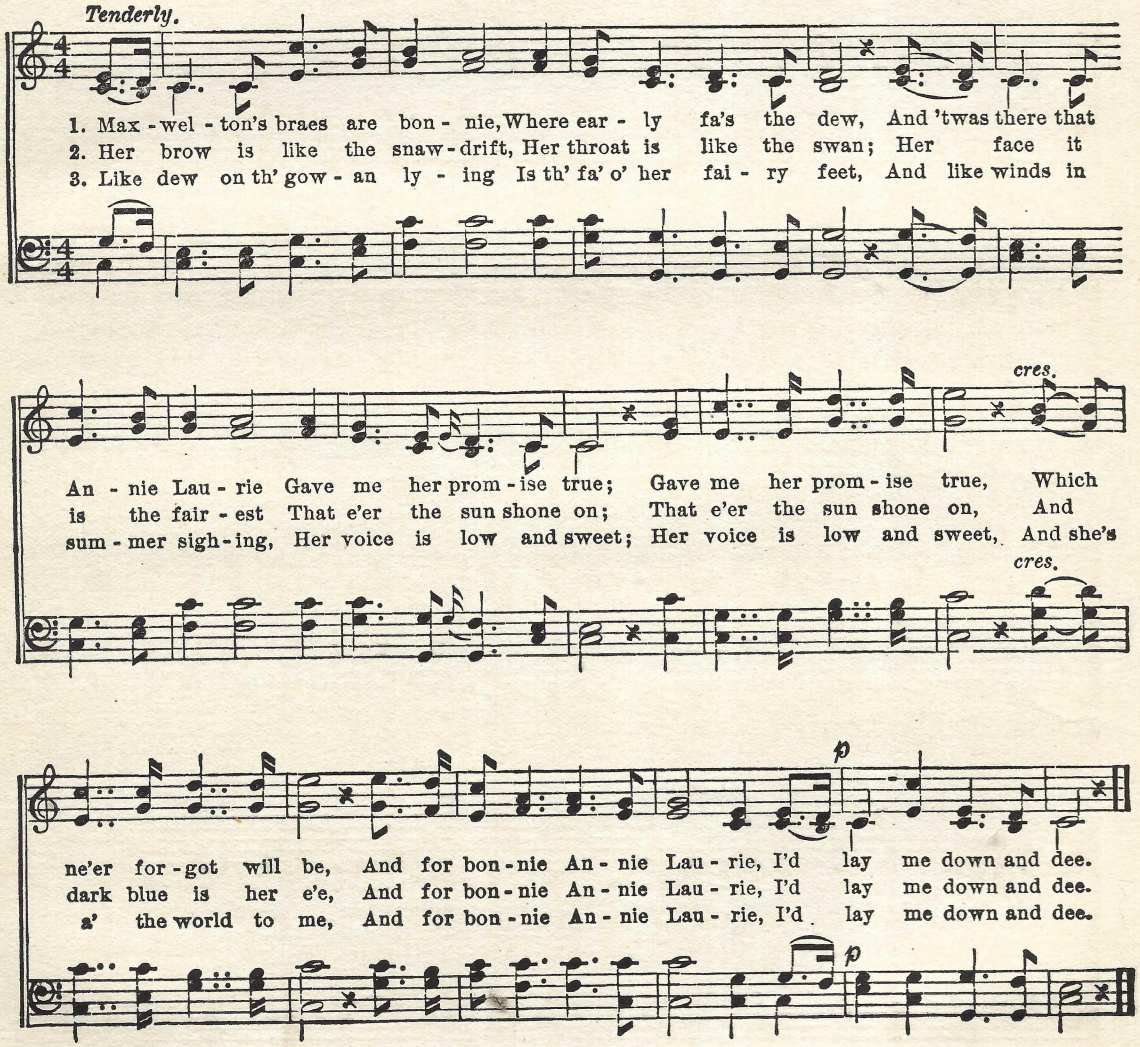


A WARRIOR BOLD.



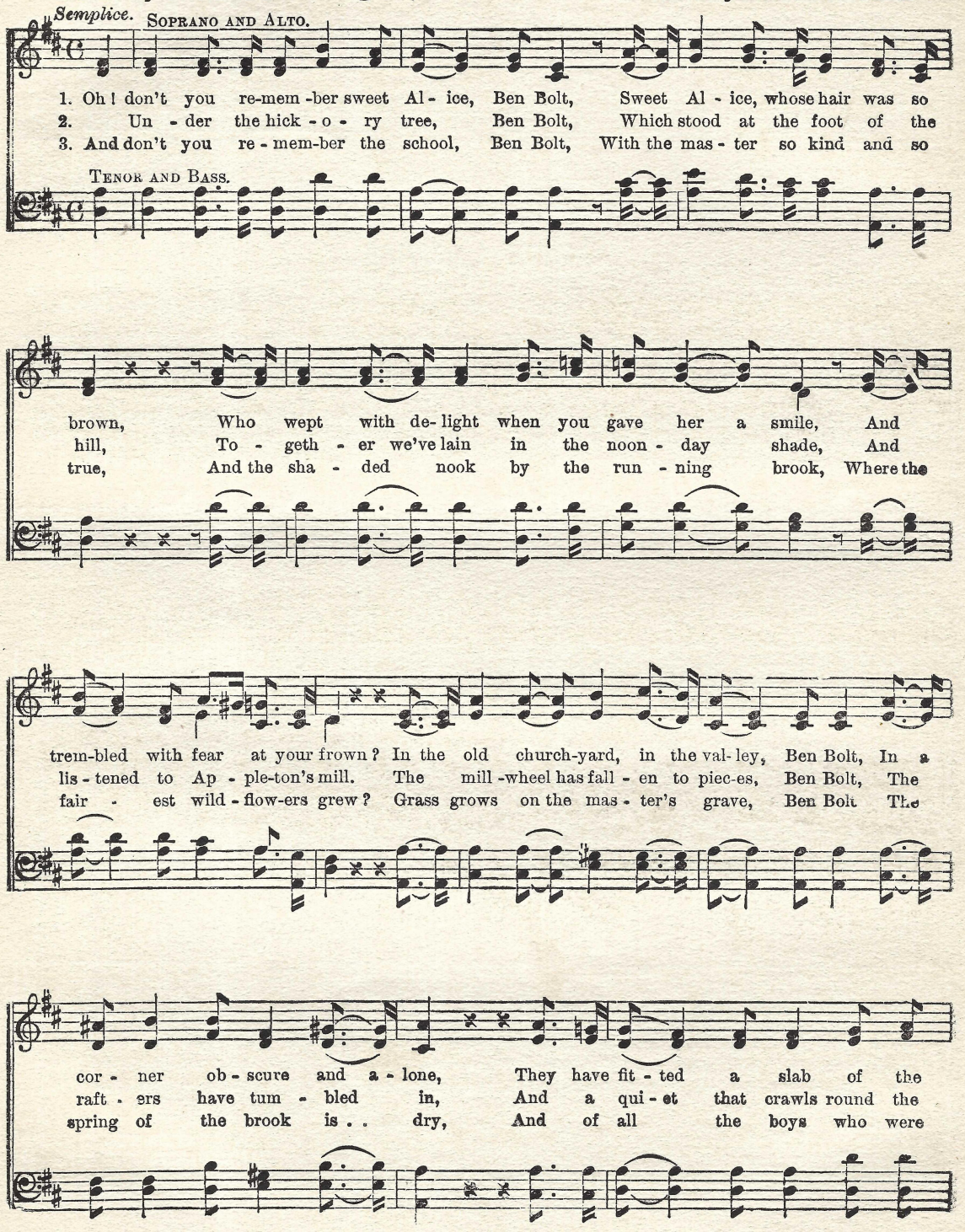
ANNIE LAURIE.

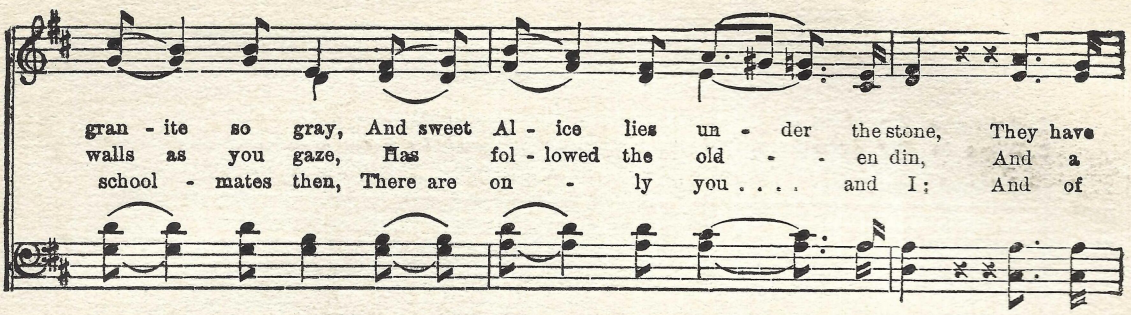
Lady John Scott.

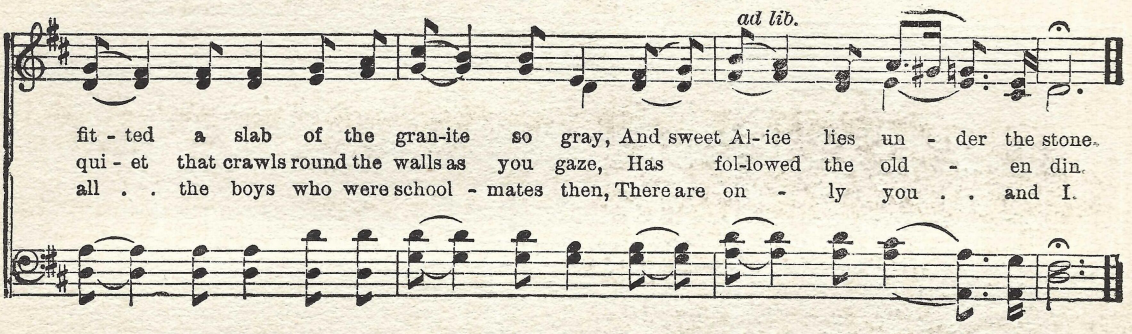


BEN BOLT.

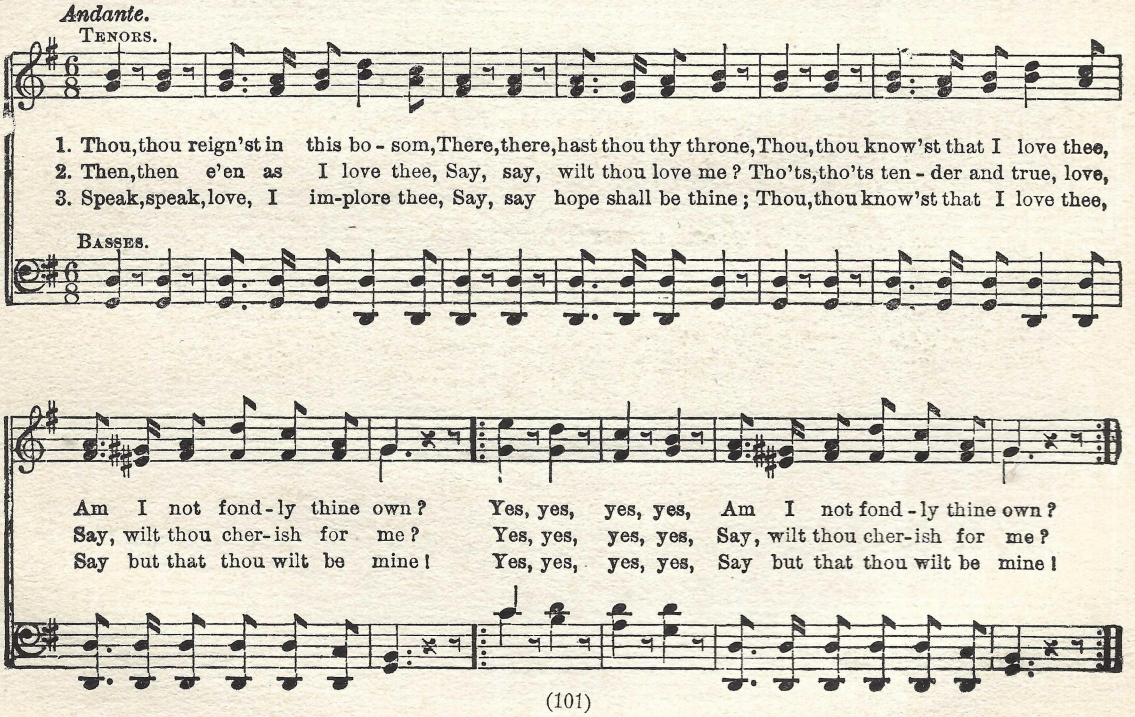
Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39. **Music by Nelson Kneass.**



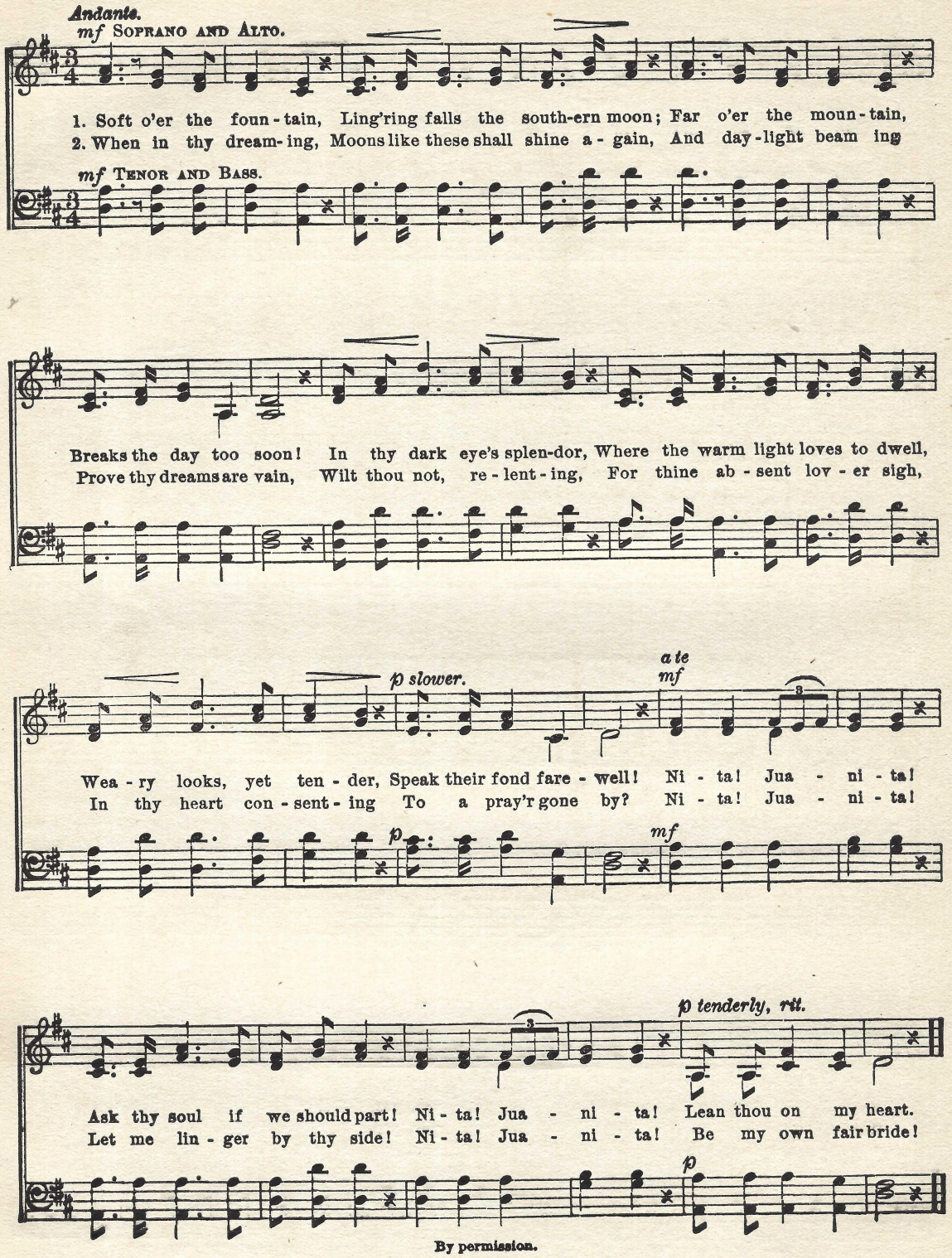




AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?



JUANITA.

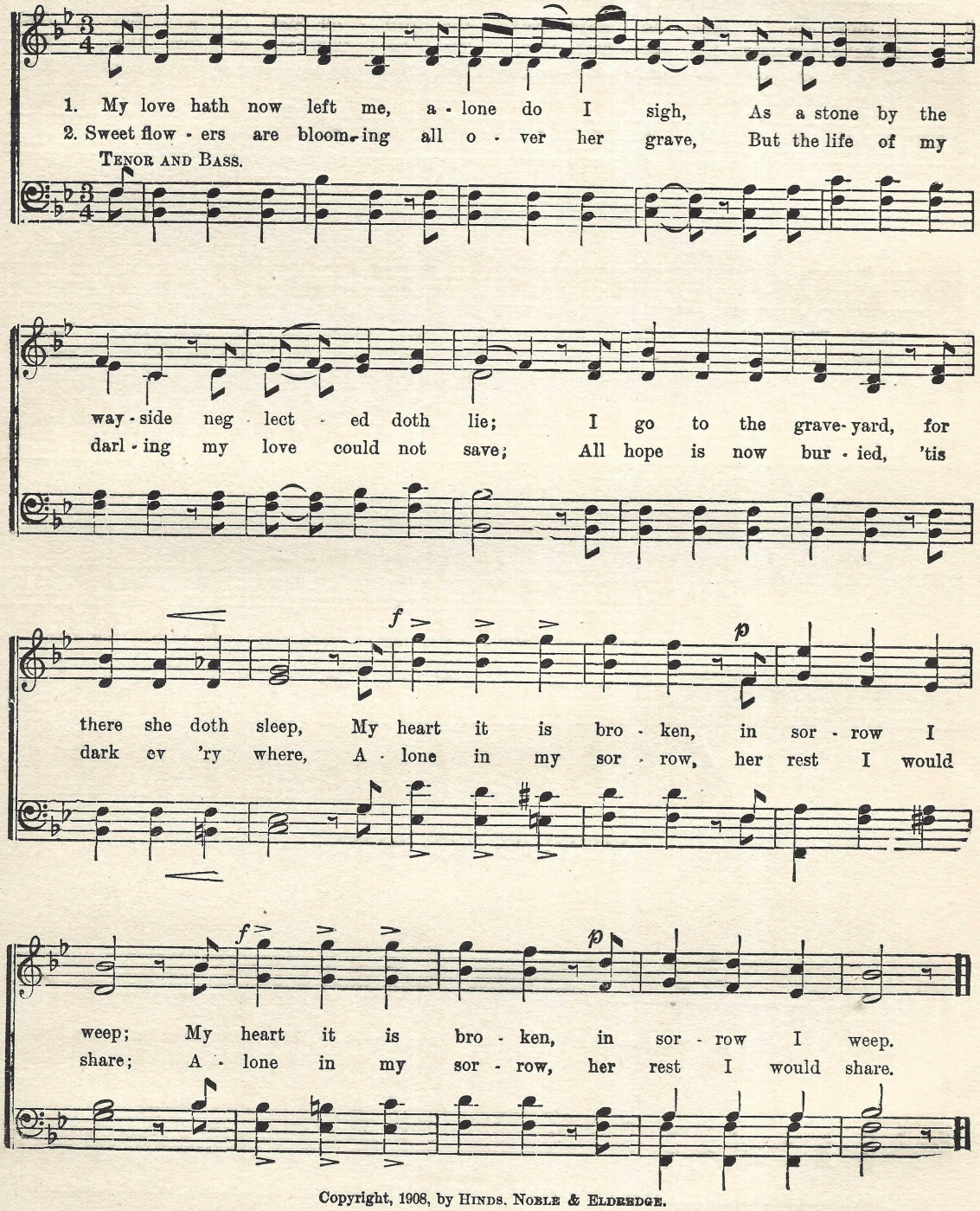


By permission.

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Andante.
pp dolce.



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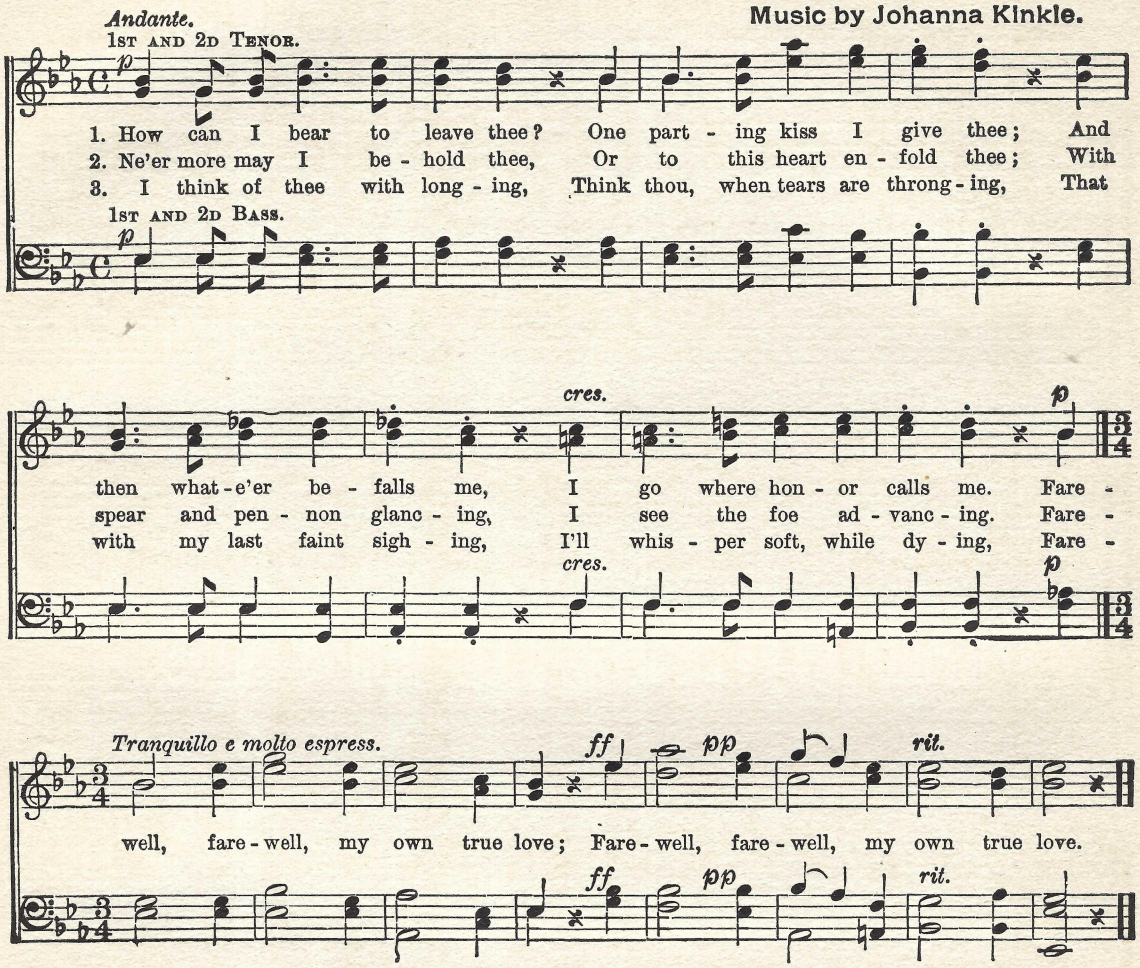
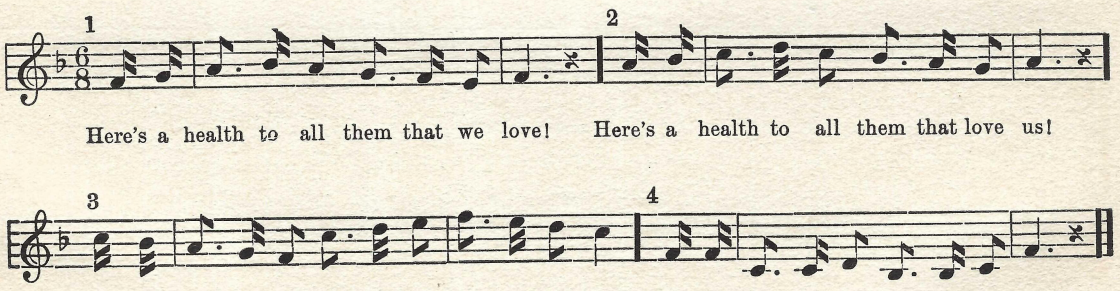
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.



HERE'S TO YOU.

(ROUND)



SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

rall e dim.

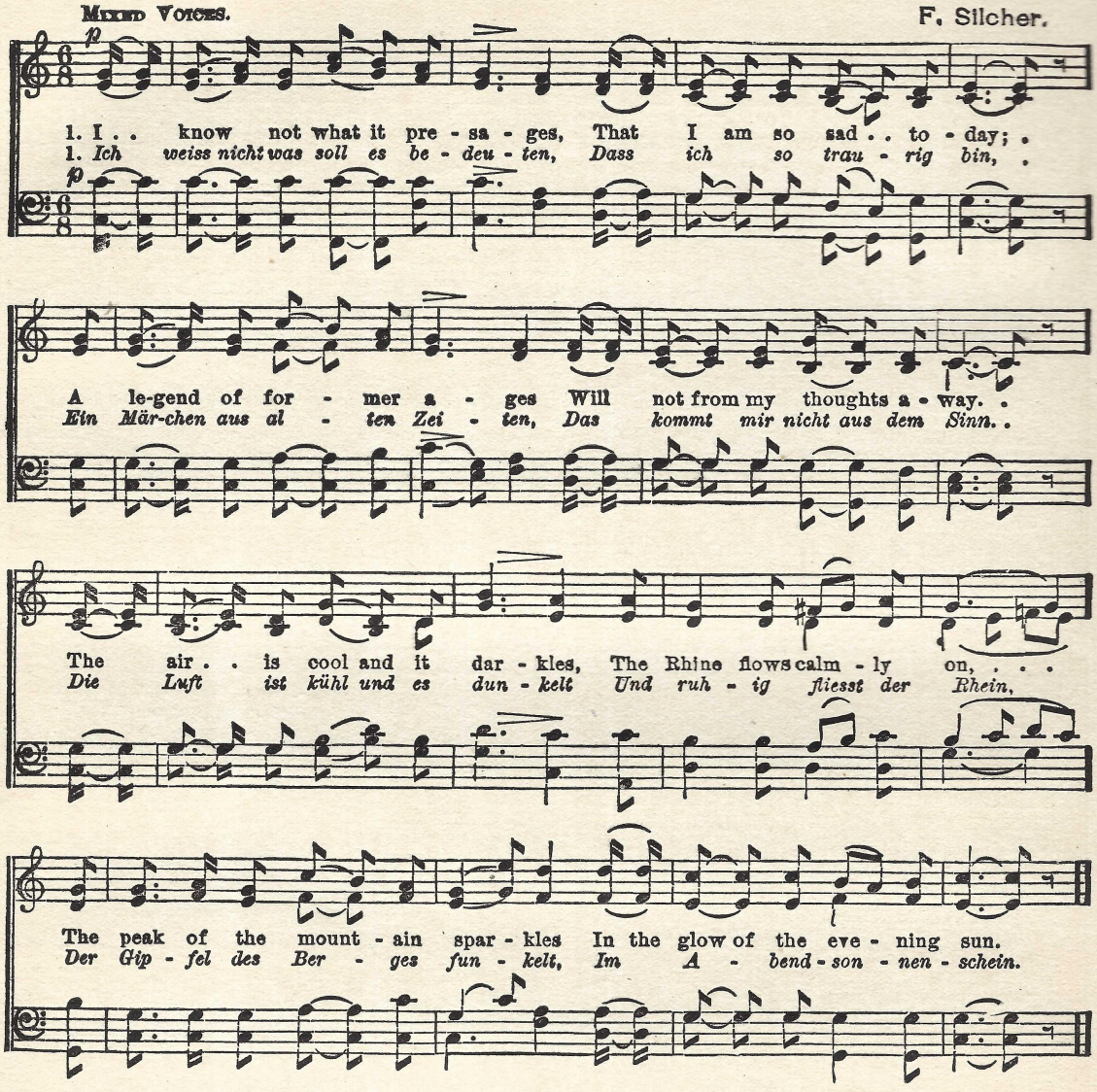
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

rall e dim.

By permission.

THE LORELEY.

MIXED VOICES. F. Silcher.



2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And powerful melody.

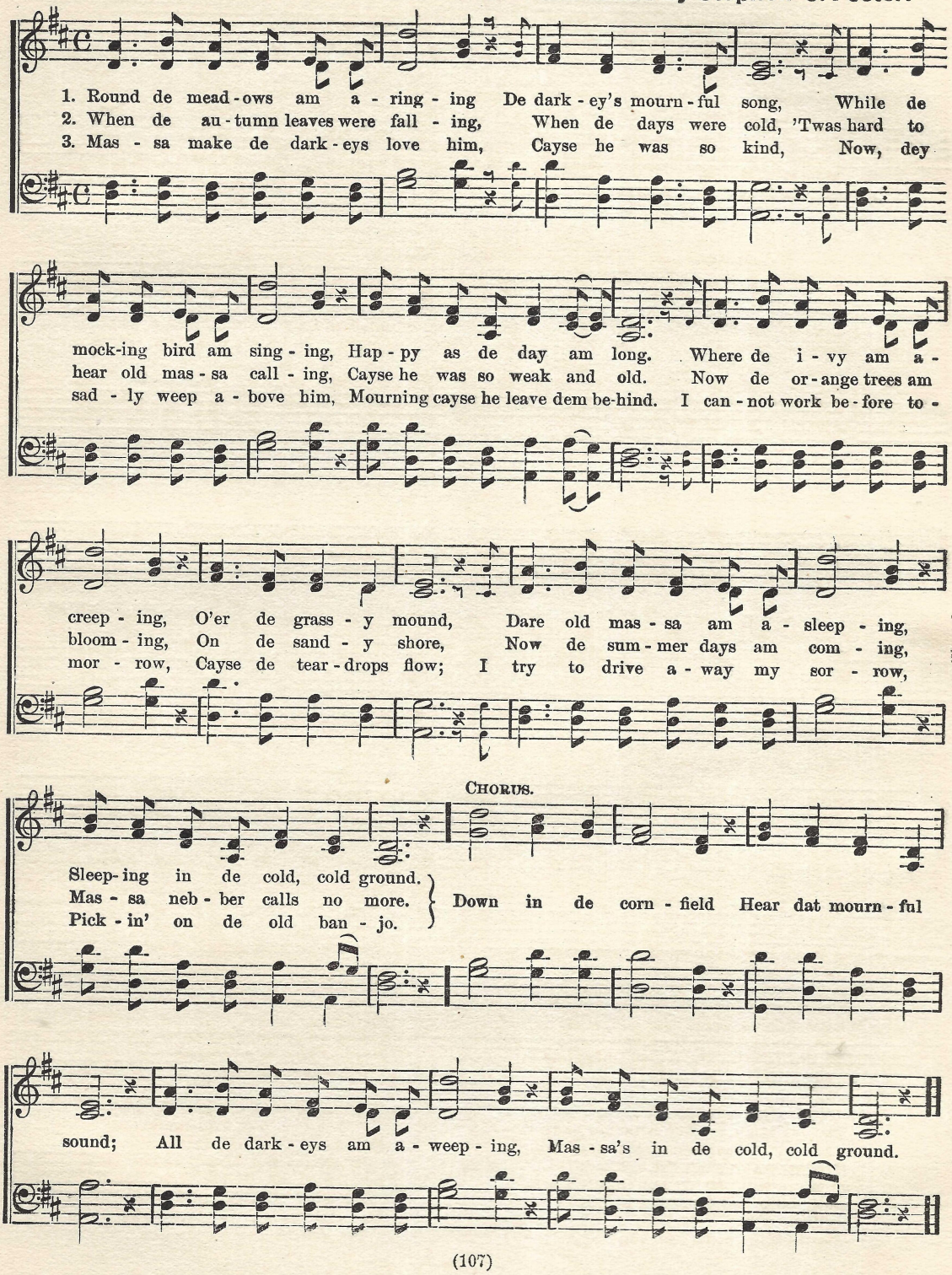
3 It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them.
The Loreley with her song.

2 *Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar
Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

3 *Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe*
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

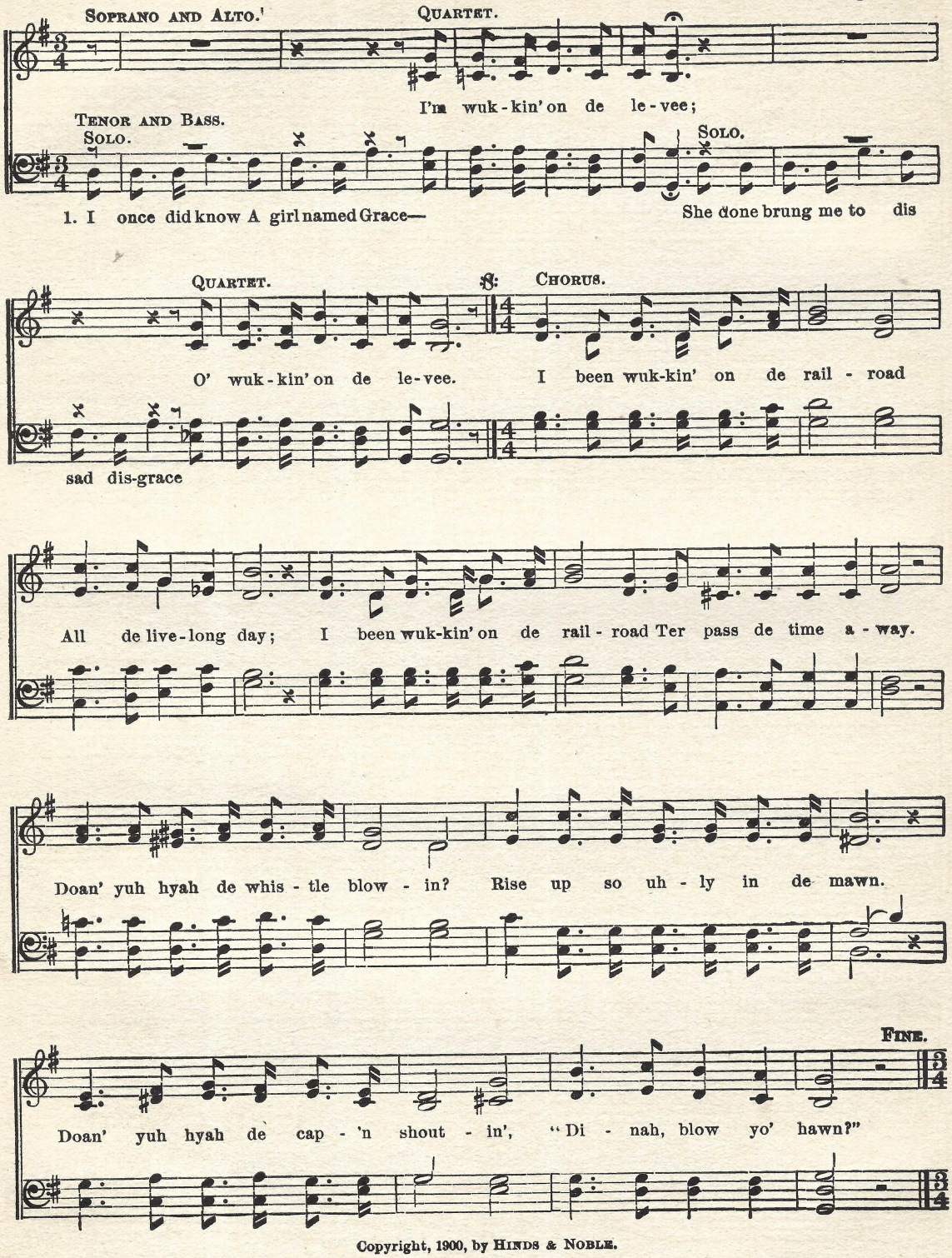
MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.



LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.



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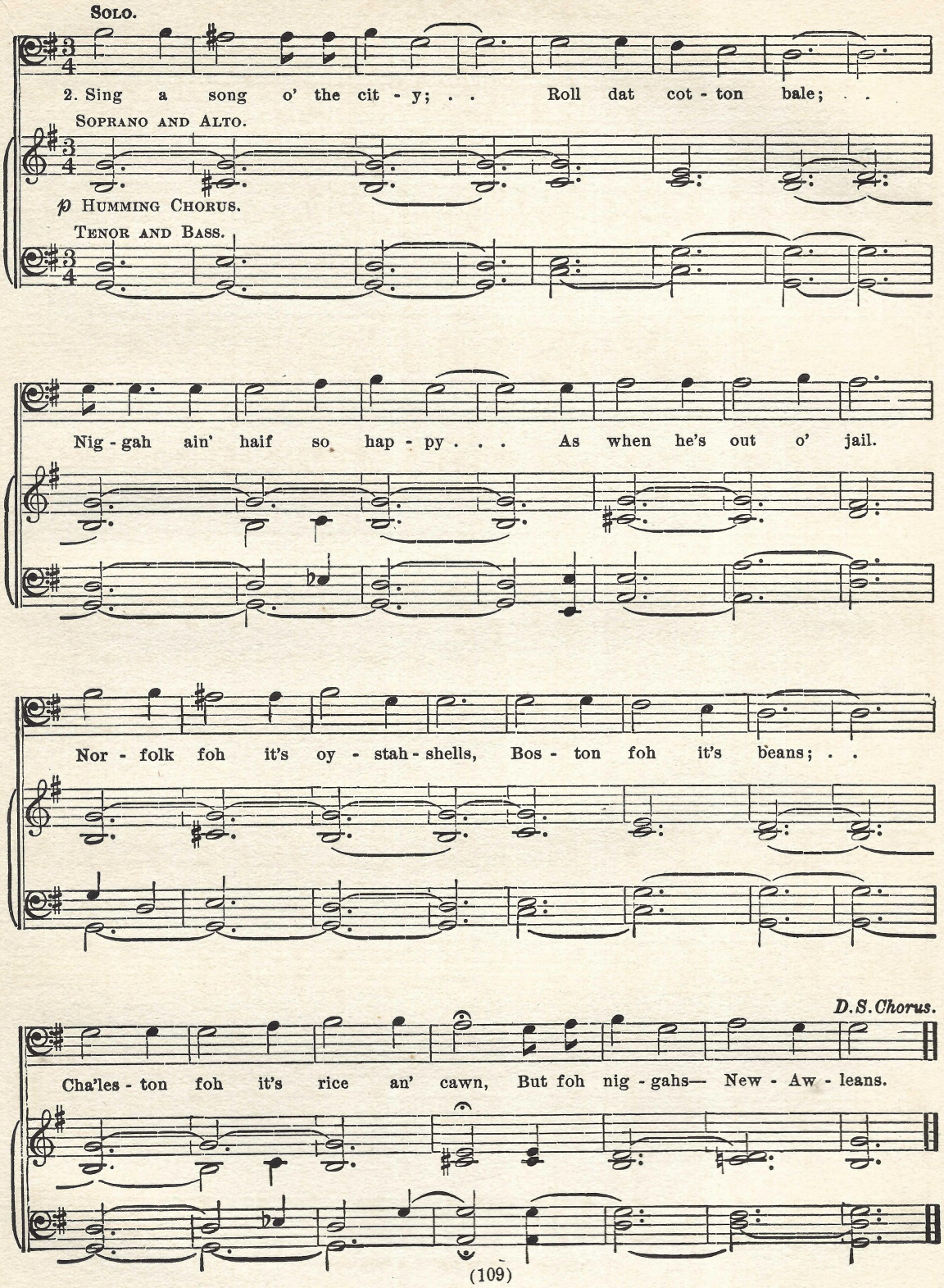
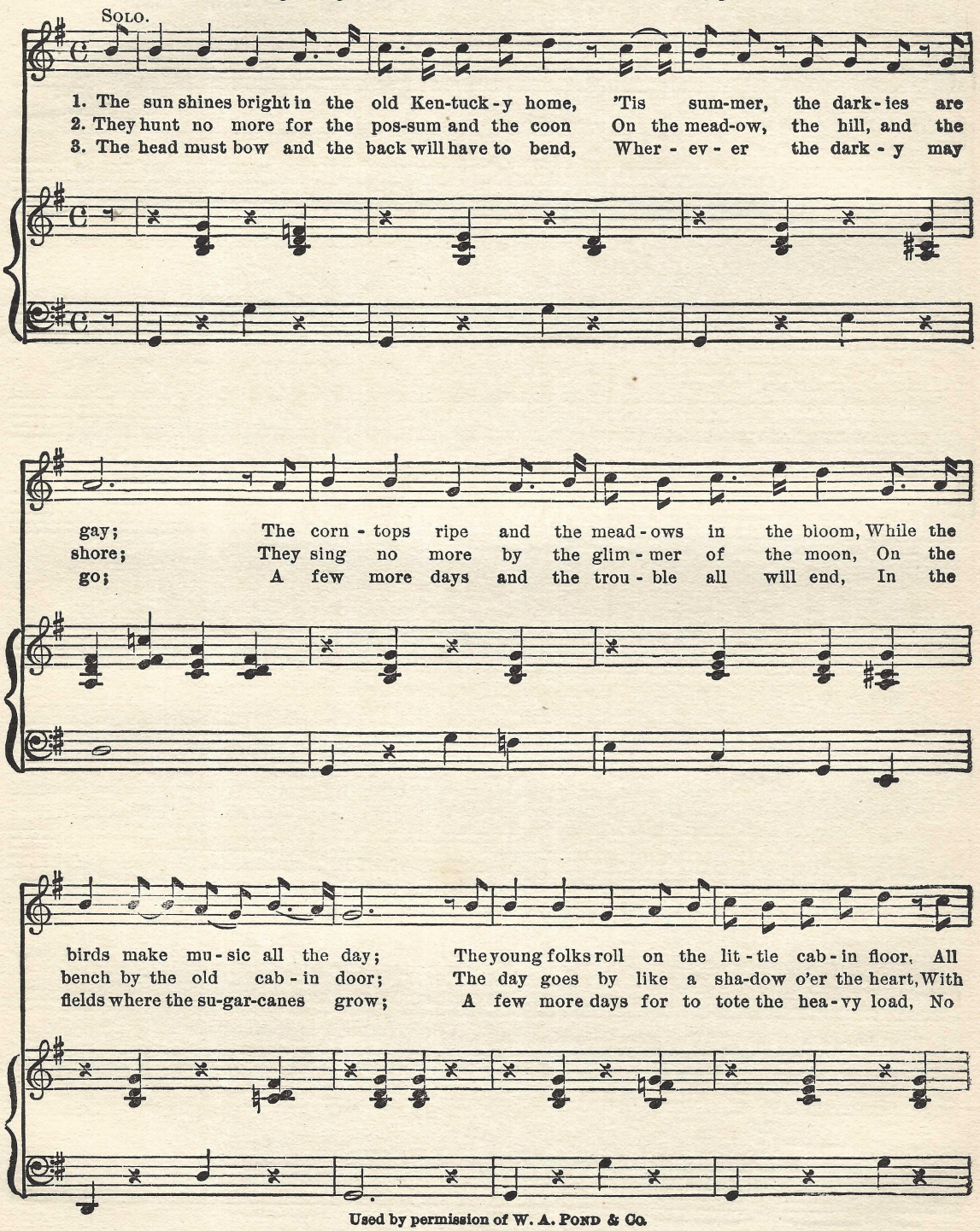
LEVEE SONG.


Solo.
2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . .
Soprano and Alto.
p Humming Chorus.
Tenor and Bass.
Nig - gah ain' haif so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.
Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . .
D.S. Chorus.
Cha'les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**



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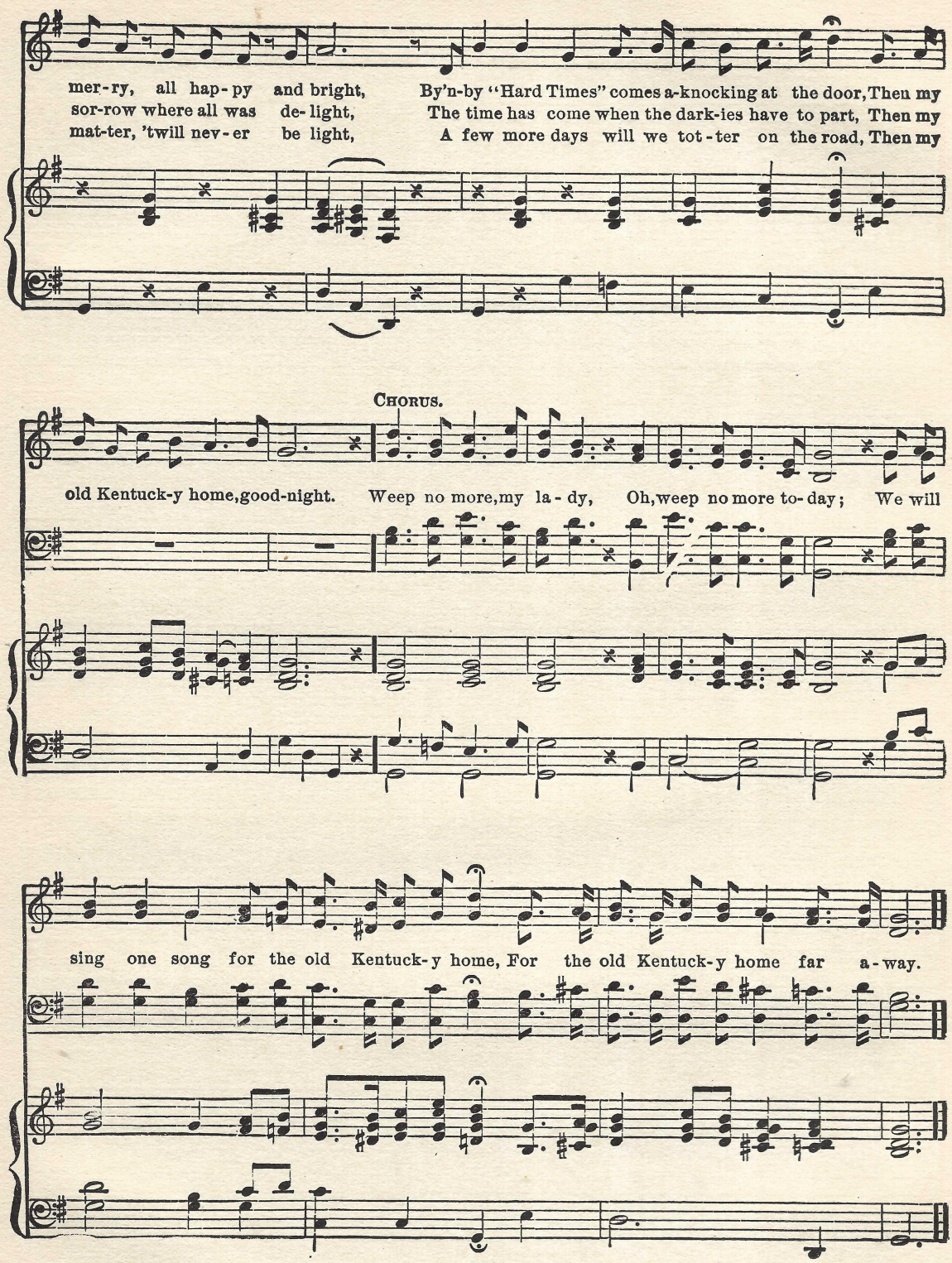
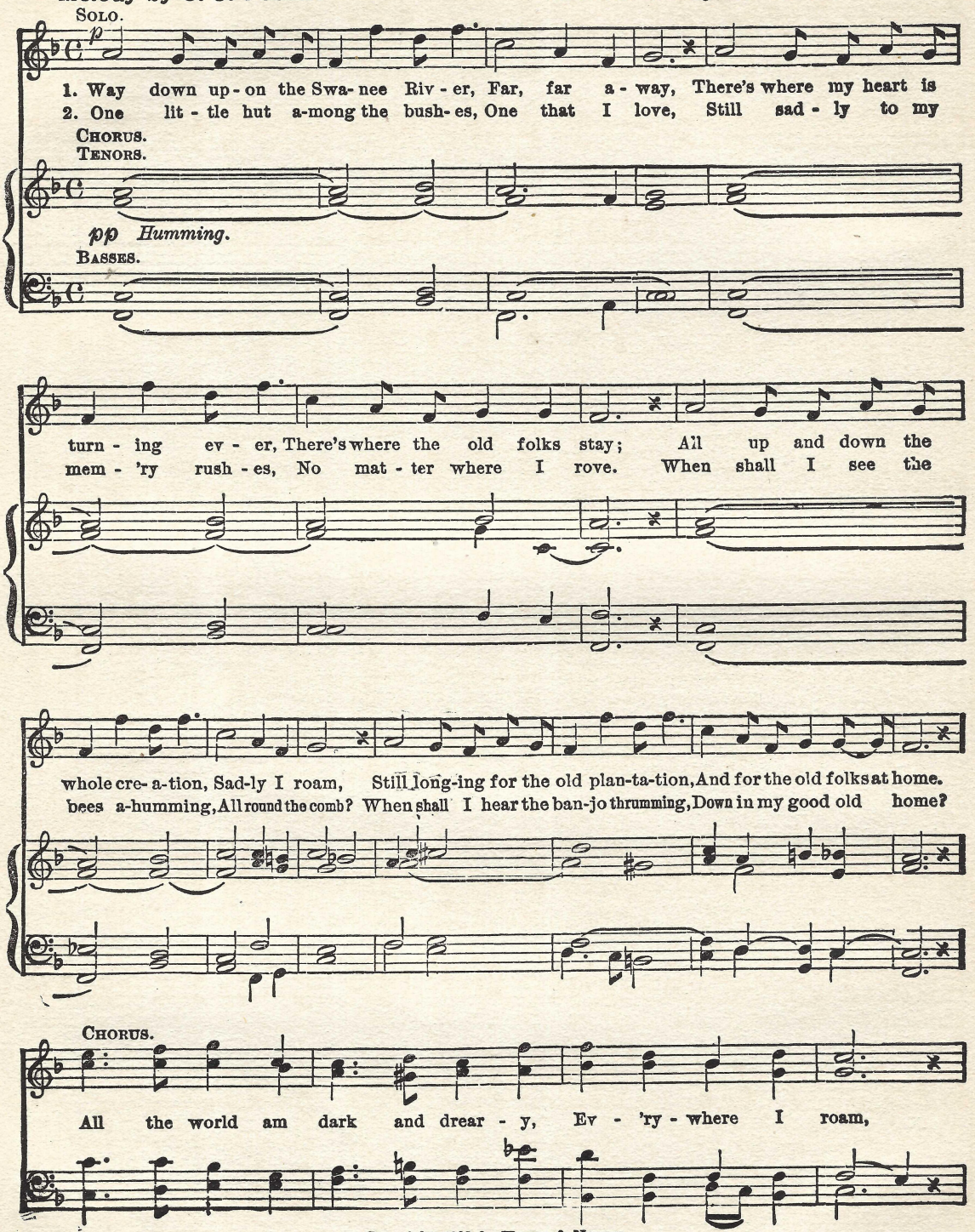
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**



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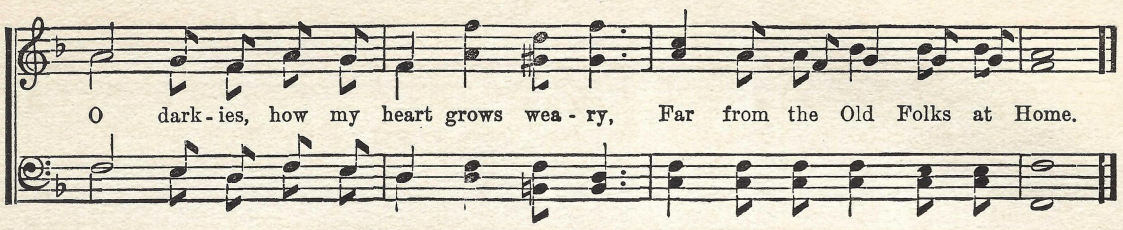
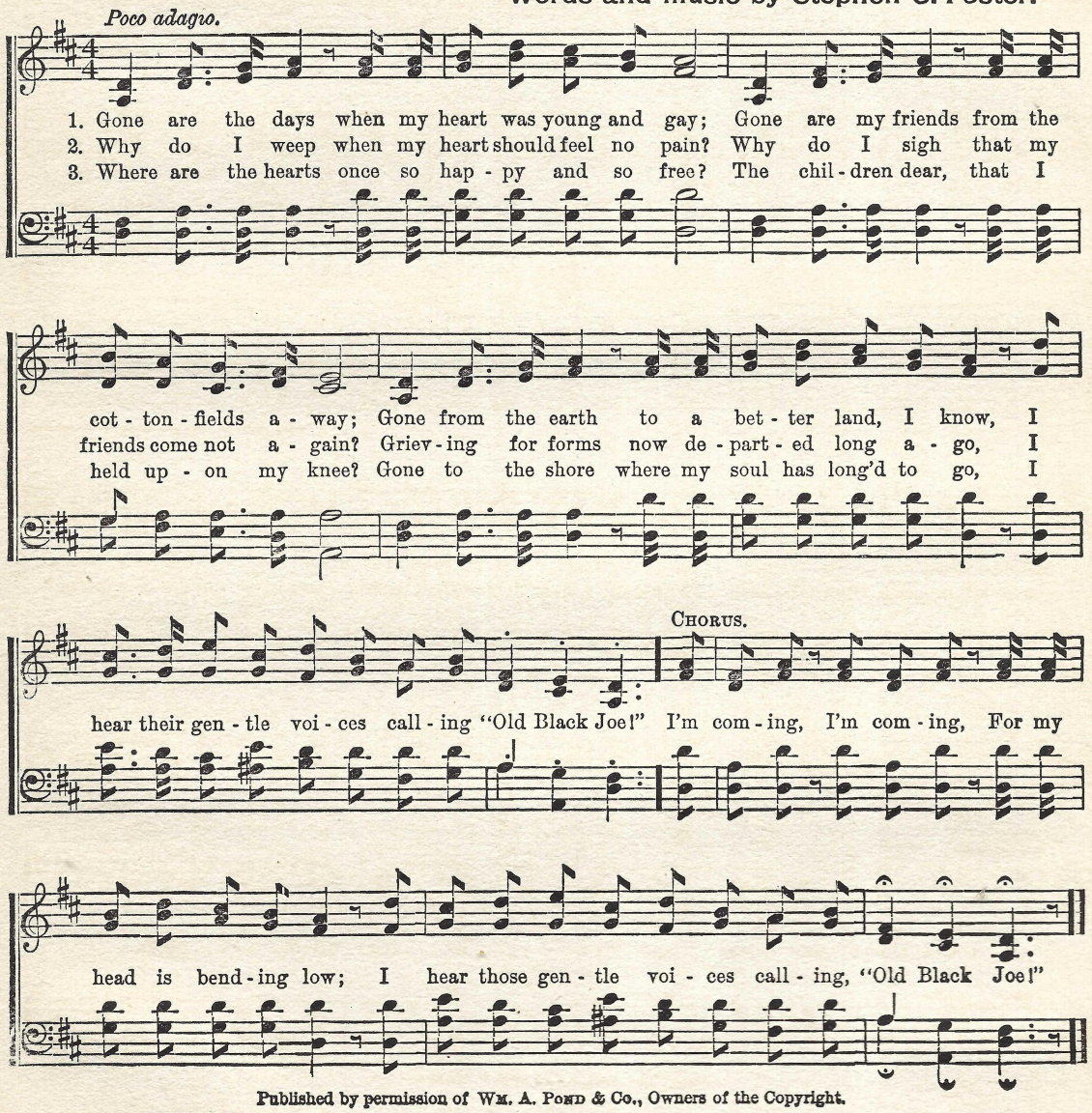
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.



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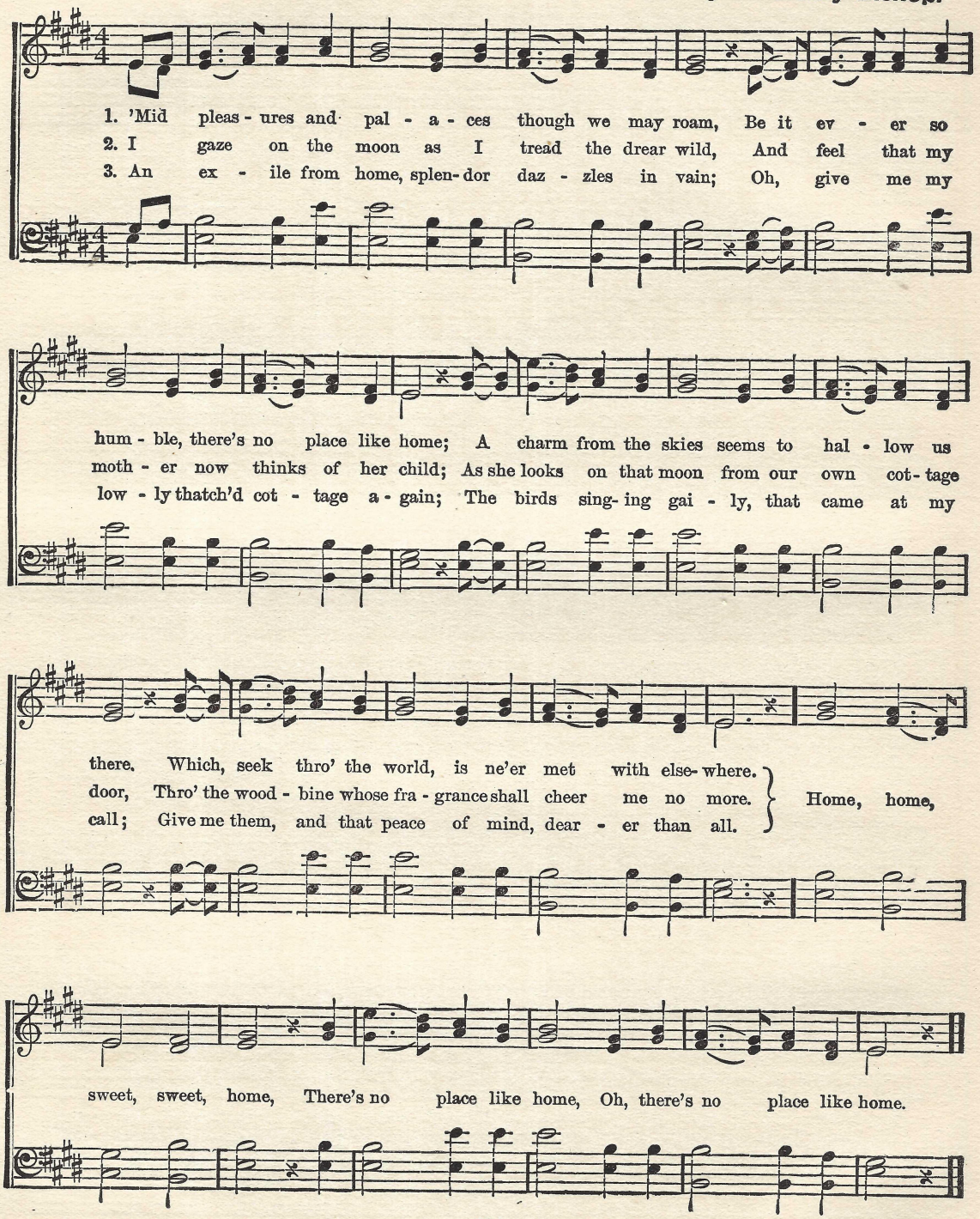
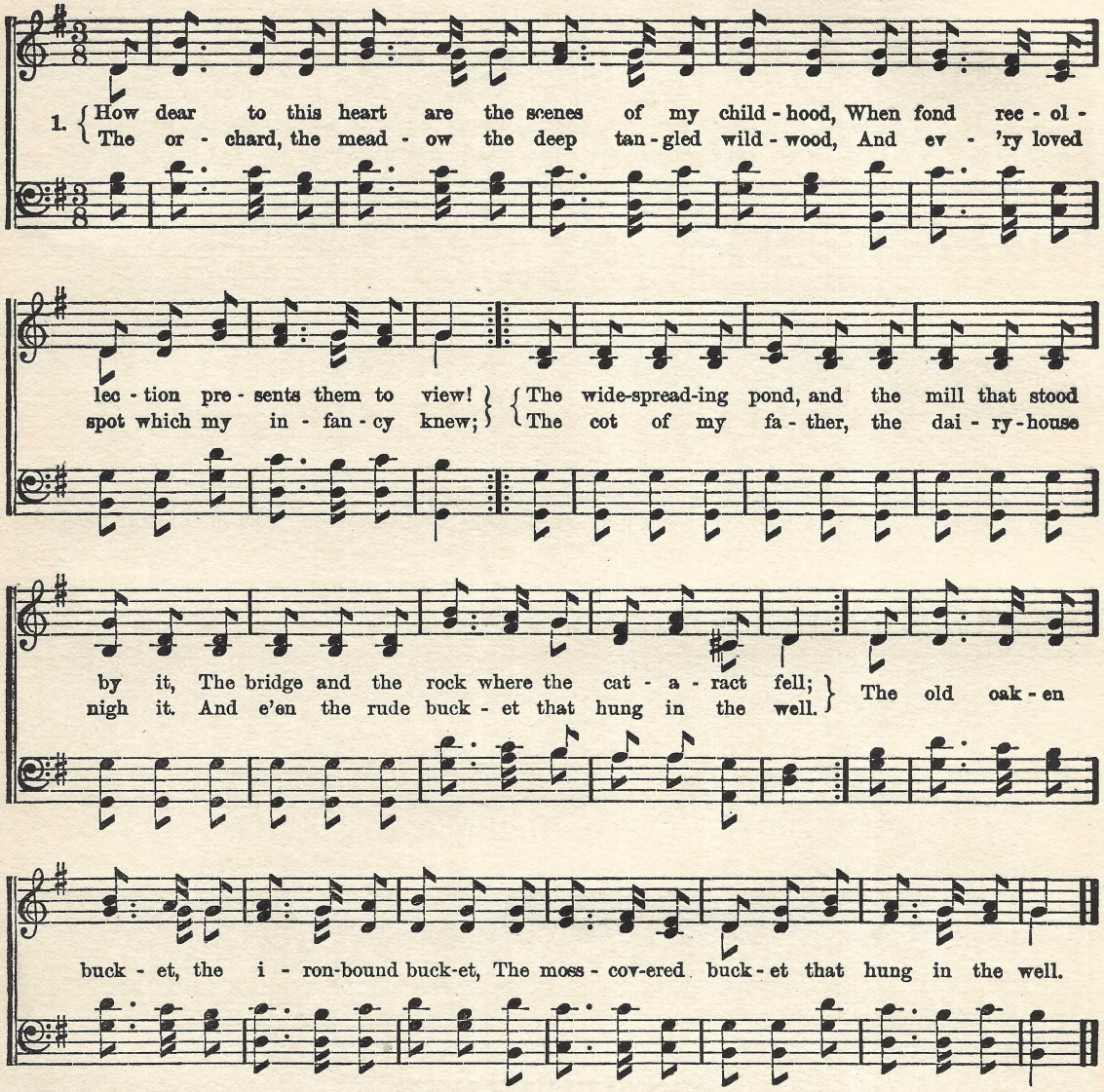
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne. Music by Sir Henry Bishop.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Woodworth.

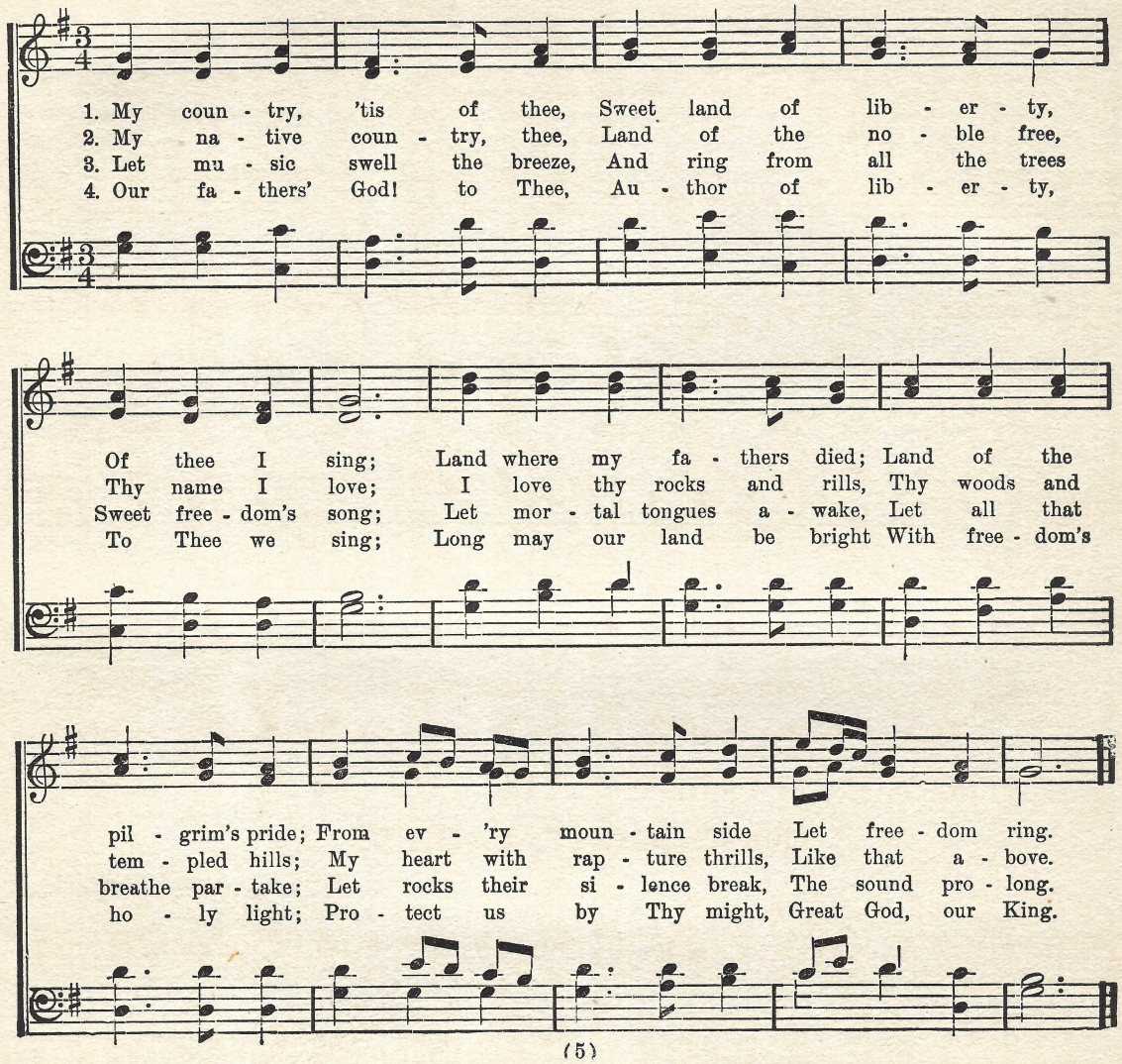


2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

AMERICA.

Words by Samuel Francis Smith. **Music by Henry Carey.**



SAUERSTOFF.

Words by S. F. Smith. **Tune:—"America."**

1 Heil dir, O Sauerstoff!
Köstlicher Dauerstoff!
Erdkreises zier!
Organisirender,
Assimilirender,
Stets oxydirender,
Ehre sei dir!

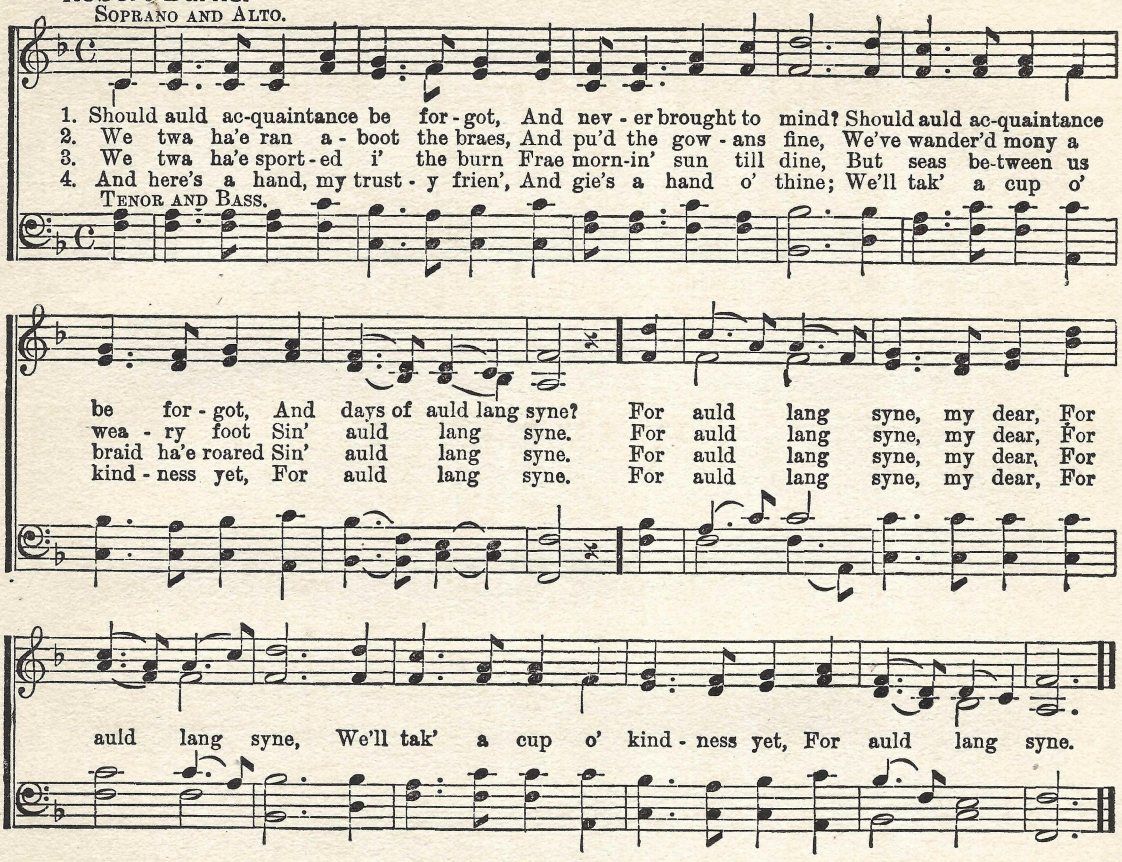
2 Keine Verbrennung ist
Möglich, wo du nicht bist,
Liebliches O!
Respirationsorgan,
Muss dich beständig ha'n,
Könnte sonst nicht bestah'n,
Frei, fromm, frisch, froh.

3 Jede Verbindung kann
Froh sein, schliess'st du dich an,
Bildender stoff!
Reichlich enthalten in
Allen gestalten, in
Warmen und Kalten, in
Daubitz und Hoff.

4 Bist du mit H vereint,
Wasser sogleich erscheint,
Sprudelnden Schwalls;
Aber mit N im Bund,
Giebst du als Luft dich kund,
Wirbelnd um's Erdenrund,
Labsal des All's.

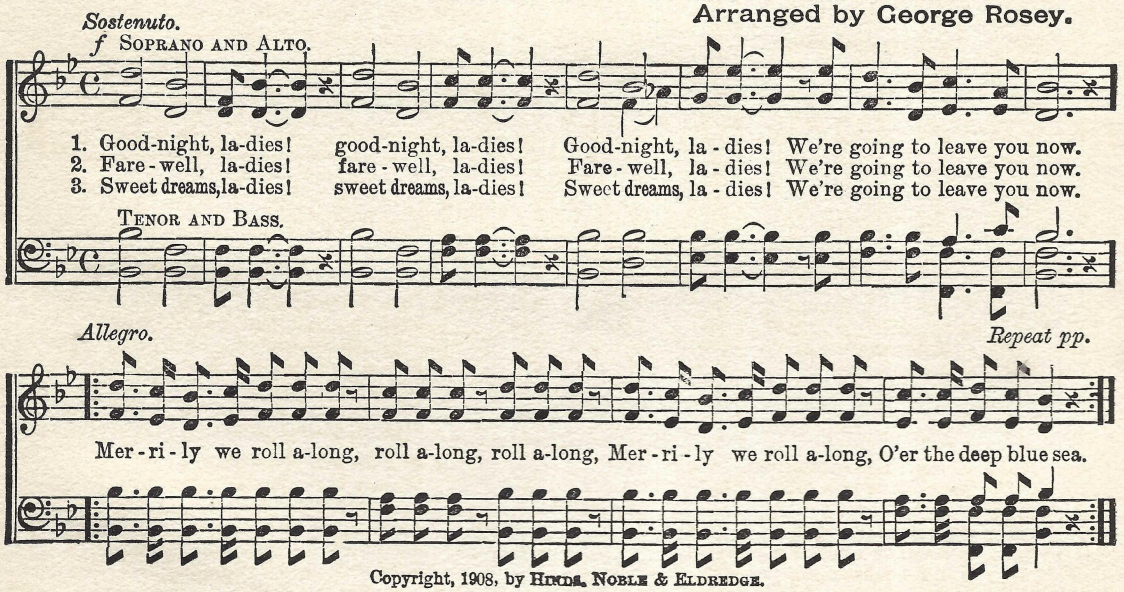
AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns.



GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Arranged by George Rosey.



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ILLINOIS YELLS

U-Rah-Rah, Illinois!
U-Rah-Rah, Illinois!!
U-Rah-Rah, Illinois!!
Illinois!!! Illinois!!!

Che-hee, Che-ha,
Che-ha-ha-ha!
*Illinois! Illinois!!
Illinois!!!

Rah-rah-rah!
Rah-rah-rah!
Rah-rah-rah!
*Illinois! Illinois!!
Illinois!!!

**Name of player generally used here.*

Hol-a-ba-loo! H'rah! H'rah!
Hol-a-ba-loo! H'rah! H'rah!
Hoo-Rah! Hoo-Rah!!
Illinois! Wahoo-Wah!!

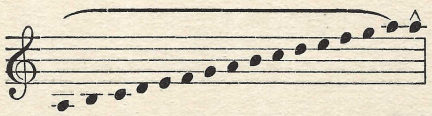
Oskey-Wow-Wow!
Skinney-Wow-Wow!
Illinois! Illinoi-oi-ois!!
Wow!!!

S-s-s-s-s, Boom, Wow!
Rah-Hoo-Rah!
S-s-s-s-s! S-s-s-s-s! S-s-s-s-s!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Wow!
Illinois, Illinois, Illinois!

ILLINOIS' OLDEST YELL

Rah-Hoo-Rah!
Zip-Boom-Bah!
Rip-zoo-ráz-zoo!
Jimmy blow your Bázoo!
Ip zid-i-yi-ki, U of I.!
Illinois!!

SIREN



Oo - oo - oo - oo - oo - oo, Rah!!
Illinois! Illinois!! Illinois!!!